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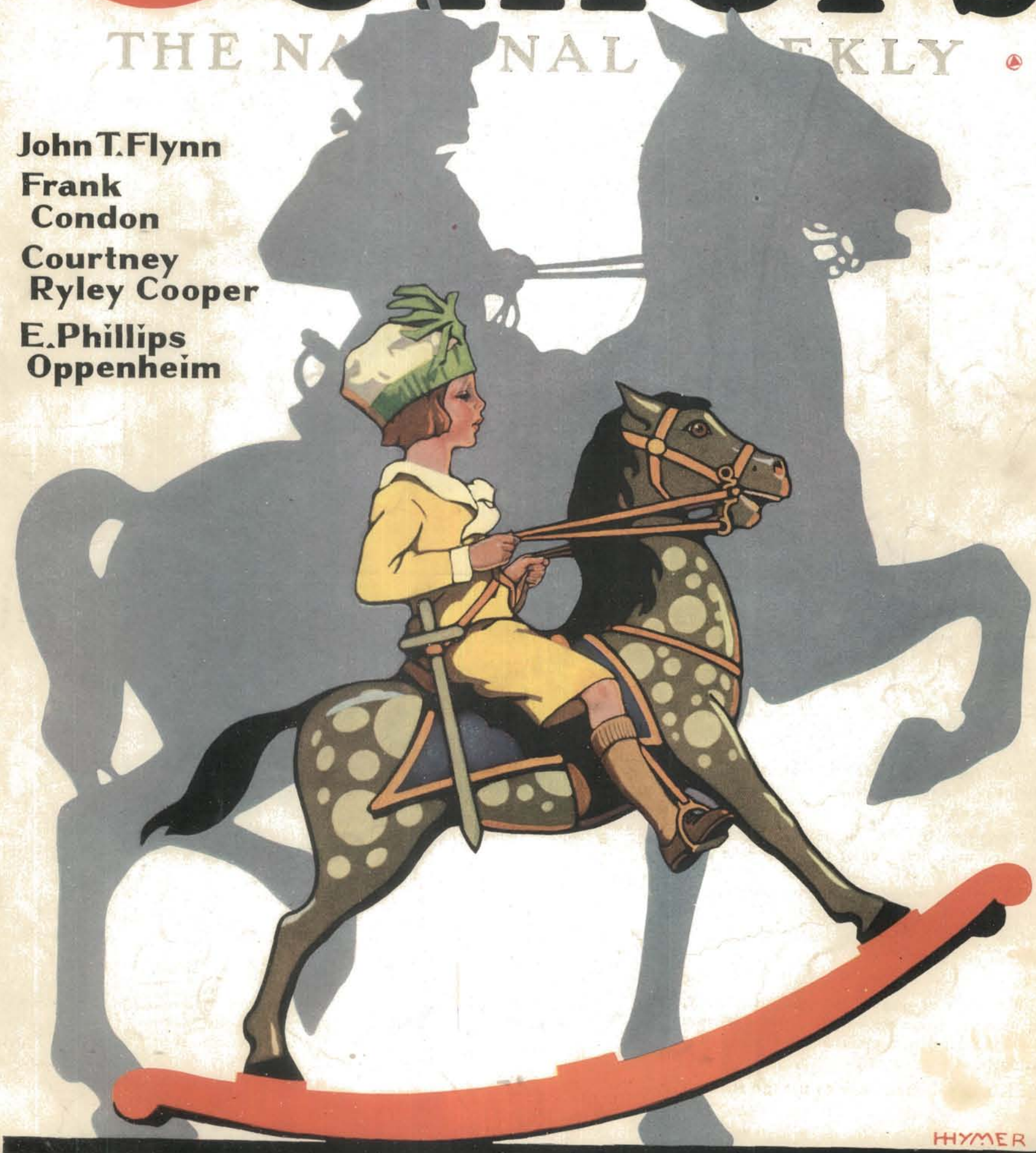
February 28, 1931

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

John T. Flynn
Frank Condon
Courtney Ryley Cooper
E. Phillips Oppenheim



HHYMER

A thrilling new novel by SAX ROHMER

FEB. 28, 1931

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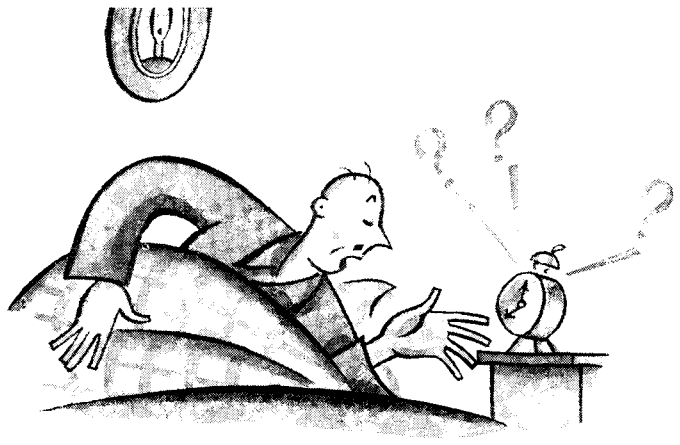

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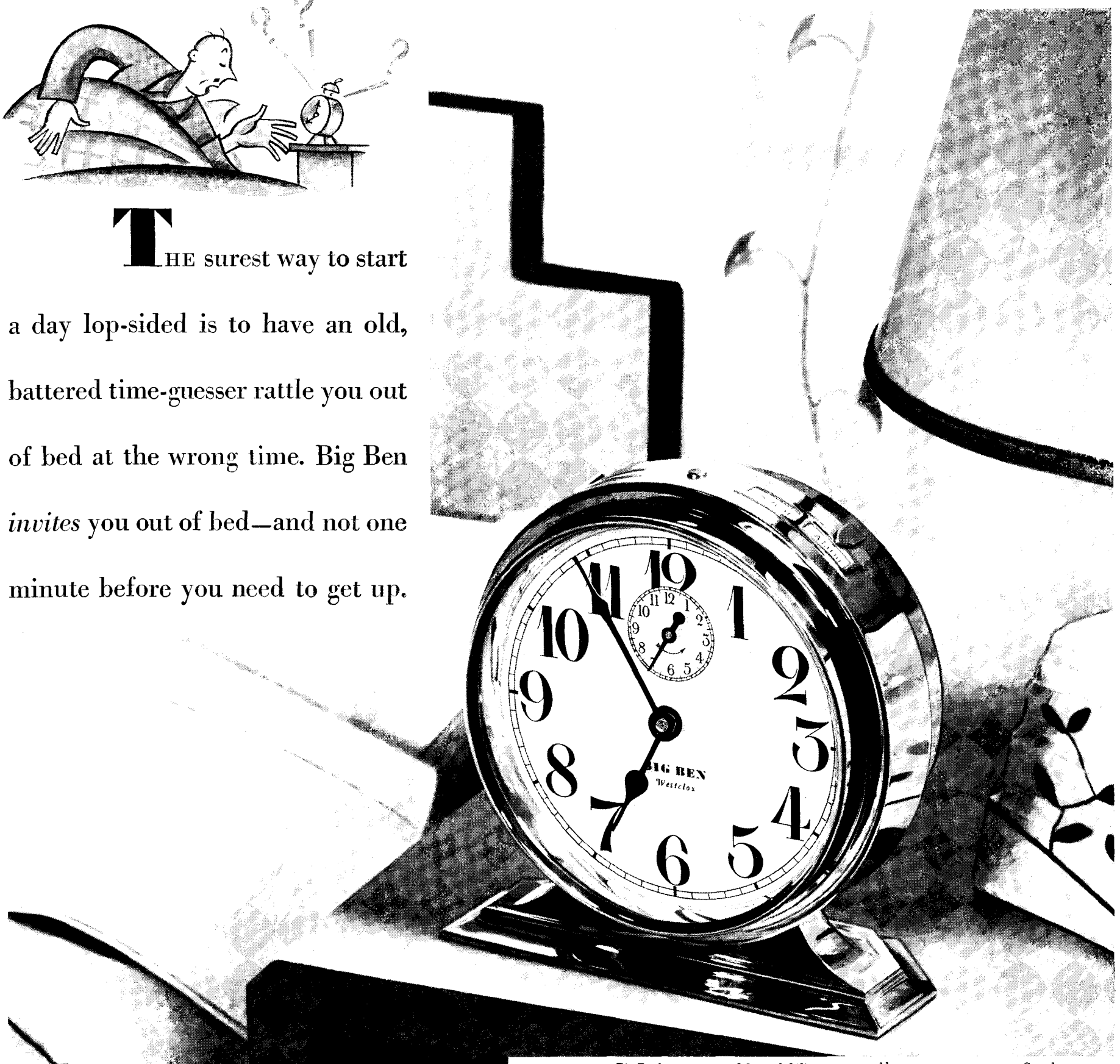

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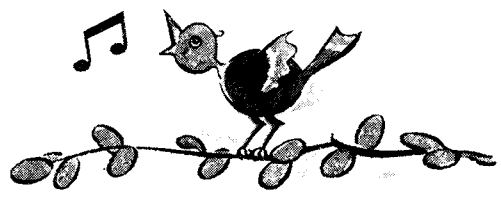

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THIS WEEK

February 28, 1931

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HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT?

Page 58—Editorial

Next Week

"IN SOME parts of the country," says the Wickersham report, "enormous sums of money are derived from the business of illicit beer. The profits from illicit beer are the strength of gangs and corrupt political organizations in many places."

You can get an idea just how enormous those "enormous sums" are from next week's leading article. It's written by Colonel Robert Isham Randolph, head of Chicago's "Secret Six," a group of business men who decided to do something about gangsters. Colonel Randolph's investigators have turned up actual figures of beer costs and gang profits. The sum Mr. Capone can afford to pay for protection each week runs into millions. A pretty pass.

—

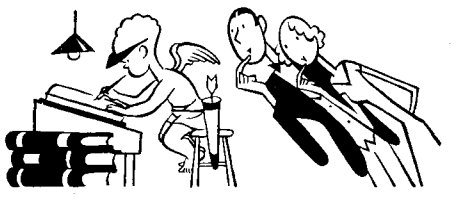
THE Wickersham disclosures sounded so familiar to us that we went over the files of prohibition articles Collier's has published these past two years. With our usual modesty we conclude that the commission could have saved itself a lot of trouble by sending us a two-year subscription. The cost would have been $3.50 and the saving to the taxpayers would have been approximately $499,996.50.

—

HOWEVER, wholesale villainy, corruption, murder and private war are not peculiar to any age or place. There are rackets in the sagebrush too. The big difference is that out there protection doesn't come so high. With the opening chapters of "Gunsight Trail," by Alan LeMay, we begin next week a stirring demonstration of high-grade racketeering as practiced in the shadow of the ten-gallon hat.

—

THE trouble started when Marge saw an ad for an apartment. The rent was eighty dollars a month. As it was, they were each paying forty-five. That meant they'd save money if they took the apartment; and that seemed an excellent excuse for getting married. They needed an excuse because both Marge and Brad were moderns and they didn't want their friends to think they were going Victorian. So they laid their marriage to economy and started housekeeping on a very businesslike footing, with sentiment banished pretty completely. Elmer Davis tells about its unexpected return in "As Cheaply as One."



AND speaking of sentiment reminds us of New Orleans, the Port of Queer Cargoes. Harris Dickson is writing a series of articles about the colorful beginnings of that romantic city. In the first of them he tells of the excitement there "When the Women Came." The sentiment aroused by their coming was, we have no hesitation in saying, exuberant.

—

VICTOR LARUE KLEE, Octavus Roy Cohen and George Brooks contribute stories. Grantland Rice, Freling Foster, Milton C. Work and the Gentleman at the Keyhole keep you abreast of the times. And Sax Rohmer continues to make the nights horrible.

Any Week

BEING human and therefore weak, we are always upset when asked simple questions we can't answer. It irks us. But, determined to discipline ourselves, we force ourselves to try. Good for our souls. The trouble comes from Mr. James Ronaid of Newport News, Virginia.

Mr. Ronald recently attended a meeting where the Reverend David Hepburn, superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League in Virginia, was the speaker. Mr. Hepburn declared that prohibition was responsible for our country's "present degree of prosperity."

And now Mr. Ronald flatteringly appeals to us to explain Mr. Hepburn's meaning. The best we can do is to hope Mr. Hepburn has been misquoted.

"YOU," writes Mr. B. Franklin Jordan from Tallahassee, Florida, "are responsible for many of our young cynics. People do not want to know anything about sots and crooks. But you do not know that, so you print the life of Senator Boies Penrose, who was one of our great statesmen, and tell things about him and his associates which, if true, destroy the faith of our children in their school histories and in their government. But maybe you are in the pay of Red Russia like others."

Which reminds us that we haven't had a letter from Russia in a long time.

—

NOW here's a letter from Mr. George A. Bengough of Spartanburg, South Carolina. It starts at the bottom of page four and, written from right to left, jumps to page two, then to page three and winds up diagonally on page one. At least that's what we make out of it. Fortunately we are notified at the outset by Mr. Bengough that we needn't read it and that it doesn't make sense.

"But," says Mr. Bengough, "this isn't all my fault. I just finished reading the Wickersham report."

It is only fair to our readers to mention that several of them have informed us that they got dizzier trying to figure out the report than they ever did on gin.

—

"DOWN here," writes Miss Mary Felder of New Orleans, "we are not nearly as indignant about Mexico's offer to buy Arizona, California, New Mexico and us as Mexico was when Senator Ashurst suggested that the United States buy Sonora and Lower California. My inquiries show that it would be all right with a lot of my friends and personally I'm willing."

—

THE large family feature of Oma Almona Davies' "Mr. Tuggy Drives His Buggy" inspires Mr. S. E. Newton of Garden City, Missouri, to remind us of the farmer who said: "I've raised chillen and I've raised hawgs and they's more money in hawgs." To which his neighbor replied: "I dunno; I've put a sight of money in chillen."

—

AND four readers write that the noise in Congress is so loud that they can't hear the Southwest's cries for help.

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Get the Facts

"This blood pressure instrument is somewhat like a barometer. To a sea-captain, the reading of the barometer indicates storms or fair weather ahead. To me, a reading of your blood pressure indicates easy or labored heart action."

FAULTY blood pressure may be caused by focal infections anywhere in the body, by poisoning from the left-overs of previous infectious diseases, sometimes by overweight or overwork or continued high nervous tension in either working or living conditions. But it may be caused by something more obscure. Worry, fear, anger, hate are frequently responsible for high blood pressure.

Your own blood pressure varies many points during the course of the day. In the normal person these variations are within reasonable limits. Often high blood pressure can be brought back to normal by finding and removing the cause. But sometimes it is not possible or even desirable to reduce it. Then comes a time when a change must be made in diet and physical activities if the overworked heart is to have a fair chance to carry on.

There are thousands of men and women today who are active even though their blood pressure registers many points above normal. They have learned how to regulate their lives.

If you haven't had a reading of your blood pressure within a year it is not safe to assume that it is the same as it was last year or two or three years ago. Faulty blood pressure is not like a rash or a cough that immediately makes itself known.

Blood pressure can and sometimes does steadily mount, month after month, giving no indication by pain or trouble in breathing. But when it is abnormal, doctors of experience regard it as a grave warning calling for prompt action.

Send for the Metropolitan's booklet, "Give Your Heart a Chance," which describes high blood pressure. Ask for Booklet 331-C which will be mailed free.

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Yu'an Hee See Laughs

Beginning the adventures of a villain as dangerous and devious as the insidious Doctor Fu Manchu

He held out a card. Bony brown fingers grasped it and placed it in the light, then: "All right," said the guardian of the gateway

By SAX ROHMER

Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan

GOOD-BY then, Eileen. And take great care of yourself. I've probably missed the train and everything—but I don't give a hoot. Be sure to write from Marseilles and cable when you get in. And don't forget I'm coming out in March."

But the girl clung desperately to her brother, her soft arms locked about him. Matt Kearney could feel that she was trembling, and:

"What's the matter with kid sister?" he asked, squeezing her.

"Kid sister's miserable!"

"Because you don't want to go back?"

"No. But because somehow, Matt dear," she whispered very close to his ear, "I feel frightened about this journey. Don't be mad with me. I know it's silly, and I ought to be used to traveling by now. But I've got a wabbly, funny feeling. . . ."

Kearney looked down at the tangled curls nestling upon his shoulder, and in the light shining out from the cozy stateroom they gleamed and shimmered like burnished bronze. He hugged her affectionately and told himself that a chill, suddenly experienced and resembling cold water trickling down his spine, was due physically to the clammy quality of the night and mentally to the girl's overwrought condition.

But he was used to Eileen's moods, to the odd streak of superstition—a legacy from their Irish-American father—which sometimes he distrusted, but always understood.

"Kid, dear," he said, and stroked her hair, "play fair. Seeing little girls off is bad enough anyway, without giving a fellow the breeze up."

"I'm sorry, Matt. It was utterly big pig of me."

She glanced up; and her blue-gray eyes were calm, except that he had a fleeting, odd impression that something—a shadow—had been banished at that very moment from them.

"No—only little pig," he said playfully. "I only wish I were coming with you."

"It wasn't fair and I shouldn't have said it. It's just this beastly fog and having to let you go ashore in it. Give me a kiss, Matt, and we'll go and hunt Jack Rattray—although I really don't know how you're going to get home."

Wisps of mist floated under the lights. Not another soul was in sight on that deck, but there was activity on the deck below and a tremendous clamor on the dockside. The R. M. S. Wallaroo was going out in the morning—sixteen hours late, thanks to one of those fogs, London Special, which sometimes hold up Thames traffic for whole days.

ALL the other passengers seemed to have retired, with the possible exception of a few stragglers who might have been found in the smoking-room.

One last, lingering glance Kearney cast into the cozy stateroom which Eileen was to occupy to Colombo. He would cheerfully have resigned six months' pay to be going too. The wardrobe trunk which he had labeled himself, a green hat on the rack above the bed, a camera hung on the back of a chair, a dressing-case open on the table. The box of a hundred cigarettes which Dawson Haig had brought down to the steamer that morning lay on the turned-back coverlet and a pile of magazines on top of an unopened cabin trunk; three novels which Matt had brought for Eileen were in the rack beside the green hat.

"Ah, well!" he sighed, "you'll be a comfortable little pig. Winter, the

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purser, is a fine chap. You're at his table and he'll see that everything's right. Jack Rattray is an old pal, so you won't lack company."

"I shan't lack company," said Eileen archly.

Her mood changed and she smiled mischievously. But Kearney welcomed the change, and:

"YOU little devil!" he said, and squeezed her hand. "Don't forget there's a spy aboard."

"I might buy him over!" said Eileen.

"I'll tell Billy Haig!"

"Oh, please don't do that!" Eileen exclaimed in mock horror. "He might never run out to Colombo to have a cup of tea with me as he promised!"

But really her heart was very sad. Because she didn't expect ever to see Dawson Haig again.

She made a charming figure in the light streaming from the cabin door, simply dressed though she was in a jumper and tweed skirt. And Matt Kearney felt affectionately proud of his dainty sister. However:

"Come on," said he. "Let's go and dig old Rattray out. I must positively beat it. I've got at least a quarter of an hour's walk through dockland and, failing divine luck, a long voyage by motor bus."

Jack Rattray, chief officer of the Wallaroo, was exchanging a few pleasantries with the boss stevedore by the hatch of No. 3 hold. But he broke off this not-too-parliamentary debate when the charming passenger, now wrapped in a warm fur coat, appeared beside him with Kearney.

"What about a final?" asked Rattray.

"No final for me," Kearney replied. "Just think, old lad. Fortunately, I know the way, but even so the prospect isn't cheering." He grasped Rattray's hand. "Good night and all the best. I know you'll look after her."

Rattray, tall, leisurely, taciturn, smiled his slow smile. His teeth were very white and his coloring very fresh; and:

"Sure thing, Bo'!" said he.

"You're mocking *me!*" Eileen cried, and punched the speaker forcibly in the ribs. "I don't have an accent like that. I speak better English than you do, anyway!"

"You speak more English," Rattray drawled provocatively.

"Very big pig," said Eileen.

But Kearney left the ship in a happier mood and experienced no return of that unpleasant chill. Eileen was in good company and the voyage would pass like three days.

"Thank you, sir," said the man on the gangway, as he slipped half a crown into his hand. "Good night."

"Good night," Kearney called and picked his way through litter on the dockside. Just under an arc he paused, turned, and looked back. Jack Rattray and Eileen were standing on the deck by the gangway. Already a curtain of mist obscured the ship from his view, making their figures oddly dim. But he knew they could see him and, standing there, he waved his hat and shouted:

"Good-by until March and good luck!"

"Good-by, Matt," came the girl's voice; and:

"Cheeri-ho, old boy. . . ."

That was Rattray.

THE fascinating activity of those docks claimed Kearney. Here East meets West; produce of the Spice Islands, tea of Ceylon and timbers of Burma jostle ironmongery from Birmingham, lie cheek by jowl with chemical products of Silvertown.

At night especially, under dockland floodlights, amid river noises and the hoarse voices of workers, the mystery of the port of London, type of a vast and ever-turning wheel of empire, touched the poetry which was part of him. At times he thought of it as a strange, grand song which he improperly understood, to which he knew that even Kipling had failed to give its true color; which must elude the highest genius, because, although it was the work of man, it transcended man, being a god which man had created but no longer controlled. He gave up his card to the policeman on duty, and ten paces beyond, looking back, could see merely a dim blur marking the site of the box which that official occupied.

"If this fog continues," he reflected, "my prospects are indifferent."

He stood there for a moment looking about him and failing to notice a man who, ten paces away, seemed to be watching the dock gates—a tallish man wearing a white raincoat, collar turned up, and a soft brown hat with the brim pulled down. But the other man had seen Kearney—and the sight of Kearney had set him dreaming. . . .

Misty, wet streets faded from sight with their din of rumbling lorries, and the watcher of the dock gates was transported to Colombo—Colombo a year before. A year! It seemed only like a week!

THE mist dispersed before the eyes of the dreamer by the gates. He saw Mount Lavinia Hotel, and a petite, slender girl in a blue frock crossing the deserted mahogany dance floor. She had been a sort of revelation, opening his eyes to all that had been lacking. He was among the stars again, could see the winking lighthouse callously stabbing the tropical night, hear the plaintive tremolo of a Tamil love chant floating up from the village. . . .

From these haunting memories he was abruptly jerked back to reality. He withdrew into shadow.

A man was coming out of the gates—so muffled up in a heavy fur-collared coat that his features were indistinguishable. This man turned sharply left, passed Kearney and was swallowed up in the fog.

And as he vanished, something—an instinct, perhaps, or was it a faint odor suggestive of musk?—suddenly brought Kearney an unaccountable return of that sensation as though cold water trickled down his spine. He stared into the fog. *Had* someone passed him—or had he imagined it?

He hated this sensation—as of an indefinable dread—which twice, now, had oppressed him.

A hand rested on his shoulder.

Kearney twisted about with a cry. The man in the white raincoat stood just behind him. And, stock-still, peering into the other's face:

"Good Lord!" Kearney exclaimed joyfully, "it's Dawson Haig!"

EILEEN watched from the rail, until fog hanging over the dockside swallowed up Matt's figure. She turned and

He bent over the tray, listening to the silence. Later, he was to realize what he really listened for—that ghastly laughter

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looked at Jack Rattray. Seeing her expression, he asked:

"Whatever's the matter, Eileen?"

"Oh, I don't know, Jack!" she replied, and swept her hair back from her forehead irritably. She was angry with herself. "I'm behaving like a perfect little idiot tonight. And if you ask me why, I can't tell you. It's just jimjams. Except that I think it began with a horrible-looking man wearing a fur-collared overcoat!"

"Oh!" said Rattray, conscious that duty called him, but held against his will by the girl's unaccountable mood. "When did you see this furry bird? And was it his collar or his overcoat you didn't like?"

"His face! He looked into the open door of my stateroom while Matt was up in your cabin. I didn't actually see him—I was unpacking—but I saw his reflection in my hand mirror. When I turned, he wasn't there."

"DO YOU mean he was actually in the room—fur collar and all?"

"No—foolish idiot! He was standing just in the doorway, and he was smiling . . . the most horrible smile imaginable."

"An Englishman?"

"Oh, no, he wasn't! A Chinaman."

"A Chinaman! In a fur coat! No wonder you were shaken up."

"There was a queer musky smell, too—"

"Undoubtedly the fur coat; moth balls."

"Idiot!"

"Have you seen him since?"

"Yes. I saw him afterwards on the dockside, looking up at me."

"I think that settles it," said Jack Rattray reassuringly. "There was a bunch of stuff shipped by a Chinese agency down Limehouse way for a firm in Sydney. Some silly mistake. They're hauling it out now—a hell of a job—from No. 3 hold. This Oriental bird was probably the half-wit responsible. It's given me more trouble than the specie."

"The specie?"

"Yes. We're a Spanish galleon this trip, Eileen!" Rattray smiled his slow smile. "Minted gold from the Bank of England, consigned to the Commonwealth Bank of Australia. Look! It's just coming aboard. Two millions!"

Open lorries were driven on to the dock. Eileen, looking down, could see, as tarpaulin covers were hauled off, that they were laden with small square boxes.

"How feeble!" she exclaimed. "Where's the regiment of guards with fixed bayonets?"

"Not here, my child. Out of date. There's a police car full of 'tecs outside, though! Well, I must slip off now. They've rushed this little lot aboard us at the last moment and I've got to find a safe home for it. Take my tip. Turn in with a book, and, if you like, I'll have a nightcap sent along in about half an hour. Leave it to me."

"You're a kind pig," said Eileen, and squeezed his arm affectionately.

She had known Jack Rattray for three years. He had introduced her to Dawson Haig in Colombo—only a year ago. . . .

As he went off with his slow, long strides she turned and entered her cabin, looking at the books on the rack and pulling a wry face when she contemplated unpacking yet to be done. She had been on board since noon, and knew she was desperately lazy. But, then, Dawson Haig stayed to lunch when it was announced that the ship couldn't sail—and Matt, the good angel, had hung on to the last possible minute.

"Oh, bother!" she said.

She was tired, but excited. Her mental condition puzzled her. This was not the first time she had traveled alone. She was used to the sea and had taken her maiden voyage at the age of twelve. But the memory of that strange, lemon-yellow face, glimpsed between upraised flaps of an astrakhan collar and the pulled-down brim of a soft black hat, haunted her ridiculously. Of course, the man was some Chinese shipping agent. The apparent evil of his smile might have been no more than a distorted reflection in the mirror.

She wondered if Dawson Haig would write. . . .

Queer, that odor, like musk. It seemed to hang about. . . .

Yes, she would turn in and read.

"YOU see, Kearney," said Detective-Inspector Dawson Haig, staring up at an old print representing the classic fight between Sayers and Heenan which with many others decorated the bar, "officially, my hands are tied. It's because I've always made a point of finding the loopholes in official regulations that I've got as far as I have."

The poisonous character of the night may have been responsible, but the bar was sparsely populated. Two firemen, amiably drunk and probably late for their ship, lolled in a corner remote from that occupied by Kearney and Haig. They were inclined to song. A solitary, seedy-looking drinker sat against the wall beneath the sporting picture gallery, smoking his pipe and taking sips from a tankard. A shirt-sleeved barman made up the company.

Kearney smiled at the speaker.

He regarded William Dawson Haig as one of the most remarkable characters in London—a man destined to win an international reputation. Haig had been at Stonyhurst with Kearney—Michael Kearney, now United States consul at Colombo, at that time having been stationed in Liverpool. Catastrophe came just as Haig went up to Oxford. Endowed by his father with a load of debts and a posthumous V. C., he (it was characteristic of the man) had enlisted in the metropolitan police force!

"It seems to me," Kearney remembered his saying, "that a man must be judged by what he can *do*—not by the decorations his ancestors won. I couldn't live in an office, and I can't afford the army. But I'll make a first-rate copper!"

He was today the youngest detective-inspector in the Criminal Investigation Department, with a great future assured.

Haig had laid his hat upon the counter, revealing a head of dark brown hair, cut close at the back and sides, like that of a prize fighter, but leaving a curly tuft on top. His clean-shaven, pale face and dancing blue eyes also might have belonged to a potential light-weight champion. He had pleasantly irregular features and his smile was a grin which wrinkled up the corners of his eyes irresistibly. When Haig grinned, everybody grinned.

"Regulations weren't made for you," said Kearney, laughing. "But I'm still in the dark. You leave the Wallaroo after lunch, with dramatic farewells, and then bang me on the back at the dock gates at ten o'clock at night!"

Haig raised his tankard, contemplating it with interest, and:

"I gave you a lift as far as Limehouse," he reminded Kearney. "You ought to be thankful for that. And the beer is good. . . ."

Kearney banged the counter. The barman replenished the tankards. When he had retired:

"What's afoot?" Kearney asked in a low voice.

"I don't know!" was Haig's surprising answer. "I can only think there's been a bad leakage of news."

He glanced suspiciously at the two firemen—they were endeavoring to harmonize John Brown's Body. The solitary drinker drank unmoved. Then:

"Some time ago," Haig went on, "a consignment of pottery was sent from China to a firm in Birmingham. This consignment, unopened, was reconsigned to a Chinese firm in Sydney, per Messrs. King, shipping agents, of Limehouse. It was put on the Wallaroo. I checked it myself, this morning."

"Was that how you managed to get down to see Eileen off?"

"IT WAS," Haig acknowledged—"and I blessed the chance! Now here's what I meant when I said my hands were tied: neither K Division nor Scotland Yard has had power to open those cases of pottery. Oh! it's too damn' silly to talk about—because I know for a fact that they are stuffed with gum!"

"Opium! But why send drugs from China to Australia, via Birmingham?"

Dawson Haig grinned, and:

"I'm glad you asked that," said he. "It shows you're interested! The reason is this: the China ships touching at Australian ports get a hell of an overhauling. Stuff coming from England goes through without difficulty. Those cases are specified to contain Staffordshire pottery, now!"

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"Tonight it is *more* than regrettable," the reed voice declared. "This is the second mistake. My plans, my careful plans —to be destroyed by fools!"

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Dolorosa, Here I Come

A few breathless hours in a dangerous town: the story of two men who did not know how to surrender—except to love

By Ernest Haycox

Illustrated by Matt Clark

FIFTEEN men came to a swirling halt in the shadows just outside Dolorosa town, and as they paused a deeper breathing ran among them and an accumulating excitement stirred them uneasily in the saddles. Behind, under the silver-crusted night sky, lay the Running W herd, eight hundred miles out of mothering Texas and more than a thousand miles short of that strange Wyoming whither they were bound. But of the weary distances gone and yet to go this group had no present thought, for directly ahead lay Dolorosa's street, aglitter with light and emitting the melody and the discord of men in rough festival; a street beckoning to them with a spurious good will and a calculating hospitality. All this they knew. Dolorosa was a trail town, notorious along every baked and dusty league of the Chisholm. Dolorosa was a parasite squatting on the prairie with but one purpose, to prey upon passing cattlemen; it bred nothing but violence, nurtured only iniquity.

Yet to the reflecting fifteen neither violence nor iniquity appalled. Starved for pleasure, barbaric in health and supreme self-confidence, they lusted for that conviviality so long denied. And up from the party came the suppressed, eager murmur of one youth's voice:

"Dolorosa, here I come!"

AN OLDER, wearier voice answered: "Don't calculate yore goin' to create any permanent dent in it, Bill. It was borned of trouble and makes its meat thereof. And it's noted for its marshals. All killers. The present one is same."

"Who's that?" inquired the restive Bill.

"Lingersen."

The repute of the name put a sudden damper on the party. Somebody muttered, "Lingersen!" and swore halfheartedly. Talk sagged, to be taken up again by a rider at the head of the group whose torso cut a slim straight silhouette against the town lights. A calm, level drawl seemed to reach out and steady the group: "Let's go. After eatin' dust for two months it is now our privilege to howl. Just use moderation and stick together. You're warned the liquor is diluted and the games crooked. But it's the only liquor and games we got, so make the best of it."

"Ditto, Mister Dale."

"The statement of a true scholar, Danny," another added. "Bust 'er!"

The horses leaped forward. Two and two the men of Running W careened into Dolorosa's street, giving throat to a high rebel yell that rang trumpet-like between the building fronts and ricocheted back. The ebullient Bill yelled, "Dolorosa, here I come!" and punctuated the statement with a shot to the stars. Pedestrians sprang against the walls, away from the lurching ponies, away from the fifteen punchers who, reverting to temporary wildness, swayed like Comanches in the saddle and bayed as the wolf pack would bay. They swept on through the town, all guns cracking out.

THE headlong Bill lowered his aim and shot the panes from a second-story window. Glass jangled down. A team bolted in front of them, the wagon grazed a hitching post and upset. Pandemonium reigned; standing ponies pitched away. The cavalcade, reaching the end of the street, piled up in hot confusion and swung back. Half through town the heady Danny Dale halted his bunch in front of a saloon

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rack with a lifted arm and a calm pronouncement: "We've had our parade. Pile off and pour in." There was need of no second urging. They dismounted, tramped through the swinging doors; and like a good shepherd Danny Dale came last, marshaled them to the bar and signaled for drinks.

Standing there in the full and gleaming radiance of the saloon he seemed but a boy and not one upon whom an owner would place the responsibility of taking four thousand cattle and a score of men nearly all of the breadth of the United States. He was slim, seeming a little gawky from the angularity of his body and features; a little diffident. Yet the first impression was not the true one. With the passing of the moments he gained strength by contrast. The others drank deep, flushed with the night's freedom and bent upon extracting from the all-too-brief vacation each drop of sweetness and savor. They bawled and they jested; they smashed their glasses against the bar, and one by one they drifted down the great length of the warm, smoke-filled room to settle upon one or another of the gaming tables. Danny Dale still stood in his tracks, an arm hooked over the mahogany, grave-featured, his candid blue eyes watchfully following them. There was a gathering steadiness about him; and while the others lost themselves in play he stood aloof as a detached spectator, never losing awareness of what went on.

And it was this aloofness that presently made him aware of a mounting hostility within the saloon. The glow of the crystal chandeliers remained as bright, the hum and crackle of talk maintained its pitch; but his guarded glance discovered certain men casually posting themselves in convenient corners of the place.

HE INTERCEPTED a covert signal being passed through the interior, in response to which was a quiet shifting of house men from the center of the floor. At the roulette wheel the wild-tempered Bill was crying: "Damn this rig, I'm about out of patience with it! Next time, mister, spin that ball harder, don't toss it!" Then the doors swung and a tall fellow entered casually and approached the bar.

Danny Dale had never seen him before, but nevertheless he knew the man's identity. The trademark of the killer's profession was too plain to be missed. This was Lingersen, town marshal. Lingersen was quite tall and quite thin. He had a pea-shaped head and a pair of small, flat ears. He was neatly dressed, he carried a brace of

Fifteen punchers, reverting to wildness, swayed like Comanches in the saddle. They swept through the town, all guns cracking out

guns without swagger, and his glance through the room was casual, unmoved. But presently that glance, swinging around, fell upon Danny Dale like the shock of cold water. Lingersen's face was rather pale and a preternatural gravity was stamped on it as if the power to smile had atrophied. The lips were thin and drooped at the corners; the nose was narrow, the nostrils flared.

Even so, it was not these items that aroused Danny Dale; rather it was the eyes—slightly triangular, unwinking and possessing the impersonality of a feline's. The trail boss, instantly on his guard, found himself matching the expression with that flat and staring deadliness he once had seen in the eyes of a panther.

Lingersen approached Danny Dale, looked down from his greater height, and spoke with a soft, perfect courtesy: "Your boys?"

"Mine," agreed Danny Dale.

The marshal considered Danny Dale closely. "Young to be a trail boss," was his decision. "But I can see why you got the job."

"Thanks, kindly. Have a drink."

"My apologies," said Lingersen. "I never drink on duty. You will understand why."

Danny Dale told the barkeep to lay out a box of cigars. The marshal accepted one and calmly bit off the end. "The smashed wagon we can rule out," said he. "Fault of the granger for not tyin' his team. But the windows your man shot out will have to be paid for."

"Agreeable," replied Danny Dale. "I'll leave two dollars with the barkeep. We aim to pay for our fun."

"Dolorosa," opined the marshal, "never objects to fun on a pay-as-you-go basis."

"I reckon its revenue is ample," stated Danny Dale with a touch of dryness.

The marshal watched him reflectively but said nothing. Over at the roulette wheel the headstrong Bill was cursing violently again. "If this cursed rig don't hit red in a minute I'm goin' to turn it over and find out why!" The marshal bowed to Danny Dale and left the room in long, unhurried strides. Danny Dale started forward in the direction of the roulette table, aware of the descending silence. Running W had gathered around that table, oblivious to the fact that in each of the corners along the walls were men watching with a slant-eyed expectancy. Bill yelled, "It's crooked as a dog's hind left laig!"

"Always the belly-ache of a short-horn sport," retorted the house man.

A crash and a chatter of falling chips followed the statement. Running W men sprang back, flinging chairs and tables out of their path. Danny Dale's glance played around the walls of the saloon again and he stopped dead to rip out an order: "Get away from there, boys! You've had yore fun! Hit for the street!" But the last of his talk was drowned in gun roar. Methodically he lifted his own weapon and shattered the lamp within the crystal chandelier, thus leaving only the bracket lights to illumine the crazy scene. "Back out of it!" he yelled and covered the nearest barkeep, whose hands had dropped from view. Running W swept toward the door, leaving the roulette table nothing but wreckage on the floor and the operator a still, grotesque figure beside it. The walls shivered under the impact of another shot echo and then the place was rioting in sound. Running W, replying in kind, retreated to the doors and backed through with Danny Dale still tarrying by the bar. When the last of his men was outside he sprang after them and threw himself into the saddle.

"Let's go back and wreck that joint!" yelled the uncontrollable Bill.

Danny Dale cursed him to silence. "Ain't you got a lick of sense in yore addled head? Yuh knew it was a crooked game, so why squawk? Come on—come on!"

They galloped down the street, barely clearing the front of the saloon when a burst of buckshot rattled against it like hail. The town shivered with a slashing, explosive fire as the men of Dolorosa stood sheltered in the black maw of this or that alley and cross-ripped the main thoroughfare with their lead; purple muzzle lights weirdly flickered, powder smell tainted the night air.

DANNY DALE lagged a little to lay his quirt over the rump of a bucking, frantic pony, at the same time trying to head off the recalcitrant Bill, who, in the throes of unreasoning fury, jerked about and deliberately charged into one of the alleys. Danny Dale started to follow, but the rider on the crazed pony yelled: "Shot from under me!" and he turned to put an arm around the man

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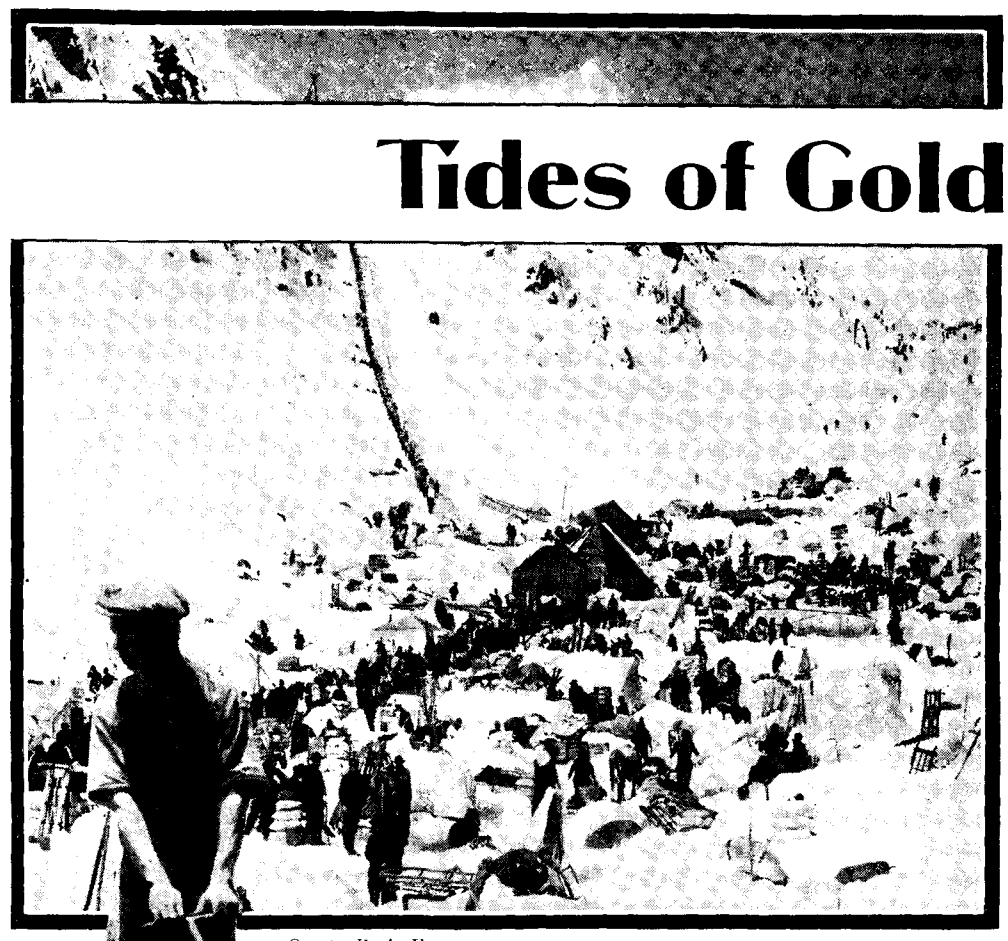
Tides of Gold

You may never own a gold coin, but for all that the flow of gold from country to country is your affair. At present the tide is high here and in France. Too high. It leaves shoals in other parts of the world. And shoals are bad for commerce. Business won't have fair sailing until they're covered. Here Mr. Flynn tells you just what has been going on and what will have to be done about it



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A camp in the Klondike, with gold seekers preparing for the long, hard trip over the mountain ranges

NOT long ago Charles Scossa and his brother flivvered into Lovelock, Nevada, with twelve sacks of gold which assayed as worth $45,000. They had been prospecting for a year, had found gold and here they were with the news.

Gold! The cry of gold had run round the country in '48 when Marshall found it in California. Later it ran round the world from Alaska and the Klondike and from the Witwatersrand and the Transvaal. Now it sounded in Lovelock, Nevada.

In a few days hundreds of men and women poured in and began staking out claims. And when one enterprising gentleman who really knew how gold is to be had put up a tent and started a saloon it looked as if a real gold rush was on again. Here was more gold in the hills, near where the famous Comstock Lode, richest metal deposit in the world's history, was opened and where in '73 those famous bonanza kings—Mackay, Fair, O'Brien and Flood—worked the no less famous Big Bonanza.

"Thar's gold in them thar hills," all right. But that's the trouble. It's too far inside "them thar" hills. It's locked up in the rock. It will cost a lot of money to get it out, more, doubtless, than frantic claim-staking gold seekers are likely to bring along.

About this same time another little scene was being enacted very far from Lovelock. The great German liner, the Bremen, was halted in the English Channel and as the passengers rushed to the side of the ship they saw an important-looking personage go over the side and down a rope ladder into a boat and then get transferred to the Majestic, also halted close by. The disembarking passenger was Sir Montagu Norman, governor of the Bank of England.

The news got around the ship that the governor had been suddenly summoned back to the bank as he was going to America. Next day in the world's capitals financiers and statesmen asked anxiously what the trouble could be. What had happened in England?

Then another Englishman, well known in America, Sir Josiah Stamp, a great industrialist and economist and a director of the Bank of England, explained it all. But the explanation only deepened the mystery. Sir Montagu was not summoned back at all. He wasn't even bound for America. He was just visiting on the ship, finishing up a chat with an old friend who was aboard.

Well, who could the old friend be? The inquisitive gentlemen of the press were eager to know. So they raked through the ship's passenger list and they found the name of George L. Harrison, governor of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York. So that was the old friend! And what were these two gentlemen chatting about that required such elaborate arrangements to enable them to finish?

Well, every financier knew that England at the moment was in a state of extraordinary bewilderment about the manner in which her gold was leaving the Bank of England. A million dollars a day was crossing the Channel to France. The papers were full of it. The League of Nations Committee had just alarmed the world by the announcement that the nations were approaching a world-wide shortage of gold. When that happens, if it does, what, statesmen were asking, are we going to use for money?

J. Pierpont Morgan, Owen D. Young, George L. Harrison and Sir Montagu Norman had been having conferences in London. The heads of the various central banks in Europe had been having conferences in Basle. Various economists and publicists were issuing alarming statements. Sir Josiah Stamp said the gold shortage was forcing down prices and if prices went down another twenty per cent there would be a world business collapse. Others were denouncing the United States and France for gobbling up the gold reserves of the world. Lord Brandbourne, chairman of the South African Consolidated Gold Fields Company, announced that in fifteen years the actual world production of gold will shrink to less than half what it is today and that the gold in the Rand, which supplies half the world's new metal, is rapidly approaching the depletion point.

In the midst of all this Mr. Charles Scossa turned up in Lovelock with his twelve bags of gold and Sir Montagu Norman stepped off the Bremen down a rope ladder. And, as usual, these two more or less dramatic performances centered the public's attention upon our little gold drama with a start.

Is it true that we are soon to run short of gold?

Can it be that we have already done so? It is a long way from the gold mine to the apple man on the curb, but many are asking if the apple man's trouble didn't begin in the gold mine.

International News

A fortune, and not a small one, in gold ingots, being hauled from a refinery to vaults in South Africa

International News

Free gold. Washing gold from river beds was the favorite method of the first-comers

Feeling the Pinch

Are we going to have another money campaign? People can get tremendously excited about money. Back in the brave days of free silver, Coin Harvey's Financial School, that famous tract on bimetallism, was the world's best seller, going at the rate of a thousand copies a day. Are we just waiting for another William Jennings Bryan to furnish the necessary voice?

There is no doubt that some countries are feeling the pinch of gold scarcity. England has less than she had before the war, very much less, although the United States has twice as much. Gold is a strange, mysterious ally. One day

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By John T. Flynn

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Off for fortune! The long file of "packers" makes its way up steep slopes to Chilkoot Pass in the Alaska rush of 1898

in 1880 the police found an old man dead on the Capitol steps in Washington. After a few days he was identified as John Augustus Sutter, on whose property gold was discovered in California in '48. Most of the first gold mined there came out of his property. Now he was dead and penniless on the Capitol steps. The strange thing about this was that when gold was found on his land he was one of the richest men in California—a millionaire. Gold had ruined him.

It is on land governed by Great Britain that most of the gold produced in the world today is mined. Yet it is England who finds herself losing gold. France, which produces but little, has gained in the last two years more than all the gold produced in British possessions. The United States, too, has made large additions to its gold. It is not from gold mines that nations get their gold. It is from trade. It is trade that is taking the gold away from England—trade which England ruled so long with such a commanding hand.

Of course, it all comes from the gold standard toward which the world has been struggling back with many agonies. Before the war practically every country in the world had adopted the gold standard. That is, each country defined its monetary unit—dollar, pound, franc—as containing a fixed weight in gold. You could take a five-pound note to the Bank of England and get five pounds' worth of gold for it, just as you can take a five-dollar bill to the United States Treasury and get five dollars in gold for it. Gold circulated freely in all these countries. Gold coins were freely minted. In the vaults of government treasuries and of central banks and of private banks, as well as in the homes and pockets of the people, there were large quantities of gold coins. There was practically no gold problem from 1900 up to the time of the war. The mines of the world were producing ample gold for the world's needs.

When the war came all this was changed. Almost every country save the United States suspended the operation of its gold standard. The reason was obvious. People who had money in war-torn countries wanted to send their money out of the country. If the government of such a country permitted gold coins to circulate freely, there would very soon have been an exodus of gold out of the country. To stop this these countries stopped minting gold coins and called in all gold coins as quickly as possible. It became an offense in most cases to take gold out of the country. American travelers may remember how they were stopped at the Italian frontier and other frontiers and examined to see if they were taking any gold coins over the boundaries. The government had to do this because the nation needed its gold.

International Money

Gold was not needed so much for transactions between citizens of the nation, but the nation as a whole required as much gold as possible to pay its bills to other nations. There is no international currency. Bills due by Italy, France or America, either by the government or the citizens, must be paid in the only international money that is known—gold. And every European country which was at that time making enormous purchases abroad had an additional reason for conserving its gold. Hence, gold was gathered in by the central banks of Europe. Gold coins were melted down and the gold was locked in the vaults of the national treasuries. Even in America the need for keeping our gold was felt and so this country, while not abandoning the gold standard, did quit minting gold coins.

After the war, when the nations of the world began, one after another, to return to the gold standard, they still continued the policy of not minting gold coins, and so today in the United States, as elsewhere, gold is kept in huge bars in the vaults of the government treasury, and the people use as money paper notes or bills which the government promises to redeem on demand in gold. These paper notes and bills circulate as freely as the gold, while the gold itself is protected from loss, wear and tear and from unnecessary exploitation. In the United States the Treasury will redeem a five-dollar bill in gold. In other countries, while the treasuries promise to redeem paper money in gold, the terms of redemption are more drastic. For instance, in some countries the government will not redeem bills in amounts less than a thousand dollars.

Some day when you are visiting New York walk down Wall Street a little past Broad. Nestling in among the soaring skyscrapers you will see a little two-story building known as the United States Assay Office. Hiding under the shadow of the lofty sixty-five-story tower of the Bank of Manhattan Trust Company, this little building seems the humblest and least pretentious in that extraordinary neighborhood. Opposite is the office of J. P. Morgan & Co. On the adjoining corners are the Stock Exchange, the First National Bank, headed by George F. Baker, and the United States Sub-Treasury. All around are the offices of great banks and bankers. This is the very heart of the financial capital of the world. But it is not those amazing towers and banks and exchanges and financial giants which make it the capital. It is that little two-story Assay Office. Far down in its vaults—in a small room in fact—is one third of all the monetary gold in the world—more than three and a half billion dollars, all in gold bricks and stacked up in cases in dark cellars like so much firewood. This gold is the property of the United States government. It is part of the gold reserve of the nation. It is the possession of this vast treasure by America which makes Wall Street the money power of the earth.

In Paris, on the walls of the little church of St. Roche, they show you the marks of bullets—mementoes of Napoleon's famous "whiff of grape shot." On the walls of the office of J. P. Morgan & Co., guides will show you deep, ugly scars and gashes in the stone. These are the marks, not of a whiff of grape shot, but of a blast of dynamite. It was in front of this little Assay Office that the famous Wall Street explosion took place, set off, many believe, to destroy the Morgans or, perhaps, to terrify Wall Street.

To Destroy Our Reserve?

I stood there a few minutes after that ghastly and futile tragedy, horrified at the sight of dozens of human bodies lying mangled and bleeding on the street and sidewalks. Many theories of that still unsolved crime have been advanced. But looking back now I often wonder if the theory I formed then as I stood amid the carnage was not the right one: that it was a stupid attempt to destroy the gold reserves of the United States.

There is about twenty-one billion dollars' worth of gold in the world after centuries of digging and mining. About one half of it—roughly, eleven billion dollars—is used as money gold. The other half is used

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A U. S. marine on guard at the Treasury in Washington, D. C.

Harris & Ewing

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The Road Back

By Erich Maria Remarque

Illustrated by Herbert Morton Stoops

The Story Thus Far:

ERNST enlisted in '17, fired with the enthusiasm of youth eager to remake the world. He returns, disillusioned, to find post-war Germany a chaos, the people cynical and apathetic. General pessimism alternates with a feverish search for forgetfulness.

The returned men are helpless in their strangely altered Fatherland. Of Ernst's intimate friends only Karl Bröger, who buries himself in the details of business, and Willy Homeyer, the red-headed giant whose physical strength and constant good humor are invincible, manage to make places for themselves.

Ludwig Breyer commits suicide. Adolf Bethke, through a tragic misunderstanding, forces his wife to kill herself. Georg Rahe tries one occupation after another and, sickened by them all, buries himself in his memories of the war. Albert Trosske murders the seducer of his fiancée and is sent to prison.

Ernst watches the spectacle in despair. He sees Max Weil, a member of his company, shot down in a public square at the order of Lieutenant Hohl, their former company commander. He sees his friends broken and defeated. And he realizes that he himself is going the same way. Neither work nor love suffices to exorcise his memories of the war. Haunted by night and tormented by day, he is driven steadily toward insanity. Finally brain fever brings him temporary release.

Weeks later he regains consciousness and finds that life—the mere fact of being alive—is once more inestimably precious to him. But what worthy use, he wonders, can he find for this life recaptured on the confines of death?

Conclusion

THE earth smells of March and of violets. Snowdrops appear above the damp mold. The furrows of the fields are shimmering purple. We walk down a path through the woods, Willy and Kosole in front, Valentin and I behind them. Karl has lent us his new car for the day. He has not come with us himself, he has not the time. Yesterday he purchased a house and today he wants to look after the deeds. He is making a lot of money, for the mark is falling and that favors his business. His chauffeur has driven us out.

"What are you doing now, Valentin?" I ask.

"Doing the round of the annual fairs," he replies. "With the swing-boats."

I look at him in surprise. "Since when?"

"A long time now. My partner—remember her?—she soon chucked me. She dances in a restaurant now. Foxtrots and tangos. There's more demand for that these days. And—well, you see, an old army hobo is not fine enough for that."

"Do swing-boats bring in much, then?" I ask.

He shakes his head. "Not enough to live, yet too much to die, see? Up the pole—lovely, Ernst. Where's Jupp got to, do you know?"

I shrug my shoulders.

"And Arthur?"

"He's well on his way to being a millionaire," I reply.

"He knows something!" nods Valentin sadly.

Kosole halts and stretches his arms. "Well, boys, it's grand walking—if only a man didn't have to be out of work to do it."

"Don't you think you'll get something again soon?" asks Willy.

Ferdinand shakes his head. "I'm on the blacklist. Not docile enough. Once in a while I get a bit of work with Tjaden. He's well dug in among the suet."

Willy passes round a box of cigarettes that Karl has given him. Valentin's face brightens. We sit down and smoke.

Kosole pricks up his ears.

Out of the distance comes the sound of voices. Young voices. It will be the Wandervögel, birds of passage, making their first ramble with their guitars and their ribbons this silver-misted day. I think of my wanderings with Ludwig and Georg Rahe, the evenings round the camp fire, the folksongs, the guitars and the happy nights in the tent. That was just before the war. In those days the fresh romance and the enthusiasm of youth lived in the Wanderer; then it burned on a short while in the trenches and in 1917 at last was quenched in the horrors of the battle of machines.

THE voices are coming nearer. Now there is only one. Twigs break and the ground trembles to many footsteps. Again a shout. Again the footsteps, they stop, silence. Then, sharp and clear, an order: "Cavalry approaching on the right. By squads, right wheel—double quick!"

Kosole has jumped up. We blink at one another. Are we bewitched? What can it mean? Have we gone crazy?

Already they break cover from the undergrowth in front of us, run to the edge of the wood and fling themselves on the ground. "Range four hundred!" snaps the voice. "Fire!"

A rattling clatter. A long line of sixteen- and seventeen-year-old boys lie side by side along the edge of the woods. They wear waterproof jackets and have leather girdles buckled about them like soldiers' belts. All are dressed alike, gray jackets, puttees, caps with badges—uniformity is deliberately emphasized. Each has a walking stick with a steel point, and with this he is battering the tree trunks in imitation of machine-gun fire.

But from beneath the warlike caps look out young, red-cheeked children's faces. Watchful and excited they peer away to the right in search of approaching cavalry. They do not see the tender miracle of the violet among the brown leaves—nor the purple bloom of becoming that lies on the fields—nor the downy, soft fur of the hare that is hopping along the furrows. Ah! they do see the hare—but they are aiming their sticks at it and the clatter resounds mightily from the tree trunks. Behind them stands a powerful fellow with a bit of a paunch, likewise in waterproof jacket and puttees. He is beefing out his commands: "Slow fire! Two hundred yards!" He has a pair of binoculars and is observing the enemy.

Kosole has recovered from his astonishment. "What sort of bloody nonsense is this?" he growls. "Haven't they had enough with one war then?"

But he lands himself in hot water. The leader, who is now joined by two others, glares and thunders. The soft spring air is loud with pithy comment: "Shut your mouth, you damned worm! You enemy to the Fatherland! You low-down bunch of traitors. Away with you, you cowardly blackguard."

Ferdinand is quite taken aback. "Imagine that!" says he. "You will be telling me that I have never been a soldier!"

The boys now join in also. One shakes his fist threateningly: "We will have to put you on the blacklist," he screams in his high-pitched voice. "Fade away," interjects another. "Bolshies!" a third. "These cowards must all be wiped out, or Germany will not be free!" shouts another rapidly and pat. "Good boy!" The leader pats him on the shoulder and advances. "Give them something to remember, lads!"

At that moment Willy wakes up. He has been asleep. In that he is still a good soldier—if he lies down for long he at once goes to sleep. The leader pulls up short immediately. Willy looks about him with wide eyes and explodes into laughter. "What's on? Fancy dress ball?" he asks. Then he realizes the situation. "So, only the parties of the right in Germany have a Fatherland, what?" he smirks. "The rest are all traitors, eh? Funny thing then, that three quarters of the German army were traitors. You hop out of it now, you jackanapes. Can't you leave the kids the few years that are left to them when they still know nothing of all the rotten business?"

THE leader has drawn off his army. But the woods are spoiled for us. We go back into the village. Behind us, rhythmical and syncopated, echoes the cry: "Hail to the Front! Hail to the Front! Hail to the Front!"

"Hail to the Front—" Willy clutches at his hair. "If anyone had said that to one of the lads up the line!"

"Yes," says Kosole pensively, "so it starts again. That is the beginning of a new World War."

Willy shrugs his shoulders and puts his hand on Kosole's shoulder. "But don't think, Ferdinand, that a handful of diplomats and generals alone could contrive such a war. The whole world is to blame for it. Before the war the world was one great munitions factory.

At one shrill burst he rec- valor and the life of a

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ognizes the empty abyss of revenge in which the truth, the generation have gone down. It throttles and shatters him

There was so much arming that it just had to go up some time. I have lately thought a lot about Ludwig and Albert, and I know now what I will do. I will continue to be a schoolmaster, and I will take care that my kids are clear-headed, sensible, honest, sound men, not any of your hare-brained, fuddle-headed politicians. They are going to love their country more than any political party. Trees, fields, earth, these are their country, and no loud-mouthed slogans and catch-words. That is what I mean to teach them. And so I am glad to be going back to the village again soon. I have considered it on and off for a long time and found that we are old enough now to have some sort of mission. That is mine. It is not much, I grant you. But it is sufficient for me. I am no Goethe."

Kosole smiles. "You're lucky, Willy. You have your job. But the likes of us—"

"Not every man can work for a big thing, Ferdinand," I say pensively, "but I often think it is sufficient if each of us does no more than to try to have understanding of others."

I HAVE visited Albert as often as I could. He grows ever paler, quieter and more comfortless. The long nights in the darkness do him in. Disillusionment and doubts are devouring him. I had imagined that the winter would have been the worst time for him, but then he merely became stupefied. But now, when the days are drawing out, he cannot suffer to see the sky through the window of his cell. He rages and shouts, he drums on the door with his fists and cries aloud to come out. It is especially bad on the bright days when the swallows circle before the window. Then with the noise of the street-trams the wind blows in confused sounds of voices, ringing, rustlings and sometimes a peal of laughter. That drives him mad.

Bit by bit his will crumbled away. Often he would brood, disputing with himself how killing could be each of two things, a duty and a crime. He did not understand it, he would gladly have repented his act against Bartscher—but he could not. So he commenced to torture himself, wondering whether he might not perhaps have shot good men in the war. That soon broke him down.

DURING the brief time allowed us I try to talk him out of these thoughts. But he merely makes a weary gesture. "Let be, Ernst—look to it that you get clear of the mess yourself."

But what avails such few minutes' hasty talk? Against it stand the evenings and the nights alone in the cell.

"Three years," says Albert dully, "three years, that is almost as long as I was in the war. The whole war over again!" He laughs bitterly.

Then with shuffling tread he goes past me through the gray room, a slight lad's figure in a striped convict's jacket, back between the gray walls to the comfortless nights on the wooden bed, alone and forlorn, with his doubts and his misery. . . .

I sit at home a long time thinking of him. If he starts brooding over the war and begins to see it with other eyes, he is lost. He will not escape the ghosts of the dead in a prison cell.

Albert was a courageous soldier; he killed many enemies. That may now be his doom. I think of those years—clear and distinct I see before me a mud wall, a musketry card, a rifle with a telescopic sight and behind it a cold, watching, tense face. Bruno Mückenhaupt, the best sniper in the battalion, who never missed.

I jump up. I must go and see what he is doing and how he is faring now.

A tall house with numerous lodgings. The stairs are dripping wet. It is Saturday and everywhere stand buckets, scrubbing brushes and women with their dresses tucked up.

A shrill bell, far too loud for the door. Someone opens hesitatingly. I ask for Bruno. The woman admits me. Mückenhaupt is seated on the floor in his shirt sleeves, playing with his daughter, a little girl of about five, with straw-colored hair and a large blue ribbon. With silver paper he has laid down a river over the carpet and set little paper boats on it. A few have tiny tufts of wadding fixed on them—they are the steamers, with little celluloid dolls as passengers. Bruno is contentedly smoking a long curved pipe. On the porcelain bowl is a picture of a soldier kneeling and taking aim with the legend: Use Eye and Hand for the Fatherland!

"Come, Ernst," says Bruno, giving the girl a pat and leaving her to go on with her playing. We go into the sitting-room. Sofa and chairs are of red plush, crocheted antimacassars are spread over the backs, the floor is so polished that I slither on it. Everything is neat and in its place; large conch shells, knickknacks and photographs stand on the sideboard and among them, in the middle, on red velvet under a glass dome, Bruno's medals.

We talk about the old times. "Have you still got your list of hits?" I ask.

"But what do you think, man!" replies Bruno reproachfully. "That holds an honored place."

He takes it out of the cupboard and turns over the pages with evident enjoyment. "Summer was always my best time, of course, because then you could still see so late in the evenings. Here—no, wait a minute—yes—June 18th, four heads; 19th, three; 20th, one; 21st, two; 22d, one; 23d, none; washout. The — — —s got wise to it and were more careful—but here, look you, 26th, a new lot came up who hadn't heard

(Continued on page 49)

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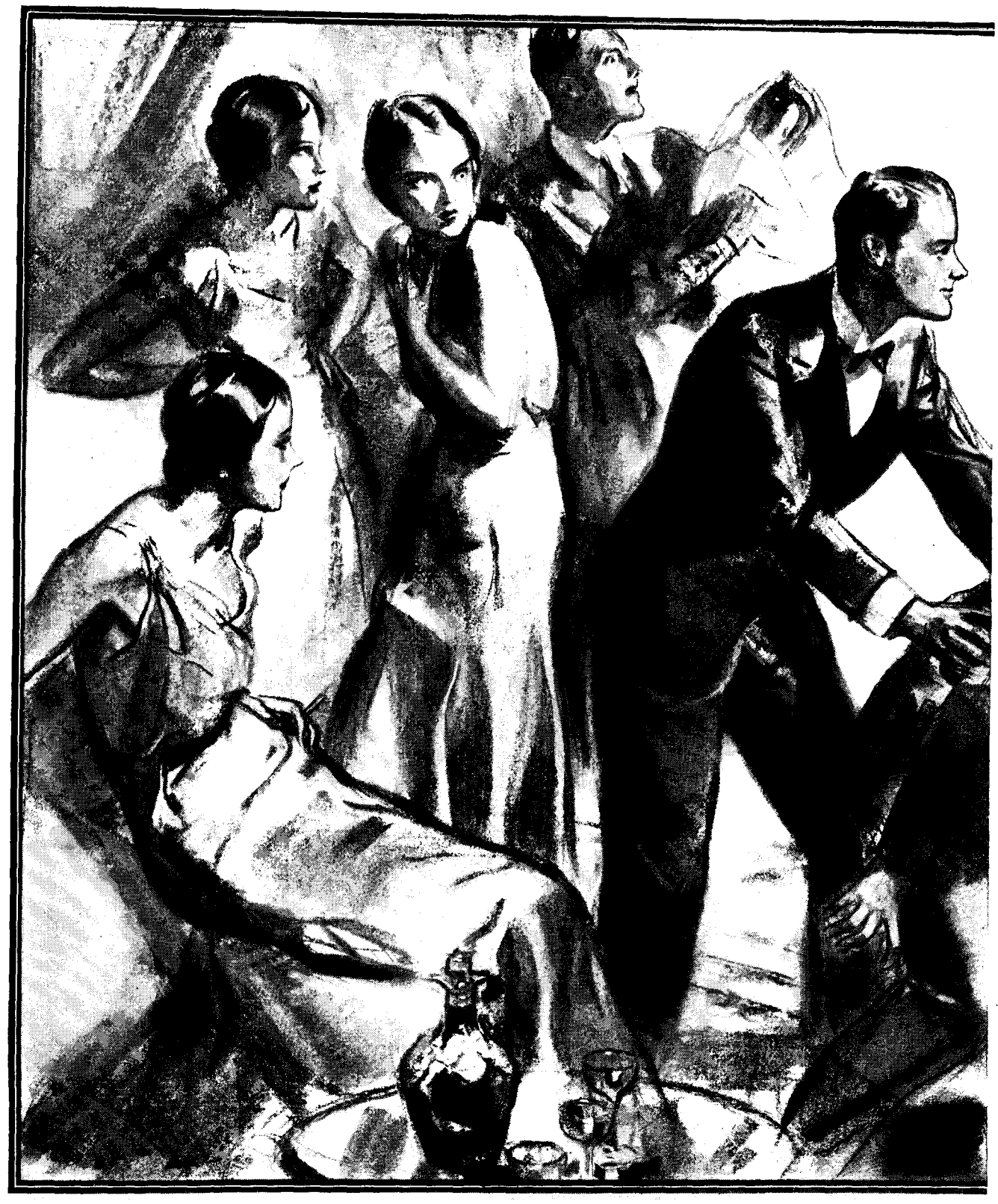
Too Many Smiths

An account of the disastrous romance that blasted the foundations of an American dynasty

By Hagar Wilde

Illustrated by Carl Mueller



SHANE SMITH'S twenty-year-old, cream-colored face had resentment plastered all over it.

"So," she said, "because there is a man by the name of Daniel Carrington who is expected to return from college any moment and sell the Grove, we are deprived of our European trip. It would take Jonathan to do that. I can't stick it much longer, Sybil."

Sybil was an ex-actress, Shane's sister-in-law, and a thorn in the family side. She said, "Jonathan's such an old fox. What's he up to, d'you suppose?"

"He's up to getting the Grove by fair means or foul. He'd marry me to the owner of it without ever having seen him, without blinking an eyelash. He rooked the owner of the piece on the other side out of twenty thousand dollars and crowed about it for years. He's very casual about this Carrington business. 'Sorry, my dear, but your trip with Sybil and Carter will have to be postponed. Trellan tells me young Carrington is expected back from school. It would be nice for you to meet him.' So. I rave. Jonathan tells me to keep my temper. I don't keep it. He freezes and orders me to my room. At twenty, mind you. I go, and end by bawling, the way I always do!"

"You're tearing your handkerchief," Sybil said.

"Smith!" Shane said. "I get violently ill every time I hear the name. Private sports, private intrigues, private worship! Privacy, privacy, privacy! The great Smiths and their great fortune, their great forbears, their great snobbery! I wonder how you, an outsider, stand it!"

"I'm thinking of eloping with the chauffeur."

"You haven't the guts."

"Shane, you've never said . . ."

"Guts in front of Father? No, but all the same you haven't."

SHANE fingered the damask drapes at the window. "Father's having prayer meeting tonight. We'll have to listen to Smythe gibbering about the weakness of the flesh for an hour."

"I'm not going. That's flat."

"And futile," Shane said, grinning.

The Smith estate was comprised of five Long Island miles fronting a main thoroughfare. A natural-stone wall surrounded the entire property. There were five houses, a church, swimming pool, private cemetery, golf links, tennis courts and an assembly hall where Jonathan gathered his tribe and discussed affairs of importance to the family welfare. Jonathan, his wife, Shane and her second eldest brother occupied the first house in all the cozy warmth of a political assembly. The second house sheltered Jonathan's invalid brother James and his family, which consisted of a wife, two spinster daughters and a bachelor son. Carter, Sybil's husband and Shane's brother, was lord of the third. Shane's eldest sister, Caroline, quarreled with her husband in the fourth, and the fifth had been erected when Aunt Julia's husband silently folded his tent and stole away with a waitress who told risqué jokes in a corner restaurant.

"Ah, sir," said Dan, "you surprised me out of a successful leap." Jonathan grew purple and then white. "You will clear the house, Shane," he said, "and ask this young man to remain. I wish to speak with him"

"Jonathan is fixing to pour you into the mold, Shane."

"Jonathan is going to find himself up a tree. Grandfather didn't mean to establish a kingdom with the money he left. Carter's old enough to have his own money. Uncle James couldn't handle his if he had it. Caroline hasn't . . ."

"DON'T say guts again," Sybil said. "Thanks, I was on the verge. Jonathan has everybody afraid to look cross-eyed with his own eyes."

"Why don't you get out?"

"How? Jonathan had me licked from the start. Before I realized what was happening, I was as useless as a bed-lamp in a hermit's cave. I haven't a single useful attribute. Picture a Smith, if you can, presiding over a ribbon counter. I can't."

"Infant," Sybil said, sighing, "I fear for you. I am now at the stage where I hold personal freedom above the world's goods."

"And wishing to heaven you'd reached it before you married Carter. . . . You hate Father, don't you, Sybil?"

"Not exactly. I resent him. I hate what he's made of Carter. When we were married, Carter had spirit . . . something. He talked of getting away from Jonathan. He had a future in the theater. He might have been the foremost *régisseur* in the country. It was criminal to take him away from it. Now he's deteriorated into a drunken sot for lack of something to amuse him. He's afraid to defy Jonathan. He's lost his grip."

Shane walked down the gravel drive, kicking a small pebble before her and cogitating on life and the Smiths. The drive was flanked on either side by spirea bushes, and as she approached the eighteenth bush she halted, staring. Protruding from the foliage and wriggling energetically was a pair of white flannel trousers. Palpably, the gardener did not fill them. The upper anatomy of the man was rapidly disappearing into the bush accompanied by faint scratching sounds and muffled curses. The voice was young.

SHANE kicked the fleshy part of his leg by way of attracting his attention. A white silk shirt emerged by inches. The shoulders were broad and the back of the head was well trimmed and dark. A snub-nosed gentleman with fiercely blue eyes hoisted himself to his knees and stared at her. "If you weren't pretty," he said coldly, "I would ask you what the dickens you mean by kicking me."

"I wanted to inquire why you were digging in our bushes."

"There are more refined ways of attracting a gentleman's attention," he said. Her cream-colored face above the white of her frock was pointed and poignant. Under its influence he rose and dusted himself vigorously.

"You haven't answered my question," Shane said.

"What question?"

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"About the digging."

"Oh, the digging. I wasn't. I was searching for a tennis ball. Do you know what a tennis ball is?"

"Yes, but they don't grow on spirea bushes."

"No, smarty, but they can be socked over your fence. It's easier socked over than climbed. What is this anyway, a feudal castle?"

"It's the Smith estate. I live in that house, my uncle lives in that one, my brother in that one, my sister in that one and my aunt in the last one down at the end."

He got down on his stomach once more preparatory to wriggling into the bush. "You must have jolly times when you all . . ." Here he squirmed in silence for a moment and then said faintly, "get together."

Shane sat down on her heels and peered into the bush. She was beginning to take an interest in his tennis ball. When he extricated himself, bearing it triumphantly, she had a sense of personal victory. He tossed it in the air and caught it. "Now," he said, "I'll go back and bat it against the wall some more. Unless you think it would amuse you to see me clambering over the wall the way I came in, maybe you'd open the gate."

She opened the gate and stood staring at him with wistful eyes. "Come along," he said. "We'll bat it together. Ever play handball?"

She shook her head.

"Very simple," he said. "You sock it against the wall and sock it again when it comes back." He led her around the corner of the wall and stopped in the Grove. Shane looked around.

"TRESPASSING," she said. He tossed the ball against the wall and caught it.

"What do you mean?"

"This is Daniel Carrington's grove."

"Why, so it is," he said, and went on tossing the ball at the wall.

"Father's going to buy it some day."

"Good. Then I can go to Europe."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean I can pack my shirt, have my picture taken and flirt with débutantes on the boat."

"*You're* not Daniel Carrington!"

"If I'm not, they've been fooling me for twenty-four years."

"I don't believe it. Why, you couldn't be!"

"What a small world it is after all," Carrington said. "Will we turn out to be brother and sister or distant cousins or something?"

Playing into Jonathan's hands! Shane sat down with her back against the wall and hugged her knees thoughtfully. Carrington flopped down beside her. "Dad left fifty thousand in trust," he said, "and this. I can sell it on my birthday. Two weeks from today. That's not a hint. I like blue neckties best, loathe stripes . . . and then Miriam, she's my sister and lives out West, God knows why, gets the rest of the fifty."

"And when you sell it?"

"Europe," he said. "Europe and Paris. Sidewalk cafés, champagne. Awake when I should be asleep and asleep when I should be awake. A round of frivolity and wassail. Seriously, Paris and the Riviera . . . just because I want to."

They played handball until dusk and Shane got frightfully dirty. Her thoughts were chaotic. Jonathan would rub his hands gleefully if he knew. How she hated his plans that ran sideways and tripped one up when one least expected it. Suddenly she threw the ball down. Her mind was made up. "I'm not going to play any more," she said. "I'm going in."

"What did I do?"

"Nothing."

"Listen, snooty," he said. "I know I didn't say anything, because I haven't been talking, and you say I didn't do anything, but you walk out on me like I was poison ivy or something. I don't like that. Don't you ever invite people to come and see you?"

"No."

"Do people ever come without invitations?"

"No."

"A very difficult young woman," Daniel Carrington said. "I knew it when I first looked at your nose."

"Good-by," Shane said.

SHE marched around the corner. When she reached the gate, he popped his head around the corner of the wall. "You're even more difficult," he said reproachfully, "than your nose indicates. I shall come anyway."

Shane said coldly, "Please don't!"—and went home. As she passed the dining-room she noted that the table was set for fifteen. The whole ghastly gang! Her mother's voice seeped fretfully from the living-room: "Shane . . . is that you?"

Shane poked her nose around the door. "It's me," she said. "Why?"

"Wherever did you get so dirty?"

"Playing handball."

"With whom?"

"With a dark horse," Shane said, and disappeared.

"*What* does she mean, Theodore?"

Shane's brother stirred in his chair. "Haven't the faintest," Theodore said.

"Theodore, when will you learn to end your sentences? Haven't the faintest what?"

"Idea," said Theodore, hoisting himself to his feet and going to the door.

"Prayer meeting tonight, Theodore. Reverend Smythe is dining with us."

"Fogy," Theodore said.

"What?"

"Nothing." He vanished, stopping at Shane's door. "Sis, I have to have . . ."

"I haven't any money, Ted. I gave you the last I had yesterday."

"Ask Father for an advance on your allowance. If I ask him, I'll go into solitary confinement doing penance for being a spendthrift."

"I'll ask him, but he's pretty sure to refuse."

At seven-forty-five the drawing-room was filled with relatives and the voice of Reverend Smythe. Shane followed Jonathan down. She shuddered at the nervous tension that filled the room with his entrance. The huge man with jutting eyebrows, which had defied age and remained black in spite of his graying hair, said: "Theodore, you are slouching like a lounge lizard." Theodore straightened. Jonathan crossed the room and greeted the minister. Shane heard him say in an undertone to Julia, "That black taffeta is cut ridiculously low for a woman your age."

SHANE said clearly, "It was made over, Father. The dressmaker had to cut it low to allow for sleeves."

Sybil made room for her on the davenport.

"I met Father's young man this afternoon," Shane said.

"The long-legged person in white flannels? I saw you talking with him after you left the house."

"Yes. Disgusting, isn't it? He's quite nice. Of course, Jonathan couldn't have known that."

"Then Jonathan gets his grove after all?"

"If he does, he gets it by his own efforts. I hope he pays plenty."

The procedure was to go to the chapel directly from the table on prayer meet-

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ing nights. In spite of their earlier assertions to the contrary, Shane and Sybil found themselves accompanying the migration of Smiths in the direction of the chapel. "Somehow," Sybil said in an undertone, "it just happens to you."

Reverend Smythe had just finished a beautiful exhortation on humility when the door of the church opened and Daniel Carrington came in, heading straight for Shane. Sybil put her handkerchief over her eyes. Mrs. Smith placed him definitely as the dark horse. Shane was petrified. Dan slid into a seat beside her, whispering, "Told you I would. Sorry to be so late."

AT THE close of the meeting, after Jonathan had prayed in his deep, authoritative tones, he came directly to Shane. Dan put his hand out.

"A very nice service, sir," he said.

Shane said quickly, "Father, this is Mr. . . . er . . . Mr. Smith. He's one of the Philadelphia Smiths."

Dan swallowed hard, but did not contradict her. Jonathan ignored his hand and rumbled straight to the point. "I am not accustomed to entertaining outsiders in the church," he said.

"I thought churches were open to anyone," Dan said.

The family had a sudden, panic-stricken desire to get out of the firing line. They fled through the doorway in a body. Jonathan followed. He paused in the door. "Shane," he said, "you will come in the house immediately."

"Yes, Father."

Dan turned to her. "I like the name Carrington better than Smith," he said. "What's the idea?"

"Father is partial to the name of Smith. You're trespassing on the principality of Smithsovia."

"Would you care to show me your kingdom?" said Dan. "There's a moon."

They wandered as far as the swimming pool in the moonlight.

"I can't help thinking," Dan said, "that on a moonlight night, with a girl like you and a man like me, the only thing in the world to do is swim."

Shane looked back over her shoulder. The lights of Smithsovia flickered faintly through the trees. As she watched, Caroline's light went out. Rebellion swelled within her and burst. She kicked off her shoes and slipped out of her dress. She stood outlined against the hedge in her monogrammed silk slip. Dan started for the other side of the hedge. "I'll retire," he said. "I've an esthetic objection to removing my breeches before a lady." A moment later he reappeared in his jersey and shorts. Shane sat at the edge of the pool, dabbling her feet in the water. "One, two, three for you, cowardy," Dan said, and shoved her in. He followed her and reached the far end of the pool before she did. He helped her up.

"Such a pretty princess," he said. Shane looked up at him. Her breath caught in a sob. He put his hand out.

"Tell Uncle Dan what it's all about," he said. "Put your head on his shoulder and tell him your soul secrets."

"You'd better go away," Shane said between sobs. "Go away *b-before* Jonathan gets his hands on you!"

A sibilant hissing came from the hedge. It was Theodore, trying to attract attention in the best way he knew. Shane said, "Well, Ted?" Dan said, "Well, hisser?"

"Father," said Theodore, "is looking for you. If he finds you down here in your . . . your . . ."

"Underwear," Dan said.

"Underwear," said Theodore, "there's going to be trouble."

Shane gasped, "Dan, jump into your clothes! And—"

Jonathan crashed through the hedge like a bull elephant. The rumbling noises in his throat finally assembled themselves into "Shane!" Shane shivered. "Well?" she said.

"Put something around your shoulders and go to the house!"

He turned to Dan. "You will resume your outer clothing and leave the grounds at once," he said. "If I ever catch you inside the gate again, you will be ejected by officers!" He turned and followed Shane into the darkness.

Theodore's voice resumed its normal tone. "You've stymied things," he said moodily. "Now she won't get a dime on her allowance. You haven't by any chance a fiver on you?"

"Me with a five-dollar bill?" Dan said. "Don't be silly!"

Theodore left.

SHANE faced her father in the library, shivering and dripping wet. Jonathan's eyes were like cut steel.

"Swimming at midnight with a roustabout without a chaperon," he said.

"You mean without a bathing suit," said Shane.

"We won't discuss that. Your allowance is stopped and your charge accounts will be discontinued until further notice."

Shane lifted her chin.

"You've made Carter's marriage to Sybil a failure," she said, quivering with anger. "You've made a fool of Theodore, a parasite of Uncle James, and he married and bred parasites. You've intimidated them all with the filthy money which doesn't belong to you, but you can't intimidate me. Cut my allowance. I can get along without it."

At a meeting called the next night Jonathan announced that he was leaving on a business trip to Chicago. Mrs. Smith would accompany him for the change. The allowance checks were to be mailed from his attorney's office until his return. It might be two weeks, it might be a month. Shane walked as far as Sybil's house with her after the meeting. "I'm in love," she said, soberly.

"I knew there was an explanation for the funny look in your eyes," Sybil said. Then she stopped and put her hands on Shane's shoulders. "Infant," she said, "if you love him, for heaven's sake marry him and go away. Don't ever come back. Don't let Jonathan make a Smith of him."

"To do the things we want to do," Shane said, "money is necessary. Dan wants to travel. I'd only be killing him any other way. It simply boils down to *the fact that if I marry him*, he's done. I . . . I'll send him away first."

"Poor baby!"

"Don't pity me," Shane said, shaking the tears out of her eyes, "he hasn't asked me yet."

Jonathan and Sarah left with much ceremony the next day.

Shane joined Dan outside the wall. "I'm going to have a party," she announced. "It's going to be the kind of party I've always wanted, where people slide down banisters and have pillow fights. Will you get my guests?"

"Jonathan won't let me inside your house," he said.

"Jonathan's away."

"Hah!" he said. "I'll collect guests beyond your wildest dreams. I know more banister sliders than any two people in Manhattan. Punch up the pillows and polish the banisters."

She invited Sybil and Carter, but none of the others. Dan appeared at nine o'clock with two carloads of banister sliders. "The others will be along presently," he said.

Sybil came up. "Carter is out in the kitchen trying to pry the lid off the cocktail shaker with a toothbrush handle," she said. "Will someone go out and persuade him to use the ice pick?"

Dan started for the noise, which indicated the kitchen. Sybil looked at Shane. "Infant," she said, "that is a grand young man. If I had the chance to marry him, all heaven and hell wouldn't keep me from jumping at it."

By midnight the party was in progress. It had progressed from banister sliding and pillow fighting to leapfrog. Carter was first in line and Dan was the frog when Jonathan opened the door.

"Ah, sir," Dan said, "you surprised me out of a successful leap."

Jonathan grew purple and then white.

"You will clear the house, Shane," he said, "and ask this young man to remain. I wish to speak with him. Your mother is ill. The doctor is bringing her in." He went upstairs.

Sybil's voice arrested Carter in flight. "We'll stay too," she said. She turned to Dan. The guests were scrambling for their wraps.

"Better do a bunk while you're able," she said. "No telling what'll happen."

"I'm not leaving Shane to face the consequences alone," he said.

The doctor came downstairs from Mrs. Smith's room. Jonathan left him abruptly and went into the library, closing the door. Sybil looked at the doctor. "Well," she said, "what is the matter? Is it serious?"

He laughed. "Measles," he said. "Not serious, except that I'll have to quarantine you. I hope you're all congenial. I'll be back in a moment and take your names. Matter of form, you know. Board of health." He went outside to his car for the necessary blanks.

Shane clutched at Dan. "Promise me this," she said. "That Jonathan won't know who you really are."

"Why?"

"For reasons of my own."

"I won't."

"Then climb out of a window, and go home."

"No."

SYBIL said, "Listen, boy, you haven't watched the process of decay that's gone on within these walls. We have. We know what Shane's talking about. She's right. You'd better go."

"Better," Carter said.

"I'm not going," Dan said, "and you might as well make up your minds to it. I'm going to try and persuade Shane to marry me. This is an excellent opportunity."

"Tell him," Sybil said, "what it means to be a Smith."

"I'll tell him," Shane said, quivering, "that I won't marry him, that I never could marry him and that he's wasting his time."

Tears stood in her eyes. She made one last desperate effort. "If you value your happiness," she said, "you'll go."

"I value you," Dan said, "and I'm sticking so close you're not going to miss your shadow."

(Continued on page 56)

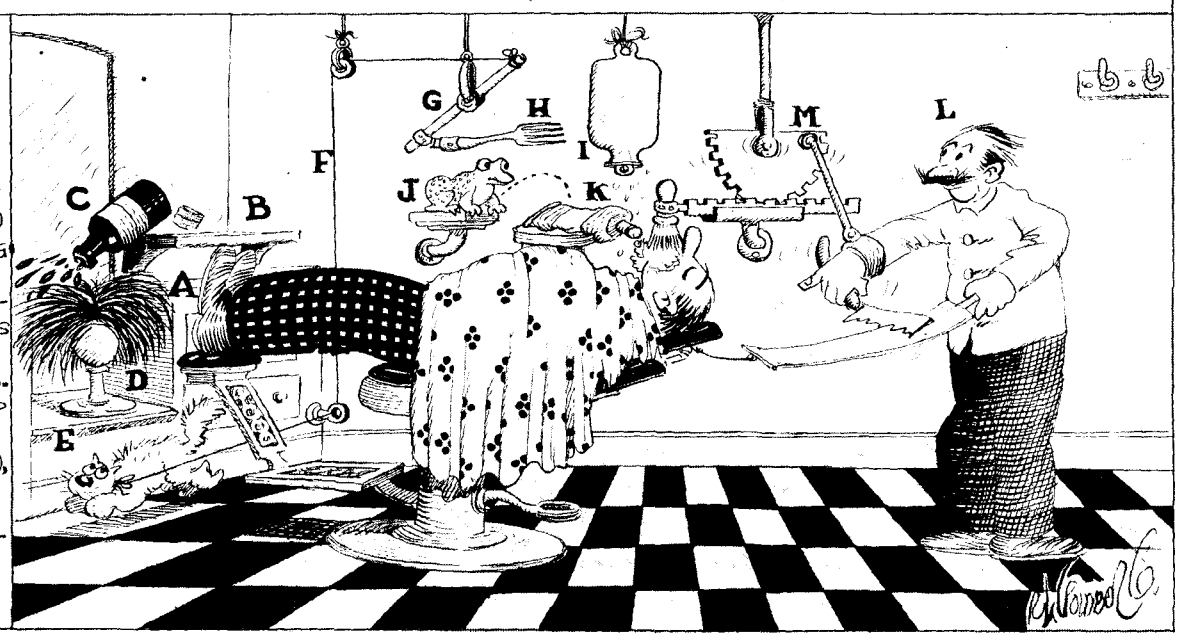
The Inventions of Professor Lucifer G. Butts, A.K.

By RUBE GOLDBERG

PROFESSOR BUTTS, WHILE TRAVELING THROUGH RUSSIA, ABSENT-MINDEDLY YELLS, "THREE CHEERS FOR THE OLD CZAR." WHEN HE PICKS THE BOMBS OUT OF HIS FACE HE FINDS AN AUTOMATIC LATHER BRUSH FOR BARBERS.

AS BARBER PLACES CUSTOMER ON CHAIR, MAN'S FEET (A) COME IN CONTACT WITH SHELF (B) AND UPSET BOTTLE (C) WHICH SPILLS HAIR RESTORER ON WIG (D) CAUSING HAIR TO GROW. CAT (E) MISTAKES GROWING HAIR FOR A LION AND TRIES TO RUN, PULLING CORD (F) AND CAUSING LEVER (G) TO FORCE FORK (H) TO PUNCTURE HOT WATER BOTTLE (I) AND SPRAY CUSTOMER'S FACE - AS FROG (J) HEARS WATER SPLASHING HE THINKS HE IS NEAR BROOK AND TRIES TO HOP IN, LANDING ON TUBE OF SHAVING SOAP (K) SQUEEZING SOAP ON CUSTOMER'S FACE. MEANWHILE BARBER (L), STROPS RAZOR AND MOVES COGWHEEL DEVICE (M), CAUSING BRUSH TO RUB BACK AND FORTH OVER CUSTOMER'S FACE AND MAKE A LATHER.

FROG WILL UNDOUBTEDLY DIE OF A BROKEN HEART OVER HUMILIATION OF BEING FOOLED AND BARBER WILL HAVE FROG'S LEGS FOR DINNER.



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The Worst of Us

Mr. Cooper has fraternized with some two hundred murderers, living, dining, playing, studying nature and awaiting death with them. Here are his impressions of these unique acquaintances—they may startle you

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

"Wait a minute!" he said as he sighted a pay telephone, "I'll show you something"

Illustrated by Marshall Frantz

Quite late we attended an all-night dance and beerfest at a German hall. We stuffed ourselves . . . we laughed and joked and wept together into our beer

I SOMETIMES wonder if a certain amount of aberration is not present in the average historian. There is the story of Lucrezia Borgia, for instance, painted eternally as obsessed with her potions and philters; no one ever tells of the possible moments in which she might have bent, soft-eyed, over a bassinet. Likewise, no one ever has remarked whether or not Brutus was susceptible to mother songs.

These references are not wholly facetious. Murder is the one offense in the category which does not require a type for its perpetration, and which has almost as many roots in the homes of the respectable and the commonplace as in the sewers of crime. In truth, it has more. As a rule, the true criminal is too shrewd to kill. He leaves that for the sucker who thinks he can get away with it. The result is a condition which runs wholly at variance with popular conceptions.

For instance, there's that fallacy about having "a face like a murderer." With the exception of an outstanding few—Crippen, the Borgias, Bluebeard and the Benders—murder, in history, fact and even fantasy is a non-repeating crime. As a rule, it is a flare-up of an instant in a human life, and therefore has little relation to that life as a whole.

Outside of this lone quirk which may send its owner to the execution chamber, there is little to prevent the ordinary murderer from being an excellent partner at bridge, a lover of poesy, kind to dumb animals, fond of his mother and a hero in time of necessity. A perfectly gorgeous ax murder doesn't always send the police on the trail of a man with a fifty-two chest and a sloping forehead. There were other corset salesmen in the world besides the late Judd Gray.

Please understand, however, that in using the term "murderer" I view it in the light of a certain frenzied dignity as apart from the killer type exemplified in the gangster and professional slayer. These men kill because they lack certain finer sensibilities; just as a pig-sticker in a slaughterhouse possesses none of the elements that could make his calling repulsive. My association has been with murderers as such; the one-time taker-of-life who has put his whole soul into the single operation. My acquaintanceship with murderers has been limited to about two hundred; some of them I have known both before and after their offense. With thirteen of them I have walked to the scaffold, and with three I have spent their last night on earth in the death cell.

It all has left me with queer reactions; belief in the efficacy of capital punishment and the paradoxical feeling that not one of these persons was as criminal basically as a common thief.

A Wonderful Time

Some of my memories are gorgeous: a night, for instance, with a murderer in Falls City, Nebraska.

The last place in the world that one would look for a brutal killer would be in a small, sleepy country town, out where the corn grows high, especially when the murder itself had happened some hundreds of miles away. I didn't; as a police reporter my sole purpose in going to Falls City was to learn some of the history of one Dad McCoig,

(Continued on page 54)

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A Lady of Resource

By Arthur Somers Roche

The Story Thus Far:

WHEN Morgan Collette loses his fortune in Wall Street, he goes straight to Anne Draycon, his fiancée, and, despite her tearful protests, breaks their engagement. After that he looks for a job.

N. Grannis, a beautiful girl, tells him she has a place for him. N. Grannis is a bootlegger. She is in love with Collette. Very calmly she tells him she is thinking of becoming a pirate and would like him to become her aide!

Collette, an honest man, turns the offer down. After which—following a series of exciting adventures, during which he incurs the enmity of "Sailor" Kelley, a gunman—he goes to Palm Beach for a rest.

Anne arrives. She is still in love with Collette, who presently finds himself escorting her to a brilliant party being given by the wealthy Fieldings aboard the yacht Bonita. . . . En route to the party Collette has strange forebodings. N. Grannis has followed him to Florida. He remembers her piratical plans. Can it be possible she has her eye on the Bonita? He wonders—and is worried.

A number of armed men board the yacht. Collette is not perturbed. He knows, as does Anne, that some of the guests have planned such an onslaught, merely to entertain the merrymakers. Then—

Shots ring out. Men and women fall. The attackers are *real* pirates. . . . A ruffian insults Anne. It is Sailor Kelley! Collette grapples with him. "Beat it!" gasps Kelley. "We've planted a bomb—and it's going off any minute!" . . . A terrific explosion follows. Collette takes Anne in his arms and leaps into the water.

An hour or so later the couple are picked up by a boat filled with pirates, among them Sailor Kelley, and taken, as prisoners, to "Pirates' Island." N. Grannis arrives by airplane. She, it appears, is not responsible for the attack on the Bonita; and she is shocked by its sanguinary result. . . . The ruffians, led by Sailor and one Slim Donlin, threaten her. With Jenkel, a pirate who is loyal to her, Collette and Anne she runs to an old stone house. Night comes. The pirates, aboard their boat, the Dolphin, are drunk. Collette leads the little party to the boat, hoping to capture it by surprise. A searchlight flashes on the "attackers." "Welcome," the voice of Slim Donlin booms out. "We've wanted women, Collette—and you've brought them!"

X

HAD Collette been given a tenth of a second of warning he would have been able to put up a fight and would inevitably have died almost instantly. But, on the alert though he was, the glare of the light bewildered him for the infinitesimal period of time that Donlin needed. Another tick of the clock and Collette would have reacted, but before that tick could happen something struck his right arm and the revolver dropped from his numb fingers. Figures leaped from the shadows behind the searchlight, like actors upon a screen. He heard Jenkel groan, heard Anne scream. . . .

Futilely he struck out with his left fist, but he was hampered by being belt-deep in water, by being blinded. . . . It was with a sense of ignominy, rather than any fear, that he felt himself being dragged roughly over the gunwale. It was with the feeling that what happened was part of a dream, that it bore no relation whatsoever to life, that he felt himself being hustled ashore, heard—rather than saw—Jenkel and N. Grannis and Anne being marshaled along behind him.

The exultant cries of the gangsters, the leering triumph on the face of Sailor Kelley—it seemed to him that some of his senses were not functioning, because, while he knew what was going on, he did not seem to be a part of the scene, but rather to be a spectator looking remotely and disinterestedly on.

Only the Dolphin's searchlight had illumined the night as the capture was effected, but as the four prisoners stumbled along the shore toward the nearer of the iron sheds a fire burst into full flame. Gasoline-fed wood burned brightly and Collette, lagging slightly behind, saw that Anne's step was heavy, that her shoulders were bowed, and that the unseeing eyes that met his were glassy with despair.

He had been keeping pace, these last few minutes, with a Collette whom he did not know, whom he could not comprehend. The Collette with whom he was acquainted was a man who reacted swiftly to situations, unexpected though they might be. The Collette who had been bewildered by the flash of a light, who had been disarmed by a blow, was no Collette he knew.

Through the mental fog that had followed upon ignominy came ignominy again, blackest shame. He had failed not merely himself, but Anne. In a moment when it was better that he die than surrender, he had surrendered. If he could find some reason for it! But he hadn't been afraid. Then why? He did not know that surprise is the deadliest weapon we may encounter, nor did he realize that he had been overpowered, not yielding.

But now the sight of Anne, her bravery wilted, made his senses acute again. He had been tricked by Donlin and the others. But he would make one last desperate effort to turn the tables. . . .

He felt a rough shove on his shoulder, stumbled to his knees, and found himself sitting before the suddenly ignited fire. This Bahama key had perhaps sheltered Lollonois, Blackbeard, his own remote forbear, Morgan. But surely the island had never entertained a more murderous crew. Collette had no delusions as to the character of his captors. He had seen them at work upon the Bonita. And if he had not witnessed their deeds, their faces would have told the story of their deeds.

HE COULD understand how, in night clubs, entertaining their women, they might pass for the cheap but harmless-enough products of a generation which has seen the slum encroach upon the boulevard; but here, unshaven, their too-elaborate apparel wrinkled and dirty, their night-club suavity gone, their characters were as brazenly patent as had ever been the characters of the sashed and be-dirked ruffians who had swaggered the Spanish Main.

Eleven men, murderers all, they sat in a semicircle whose horns overlapped the group of captives. Seated slightly in advance of the other nine were Donlin and Kelley, and, whereas the others had weapons beside them or visible in holsters, the two ringleaders fondled heavy revolvers, rubbed them against their knees, spun the cylinders. . . .

Collette, mastering the setting of the scene, saw that Anne was at his right, and N. Grannis at his left; beyond the latter slouched Jenkel.

"Well, it was the old run-around, Mrs. Grannis, wasn't it?" said Donlin.

There had been a silence, while the group arranged itself, that had been more menacing than any threats, and Donlin's accusatory speech was like the opening words in the oration of a judge who is about to pass the death sentence.

"What did you think you were giving me, Slim?" demanded N. Grannis.

If she were frightened not a tremor of her voice bore witness to the fact.

"Don't try to kid me, lady," said Donlin. "We've passed that stage now. Going to leave us flat here, for warships to pick up—"

"Well, what else did you expect?" interrupted N. Grannis.

With the forefinger of his left hand Donlin gingerly touched the blood-soaked bandage on his right wrist.

"Not this," he replied grimly.

"No?" Collette was appalled by the derision in N. Grannis' voice. "That's just a mild sample of what the warships will bring. Don't be a sap, Slim. I gave you a chance to play with me instead of playing with the Sailor. There aren't many men"—her voice was indescribably alluring—"that I've asked to hold hands with me that turned me down."

It was brazen; it was colossal. Into this drama of potential murder crept—leaped—something else, and the something else was woman. Not a woman, but Woman. N. Grannis seemed, by the trick of a tone, to have put into this circle of murderers the ultimate goal of their depredations. And Slim Donlin flushed, and his eyes blazed.

His voice when he spoke seemed reluctant, as though his tongue uttered words which did not express his thoughts.

"I TOLD you not to kid me, Mrs. Grannis," he said thickly.

The shoulders of N. Grannis shrugged contemptuously.

"You call it kidding? Well, that's the way with a lot of people. Call their bluff—"

"What bluff?" demanded Donlin.

"Weren't you bluffing? I got the idea, Slim," her voice wheedled, "that you and I—well, do I have to put it in words?"

"You have to put it in words," replied Donlin. "I'm not much at hints, Mrs. Grannis. It's about time we got right out in the open—"

"Who's doing the kidding now?" asked N. Grannis. Seductiveness had gone from her voice now; scorn replaced it. "I knew you were afraid of the Sailor—you showed that this morning—but I didn't suppose you'd be so afraid of him that when I—"

"Afraid of who? Kelley?" Donlin's voice was a snarl now.

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"It all depends on you." "And if we won't—if we won't help you with—your alibi, Mrs. Grannis—"

"Well, aren't you? Or don't you like me the way you've made out you did?" demanded N. Grannis.

"When did you do all this 'making-out,' Slim?" cut in Kelley.

The blazing eyes of Donlin did not leave the face of N. Grannis.

Collette, fog gone from his brain, sat tense and eager. N. Grannis had failed this morning in setting the two men against each other; it was unbelievable that where she had failed before she could succeed now. Yet he knew that in her success lay their only hope.

"Suppose, Sailor," said Donlin, "that you keep out of this?"

"Yeah? And suppose I don't?"

"Then I'll put you out," threatened Donlin.

N. Grannis laughed.

"Big talk, Slim. Oh, well, it probably does you good to brag." She laughed so affectedly that Collette shuddered lest her histrionicism be too obvious. But N. Grannis was a better actress than he guessed. The lower the audience the more obvious the gesture, the intonation. Nellie the Beautiful Cloak Model drew crowds from Third Avenue, not Fifth.

"Aw, don't let her string you along, Slim," said the Sailor. But his voice, Collette's acute hearing noted, had the faint tremor of alarm in its tones.

"There isn't anyone going to string me, Sailor," said Donlin grimly.

"No?" Again into the monosyllable N. Grannis put derision.

"No," said Donlin. "Put it straight, Mrs. Grannis."

"Put what straight?" she evaded.

"YOU know what I mean—but I want to be dead sure what you mean," said Donlin.

"About what?" she asked.

Donlin's teeth showed in a sneer.

"Get the stalling over with," he ordered. "You talk about me not wanting to hold hands with you—well, do you still want to hold hands with me?"

"What do you think?" she asked mockingly.

"I'm not going to think," he cried. "I want to know. Now, put it in words that I can understand."

"With the Sailor here listening in?" objected N. Grannis.

Collette shuddered at the new note in her voice. It was the coyness of a burlesque queen. Surely Slim Donlin would read its falsity. And surely, knowing that she played with him, he would meet her verbal maneuvering with the only weapon he possessed—violence.

But N. Grannis was a more profound student of the type that Slim Donlin represented than Collette would ever be. What would have seemed baldest acting to one of Collette's world seemed stark realism to Donlin. He had decided, hours ago, that N. Grannis had not meant it when she asked whose curves he was catching. But the fact that she repeated her advances seemed somehow to lend them credibility. That she and her fellow-captives had planned escape, theft—obviously—of the Dolphin—these things did not matter when placed beside the allure of her eyes, her voice, her lovely—though disheveled—femininity.

"The Sailor's able to shut his mouth when he has to; I guess he can shut his ears," said Donlin, thickly.

"Yes? And what makes you think that?" demanded Kelley. "Look here, Slim, you're not going to let yourself be fooled by that dame again, are you?"

"Jealous, eh?" interjected N. Grannis. "Because you got fooled doesn't mean that Slim is going to be, does it?"

"Never mind that argument, Mrs. Grannis," said Donlin. "And never mind the Sailor."

"Well, keep him out of the play, then," cried N. Grannis.

Her assumption of gusty anger almost fooled Collette.

"I'LL keep him out okay the minute it looks to me like there *is* any play," Donlin assured her.

"You said that once before, Slim," said Kelley. "Don't keep up that kind of yapping too long."

N. Grannis laughed shrilly, coarsely.

"Oh, don't fight about *me*, gentlemen," she said. "That is, if there's any fight in either of you. I know there isn't much in the Sailor, but I thought that maybe you, Slim—"

"I'll fight—if I know what I'm fighting about," promised Donlin.

"That's just it—she's trying to rib up a row between us," said Kelley eagerly. "And I don't want that."

"You bet you don't," said Donlin menacingly.

"Well, do you?" demanded Kelley.

"I'm not ducking it, if that's what you want to know," replied Donlin.

"That's what I wanted to hear you say," said N. Grannis. "I don't want to tell you—what maybe you'd like to hear, Slim—and have the Sailor put you on the spot the next second."

"He won't put me on any spot," growled Slim.

"Well, look at him, then," said N. Grannis. "He's handling that gat of his as though he was aching to use it."

"I got one in my own hand," said Donlin.

"Well, make him drop his, then," said N. Grannis. "He's got me scared."

"Put it away, Sailor," said Donlin. "No use frightening the lady."

"Put your own away, Slim," said Kelley.

"I spoke first, Sailor," said the other. "Maybe you didn't hear me right?"

"I heard you plenty," said Kelley. "And I've been listening to this dame put the salve on you so thick a baby would know she didn't mean it."

"Because I never meant it for you—never handed it to you—you got the idea that I couldn't mean it for someone else, eh?" jeered N. Grannis. "That's your ailment, Sailor. You're so stuck on yourself that if a girl doesn't fall for you it just isn't possible that she could like some other man. Well, Slim's a *man*. That is, he's a man if he doesn't let you talk to me this way."

Again Collette shuddered; it was so incredibly raw, this way of pitting the two men against each other. But again N. Grannis proved her knowledge of the type she opposed.

"CAN the chatter, Sailor," said Donlin.

"Yes? And suppose I don't?" said Kelley.

"For the third time, baby, I'll make you," said Donlin.

The fingers of the Sailor tightened about the butt of his weapon; Collette could see his whole body grow taut; and the other man seemed to be gathering his muscles together, ready to spring. . . .

Dimly, from afar, came the noise of a motor. One of the intent gangsters spoke.

"A plane!" he gasped.

"Put out that fire," roared Donlin. "He'll spot us—"

"Pull in your ears, Slim," said Kelley coolly. "If we can hear him, it's a cinch he's seen this fire."

"Will you do what I say?" cried Donlin.

(Continued on page 37)

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Illustrated by Harry L. Timmins

There was a seemingly endless list of beneficiaries

Where There's a Will

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Elaine Sterne Carrington

ON AN afternoon in June, an afternoon which Mr. Seamon was to remember as long as he lived, Mr. Abner Farnsworth made his first appearance at the bank. Mr. Seamon saw him through the window behind which he sat enthroned as president. Saw an ancient car of foreign make draw up to the curb. Saw the chauffeur assist a feeble old gentleman to alight. A few minutes later the old gentleman sat opposite Mr. Seamon. He had been ordered to Edgewater by his physician. He suffered from acute heart trouble. He wished to deposit ten thousand dollars.

Mr. Seamon would be delighted to open the account, and did so. The formalities concluded, Mr. Seamon inquired where Mr. Farnsworth was stopping. Mr. Farnsworth said he had rented the Jarvis place. There he hoped to remain quietly in quest of his health. He ventured to inquire if Mr. Seamon played backgammon. Mr. Seamon did not. Chess? No. Checkers? Mr. Seamon brightened. Checkers, yes.

Thus their friendship began. Mr. Seamon fell into the habit of stopping for a game of checkers and a chat with Mr. Farnsworth on Monday and Wednesday evenings at eight o'clock. He arrived as usual one night in August to find that the checkerboard had not been set out. The butler explained that his master was confined to his room.

Mr. Farnsworth looked ill, very ill.

"I want to draw a will," he said, without preliminaries, "and I want you, Seamon, and your bank to act as my executor and trustee."

Mr. Seamon's heart leaped.

"Could you," asked Mr. Farnsworth, "arrange to have your attorney come here at once?"

It was arranged by dragging Mr. Dawson, the lawyer, away from a bridge table and bringing him, posthaste, to the Farnsworth bedside.

Mr. Farnsworth began dictating:

"To my son, Henry, the sum of one hundred thousand dollars."

He went on for some time. There was a seemingly endless list of beneficiaries.

When he finished, he thanked Mr. Dawson and dismissed him, but he motioned for Mr. Seamon to remain behind. "Some day I want to tell you about my daughter," he said. "She married against my wishes a rascal, a worthless scamp who went to England to escape arrest. I even suspect he changed his name. I wouldn't put anything past him."

HE WENT on after a pause: "She was my favorite child but she defied me. She claimed she loved him and loving him could reform him. Well, let her try. I've cut her off with a shilling."

The summer passed quickly. Mr. Farnsworth was no longer able to leave his room. And then one day, shortly after noon, Mr. Seamon's phone rang and a man's voice summoned him peremptorily to the Farnsworth house.

Mr. Seamon felt a pang of real sorrow as he hung up. The end was doubtless at hand. But when he arrived there, to his amazement he found that Mr. Farnsworth, far from dying, was up and dressed for traveling. To be sure, he looked as if a breath of wind would blow him away, but as soon as he saw Mr. Seamon he went toward him eagerly.

"My daughter!" he cried, ecstatically, "I've just had a cable from England! She's given birth to a son!"

Mr. Seamon began to see the light.

"Ah! A grandson. Congratulations."

"And she's naming him after me. In spite of the way I've treated her, she's naming him after me!" Tears were rolling down his cheeks.

"I'm delighted to hear it, and what about the son-in-law?"

"She says he's doing splendidly in his new position and has turned out to be all she ever hoped he would be."

"Good. Good."

"And I'm going over to join her."

"But your condition—your heart—"

MR. FARNSWORTH brushed this aside: "I'm taking the one-o'clock to New York. I've reserved a suite on the Aldania, sailing at midnight. In five days I'll be there. I'll hold her hand. I'll ask her to forgive me."

Mr. Seamon became practical at once: "But tickets, my dear man, and letters of credit or, better yet, cash. Your time is mighty short, you know."

Mr. Farnsworth stopped short and stared at him. "Money! I never gave it a thought! We'll stop at the bank right now and I'll leave you my note and wire to New York to forward the collateral to cover at once."

Here Mr. Seamon came grandly into his own: "You'll do nothing of the sort. I'll make you a loan on your signature. Fifteen thousand. Twenty thousand. We have that much on hand."

"But my balance is only a thousand or so. I don't want—"

Mr. Seamon cut him short: "Nonsense. Never mind wiring anybody. You haven't an extra minute."

They stopped at the bank only long enough to obtain the money and for Mr. Farnsworth to leave his personal note and his foreign address. He was childishly grateful.

"I'll never forget this, Seamon!"

Mr. Seamon saw him aboard the train. He felt a lump in his throat and the sting of tears behind his lids as he saw the little old gentleman smiling at him from the rear platform.

WHEN he returned to the bank he found Mr. Arnold, the chairman of the board, awaiting him. He said: "See here, Seamon, you must be out of your mind. I understand you've pulled twenty thousand dollars out of the bank's surplus cash today to give to this man Farnsworth."

"That's right," said Mr. Seamon.

"But what do you know about him?" demanded Mr. Arnold. "Who is he? How do you know he won't get off the train at the next station? What under the sun made you do it?"

Mr. Seamon walked to the window, hands in his pockets, and gazed out.

"Oh, I don't know," he said. "I kind of hoped the old man would make up with his daughter. I thought she sounded like a plucky sort of girl, taking on a young scoundrel for a husband and turning him into a good citizen."

"For heaven's sake, Seamon, you don't mean to tell me that any such reason as that would make you fork up twenty thousand in cool cash."

"It might," said Seamon. "I imagine it means a lot to that girl to see her father again. I'm all for her. You see, she married my son."

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The Tiger on the Mountains

Peter Hames, detective, encounters a gentleman who craves excitement—and gives him plenty of it

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

"Get behind, you fool!" Peter Hames muttered. "Lotarde may recognize you." All of the conspirators now were creeping up the stairs

PADDY COLLINS was an enterprising young New York journalist who had come into five thousand dollars and was spending it in foreign parts. He passed most of his time in argumentative discussion, and nothing pleased him more than to make sensational statements and support them with a stream of eloquence, and by brute force if those who differed from him could be induced to follow him so far. He stood at the bar of the Hotel de France, and laid down the law about Monte Carlo.

"What's all this talk about Monte Carlo being the hub of the world for adventure and queer doings, and that sort of stuff?" he demanded. "I'll tell you there isn't a soberer or a quieter spot on God's earth, and I'll tell you why. It's the gambling that makes people lead Sunday-school lives here."

Mervin Holt, a well-known diner-out and wit of the place, who had just escaped from a gala dinner, edged his way into the discussion.

"You intrigue us, my friend Collins," he said. "Proceed, we beseech you. I warn you that my friend here, Peter Hames, and I are in utter disagreement with your premise."

"Well, that's more interesting," the Irishman declared. "I have no use for the fellow who agrees with me. I'll tell you why what I said was the truth. You see that great big building across the way. That's the octopus that sucks dry all the passions of this place—that and a smaller, very superior step-sister, when its flunkies deign to open the doors. I'm telling you, a big crowd of people nowadays haven't room for more than one passion in their lives. You'll see 'em streaming in there hour after hour, from ten o'clock until two in the morning. When they've had their little whack there they're like a wet glove—no life in 'em—no spirit for love-making, no stomach for fighting, no heart for even a good all-around quarrel. The gambling emasculates the place."

"This," Peter Hames observed pleasantly, "is an entirely new point of view."

"It's damned well the truth," Collins asserted. "I ask you, when do you ever see a fight in the streets here? When do you ever see a drunken man? When do you ever see any real love-making even, except between those painted dummies and their gigolos? I am not counting that sort of muck. I tell you there's no red blood in the place. The man who gets led away by those lying novelists and story writers, and comes here for adventures, gets damned well left. . . .

"WHISKY-AND-SODAS round, barman. I've wasted my money on this trip, but there's never a penny wasted that goes into honest liquor."

"You are a man," Mervin Holt remarked, "after my own heart. You have the gift of forthright speech, the courage of your opinions and the additional advantage of being amazingly ignorant upon the subject you choose for discussion."

Paddy Collins set down his glass. Mervin Holt wagged a forbidding forefinger.

"No, you don't," he warned him. "I know you of old, my fire-eating friend. You don't pick a quarrel with me. Try someone of your own size. We will dispute with words, if you like. Words are the chosen rapier of this duelist. But when it comes to brute force, so far as I am concerned, it is a thing extinct. I love all men, however much I may disagree with them. I quarrel with none."

"You've a fair gift of gab yourself," Paddy Collins observed, looking at his neighbor with curiosity not unmingled with respect. "You don't happen to be an Irishman?"

"I was spared that—I was denied that privilege," Mervin Holt regretted, swiftly correcting himself. "For the Irish race in the abstract, however, I have an immense admiration. Individually, I find them intellectually stimulating."

"IT'S more than the Monte Carlo whisky is anyway," Paddy Collins grumbled. "Is there anyone else of a sizable physique who disagrees with me?"

"I do, utterly and completely," Peter Hames announced.

Collins swung round and eyed the speaker with satisfaction.

"Well, that's something," he approved. "You're a man worth putting the hands up with. Let's hear your tongue first."

"You're wrong fundamentally," Peter Hames pronounced. "In the first place, the gambling that goes on there and in the Sporting Club provokes passions in a great many men and women instead of deadening them."

"The passion of a dirty greed, that's all," the Irishman scoffed. "It makes men forget to take a turn in the ring now and then or to make love to the lassies when the wine's been round."

"I say that it provokes passion," Peter Hames went on, "and I stick to it. Love-making isn't the only passion in the world. There's jealousy, there's fury at having lost your money, there's despair. There's also the full heart and the tingling pulses of the winner. Secondly, you, my friend, who, I think I am correct in saying, have spent some twenty-four hours in the place, know very little of what you're talking about if you say that in the principality there are no crimes, no fighting, no disturbances, no tragedies. We've no American press here to blazon out our

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day-by-day happenings, and there's a great deal goes on that never finds its way into print."

"YOU say so," Paddy Collins sneered. "From what I've seen of the Monégasques—amongst the croupiers, at any rate—I shouldn't think there's one of them with a stomach for a fight."

"Again you speak in blissful ignorance," Peter Hames assured him. "The Monégasque, when the time comes, is a very dangerous fighter indeed. His women, far from being what you think, are almost fiercely virtuous, and their mankind are ready to slit the throat of anyone who tries to make them anything else. Where you get left in ignorance is the fact that they don't report their little affairs. Journalism here is a dead calling. I could take you a hundred yards away, and we could stick knives into one another. The gendarmerie would be exceedingly annoyed, but that would just be about their sole interest in the affair."

Paddy Collins ordered another round of whiskies. He was promptly forestalled, however, by Mervin Holt.

"You, sir, are our arch entertainer this evening," he explained. "We may be a smug crowd, but we never sponge on a man for drinks."

In her eyes there was a new expression. She was afraid. Her stubby forefinger, however, pointed upward

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

"You are too small to talk to in a disputative manner," Paddy Collins declared. "This man Peter Hames here is my lad. He's contradicted me."

"Yes, but I'm not going to quarrel with you about that," Peter Hames assured him. "I'm going to put it to you in this way. You don't believe there are bloodshed and murdering habits and loose passions going about here, except those that are born in the gambling rooms. I contradict you."

"Let us take a little walk together," Paddy Collins suggested.

"Not at all," Peter Hames interrupted. "Let us be reasonable men. The final argument always remains. I propose to prove my contention."

Paddy Collins licked his lips. He was beginning to like this prospective antagonist.

"You'll show me a row?" he asked eagerly.

Peter Hames laid his hand upon the journalist's shoulder.

"I have heard of you, Collins," he said. "I know you're a great talker, but you're no fool. You can keep a still tongue, act like a man of discretion when it's necessary, and use your fists when it isn't."

"You're speaking golden words," the journalist agreed.

"Then I will show you a row," Peter Hames promised.

UP THE hill toward the tangled region of Beausoleil went the two men arm in arm.

"It will be half a dozen we have to tackle, maybe?" the Irishman asked hopefully.

"Tonight," Peter Hames told him, "you may not have to clench your fist even. You may have to hold your breath and wait, but if we have luck we shall learn where and when this thing is to be fought out. There'll be four on the other side tonight, but I don't think they'll be fighting unless they discover that we're watching them."

Peter Hames pushed open the door of the Café Régal.

"Keep your mouth closed in here," he enjoined. "Let me do the talking. It's a bad place."

The Café Régal was only moderately full. Mademoiselle Anna sat on her accustomed seat. A little distance away a fair-haired young woman, who had recently taken to patronizing the establishment, and who went by the name of Fifine, occupied another stool. One or two of the small neighboring tradespeople or passers-by were scattered about the place.

At a table, talking earnestly together, were three black-haired, black-mustached and bearded, olive-skinned Monégasques.

"Those three men," Peter Hames whispered in his companion's ear, "are planning an assassination. That will give you something to be going on with. Now come to the bar."

"I'll swear your grandfather was an Irishman," Paddy Collins declared vigorously. "There's sober sense about your conversation. It's whisky-and-sodas, barman—and doubles."

"One moment," Peter Hames murmured. "This is business."

He strolled behind, and offered Mademoiselle Anna a cigarette.

"Lotarde's coming," she whispered, her lips scarcely moving. "They had a meeting this afternoon. He has them all worked up into a perfect fury. It's to be tomorrow, or the next day."

"The devil!" Peter Hames muttered.

"I never thought they'd go so far," she went on. "I sent for you directly I saw there was danger, but I didn't believe they meant murder. They're making their plans tonight. Your room is ready. They'll be next door. If there's trouble, I'll come."

"Keep out of it," he begged. "I have a man with me who was born fighting."

"You forget Lotarde," she warned him. "He is a madman. He shoots at sight. Be careful. One of the three—Mercault—went to the palace yesterday, and apparently they refused every one of his demands. Be careful! He's watching us here. . . . I don't want your cigarette," she added, pushing his case away with a touch of insolence.

PETER HAMES withdrew apologetically, and the Irishman grinned at his apparent discomfiture.

"Now, my amorous but clumsy guide into the land of adventure," the latter said, planting one hand firmly upon the counter, and swinging himself from his stool, "you need a lesson in the way to approach a reluctant will-o'-the-wisp."

"Shut up, you fool!" Peter Hames interrupted. "We are going to sit in that corner. Listen! There are more serious things doing than talking nonsense to these young women."

Mr. Paddy Collins left the neighborhood of the bar with reluctance.

"Take 'em on another evening, old chap," Peter Hames begged. "Tonight you and I have got to tread on velvet. Within the course of a few minutes we may be fighting for our skins. By this time tomorrow night, if you stick it out, we may be fighting for our lives. When that's over, you can have a free hand with the women. You asked for this, remember. I know the way to bring it off. Both those girls are spies. One of them is our friend; the one who is just out of hearing is the mistress of Mercault, the leader of the dissatisfied Monégasques, and would give us away in a second if she had any idea what we were after."

The Irishman, who was beginning to find the enterprise entirely to his taste as he gained faith in his companion, became more and more amenable.

(Continued on page 46)

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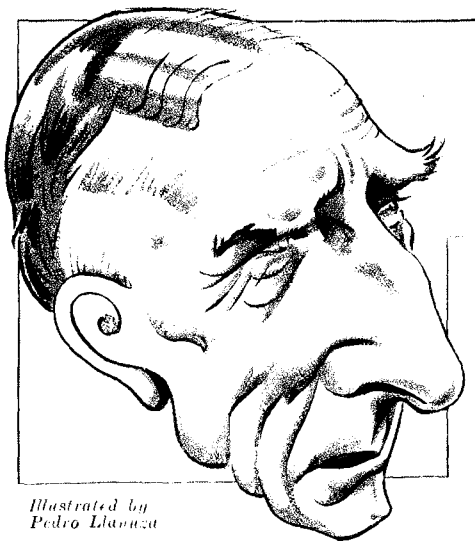

Illustrated by Pedro Llanuza

Good Old Sports

By Grantland Rice

George Wright was a baseball star sixty-six years ago and he is still as keen about the game as a kid on a sandlot. This veteran of veterans reports here on several other old-timers who were playing baseball long before Ty Cobb was born

Keystone

Heroes of a famous fight. The great John L. Sullivan talking with his conqueror, "Gentleman Jim" Corbett

A TALL, portly man passed on the other side of the street. "There," remarked my companion, "is one of the greatest old-timers in baseball, one of the few left."

The old-timer's name is Denton Tecumseh Young. He began pitching for Cleveland in 1890 and won over 500 ball games before he was through.

But all things are comparative. When I thought of another ball player I knew Cy Young seemed to be a mere kid—just a rookie. I saw this other old-timer in Florida last winter watching a golf match, and again at Forest Hills watching Frank Shields and Johnny Doeg fight it out for the tennis championship.

This man played shortstop for the Gotham Club of New York just sixty-six years ago. That's what I call a real old-timer, not some sixty-six-year-old kid posing as a veteran of past sporting wars. His name is George Wright. He is now living in Boston, and up to the moment of this writing is still as keen about sport as any kid. George Wright is proof that you can't kill the sporting germ once it attacks the system.

George Wright was the great shortstop of his day. He played two years with the Gotham Club and in 1867 he moved to the Nationals of Washington. In 1869 he was a star member of the famous Cincinnati Red Stockings, a team that won every game on its schedule and thereby set a record no team has ever equaled. In 1871 Mr. Wright moved to the Boston Red Stockings and after fifteen years of major-league service he retired in 1879.

Looking Backward

Here are the ball players Mr. Wright picks as the best men of that earlier era of the game, from 1865 to 1880: John Montgomery Ward, Ross Barnes, Cal McVey, Robert Ferguson, Jim White, Pop Anson, Mike Kelly, Ed Williamson, John Morrill, Buck Ewing, A. G. Spalding and Jim O'Rourke.

Of these old-timers Mr. Wright, among others, has an unbounded admiration for the brilliancy of King Kelly, who in addition to his outstanding playing skill had a vivid personality that caught and held the fancy of the crowd.

Mr. Wright gave me the following list of old-timers who go back more than forty years and who are still living:

Jim White, catcher. Forest City club of Cleveland 1869, 1870 and 1871; Boston club 1872, 1873, 1874 and 1875; Chicago 1876-1877.

Al Pratt, pitcher. Forest City club of Cleveland 1869-1870.

Harry Shafer, third base. Athletics of Philadelphia 1869 and 1870; Boston 1871 to 1877 inclusive.

Tom Bond, pitcher. Brooklyn club 1875; Hartford club 1875-1876; Boston club 1877, 1878 and 1879.

John Burdock, second base. Brooklyn club 1875; Hartford club 1876; Boston 1878.

These veterans were playing baseball before Ty Cobb was born.

The greatest old-timer in boxing is still James J. Corbett. He grows more and more remarkable as the years race by. Tall, straight, athletic-looking and without a gray hair in his head so far as the eye can see, no one who did not know the facts could believe that Jim Corbett knocked out John L. Sullivan and became champion of the world thirty-nine years ago.

It is also remarkable that from the time of Corbett's ascendancy nearly forty years ago only one heavyweight champion has died. Corbett, Jeffries, Burns, Johnson, Willard, Dempsey and Tunney are all living. Fitzsimmons alone has disappeared into the mists. There are several in the lightweight and other classes who go a long way back, notably Jack McAuliffe.

There should be a special prize for the leading old-timers who are still in action. Prizes should be awarded to Alonzo Stagg, Connie Mack and Keene Fitzpatrick, to name only a few. Stagg was a crack athlete at Yale in the eighties. He began coaching around 1890 and is still the mandarin of athletics and head football coach at the University of Chicago, where for almost forty years he has seen his pupils step into action. How many recall that just twenty-six years ago one of Stagg's teams finally stopped the triumphant march of Michigan and Yost when the late Walter Eckersall was in his prime as one of the greatest of the great? In the last few years the Old Man of the Midway has had poor football material to work with, but when given the chance he is still one of the smartest of them all. Only a year ago he came through with a new forward-passing attack that drew the admiration of such masters as Rockne and Zuppke and Yost.

And also in this class we have Connie Mack, who started playing baseball fifty-six years ago. The amazing veteran has looked younger through this winter than for several years. There was the usual talk of his retiring some seasons back but you don't hear much about it now, not after the campaigns of 1929 and 1930. Lean and straight, the Athletic leader still walks with an elastic step and if you watch him on the bench through a hard game you will see the busiest manager in baseball.

Thirty-seven Years of Sports

Old-timers are bunched among the veteran trainers, but few go as far back as Keene Fitzpatrick of Yale, Michigan and Princeton. Keene has been at Princeton many years now and he holds one of the most remarkable records in sport—the record of unbroken service in his profession without missing a day for nearly thirty-seven years. The records of such old-time trainers and coaches as Tom Keene of Syracuse and Jack Moakley of Cornell are just about on a par with that of Keene Fitzpatrick, who in addition to turning out his full share of track stars has been invaluable in his time to such well-known coaches as Hurry-up Yost and Bill Roper.

Only a short while ago I ran into a grand old veteran, John C. Bell of Pennsylvania. Mr. Bell, still active and alert, has known more than his share of high honors in his time, including an attorney-generalship. But he will tell you that he still gets his biggest kick in recalling that afternoon in the early eighties when he lay across the Harvard goal line with a football under his arm, as the red and blue flags of Pennsylvania University paid him tribute. They may forget many events on the long march, but not the thrills of the big games they played.

Old-timers all—as seen by Llanuza: Mack, Fitzpatrick, Wright, Corbett and Stagg

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Illustrated by F. G. Cooper

They played extensively, and soon Minerva noticed there was something wrong with the man

Max and Min

Positive proof that a fat man can be romantic—and that Mr. Shover, the mysterious, knew a grand idea on sight

By Frank Condon

EDENDALE is a progressive little town with sixteen immature golf courses, and from the day he arrived, Max Shover played peewee golf with such diligence and pertinacity that everyone took notice. He played all sixteen courses, and then played them over and over again, always by himself, accompanied only by his faithful putter, until the day he happened to meet Minerva Creel.

"I am very glad to meet you, Miss Creel," he said, politely removing his cap and glancing down at Minerva. "Would you care to putt around with me?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," answered the girl, and the game proceeded. Everyone present was soon smiling at the odd pair, for Maxwell loomed so large upon the horizon and Minerva was so noticeably slight.

She was the very smallest kind of girl, taking misses' sizes in the shops. She had wavy brown hair, trusting eyes, a pleasant smile and weighed perhaps ninety-eight pounds in her winter wardrobe.

Minerva dearly loved to play peewee golf, so it was natural for a warm friendship to spring up between the two. They played extensively, and soon Minerva noticed there was something wrong with the man. She perceived that some hidden sorrow was gnawing at his vitals and lining his face with care, and when they became very friendly, she ventured timidly to ask Mr. Shover what was gnawing him.

"Me?" returned Maxwell. "Nothing the matter with me."

"Yes, there is," insisted Minerva, who was growing fond of the huge fellow. "You don't seem so very happy to me."

"I'm not complaining, am I?"

"No—o. You don't complain."

"I laugh, don't I?"

"Not as often as you should, Maxwell. There are times when your face is quite solemn, and even sad. What do you do for a living when you are not on vacation?"

"Minerva," he said, "there are some things I do not wish to speak of. Never mind what I do for a living. I am now on my holiday, and can forget everything. Let us hasten down the street and play the Angels' Flight Golf Course, Third and Main."

It was apparent to everyone in Edendale that Max Shover was indeed an odd fish, as witness the Midget. I suppose you know what a Midget is. It is a diminutive automobile or gasoline go-cart.

Mr. Shover bought his Midget the day after he arrived in Edendale and people smiled when they noticed the tall fellow painfully shoe-horning himself into the interior thereof. When he met Minerva, it is a good thing she was tiny, else she never could have ridden with the man whom she was slowly learning to adore.

EVEN the house-renting agent, Joe Cook, of Cook and Cook, Seventh and Adams, had a little trouble finding a residence to suit the newcomer. Maxwell, in conference with Joe Cook, said he desired a house.

"I doubt if you'll find one in this town to suit me," he said gloomily, and Joe bristled up, for Joe prides himself on finding houses for people.

"Why not?"

"I want a certain kind of house, and nothing else."

"What kind?"

"A small house."

"How small do you want this house?"

"Extremely small."

"Sounds very funny to me," said Joe, who deals with all sorts.

"May sound funny to you, but it isn't funny to me."

"How many rooms do you want?" Joe asked. "Or rather, how many rooms do you want this house not to have?"

They argued a while, with Joe claiming he could find Maxwell a house in Edendale with practically no rooms at all, and finally he drove Maxwell out Avondale Avenue and rented him Mrs. George Landers' former home, an extremely tiny domicile. There is scarcely any room in the Landers' place, which is why Joe Cook was unable previously to find a tenant. It looks like a home somebody started to build and then didn't.

For the first time, Maxwell Shover actually smiled. He liked the little house and instantly took possession, moving in with his bags from the Palace Hotel, which he said was far too large for comfort.

So there he was, when Minerva met him. His Midget car idled on the drive and citizens smiled when they passed by, assuring each other the man was an eccentric.

"Did you see his dog?" asked Mrs. Percy Heath of Mrs. Marcia Hoffman. Both ladies live near by.

"I didn't see any dog," answered Mrs. Hoffman.

"It's a griffon."

"What is a griffon?" the other lady asked, and Mrs. Heath explained that a griffon is a dog that barely escaped being a water-bug. It is about half as large as a Pekingese, and is so slight and frail that its little stomach must always be covered with a special blanket, else it will die.

"So the man has a griffon," murmured Mrs. Hoffman, adding that in her opinion, unasked as it was, there must be something strange about a man who would keep a griffon in the house.

Minerva was troubled in her mind, but consoled herself with the reflection that there is something wrong with every man if the truth is known. Not once would Max permit her to revert to the subject of his regular work or to his past, which naturally enough caused her considerable anxiety. Finally he said one day, sitting in the Midget and parked beneath an elderberry bush:

"Minerva, there is no further need for concealing the fact that I love you."

"Oh," said Minerva, pretending to be startled, which she was not.

"I am deeply in love with you, and can only hope that you have a kindly feeling for me."

THIS was the moment for which Min had been waiting.

"Maxwell," she replied, placing her small hand upon his large arm, "I need scarcely tell you that, for me, you are the only man in the world."

"Then you will marry me?"

"Whenever you wish."

There then ensued a tender little scene of an intimate character, somewhat impeded by the narrow confines of the Midget, but satisfactory to those concerned, and they at once discussed a wedding date, as Maxwell's vacation was drawing to a close. Upon Minerva's lips trembled unasked questions, which she forbore to put into words, trusting the man as she did. He maintained a steady silence.

"I will take you to my home town, and treat you always with great tenderness," he assured her and she believed him.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Creel, when informed, were at first inclined to be dubious, sharing the universal belief that something was amiss with Mr. Shover. They were not very bright people, and often wondered if any man would care to marry such a small child as theirs, so they finally gave in with good grace and consented.

Mr. Creel said it might be a mild form of casual insanity that would

(Continued on page 28)

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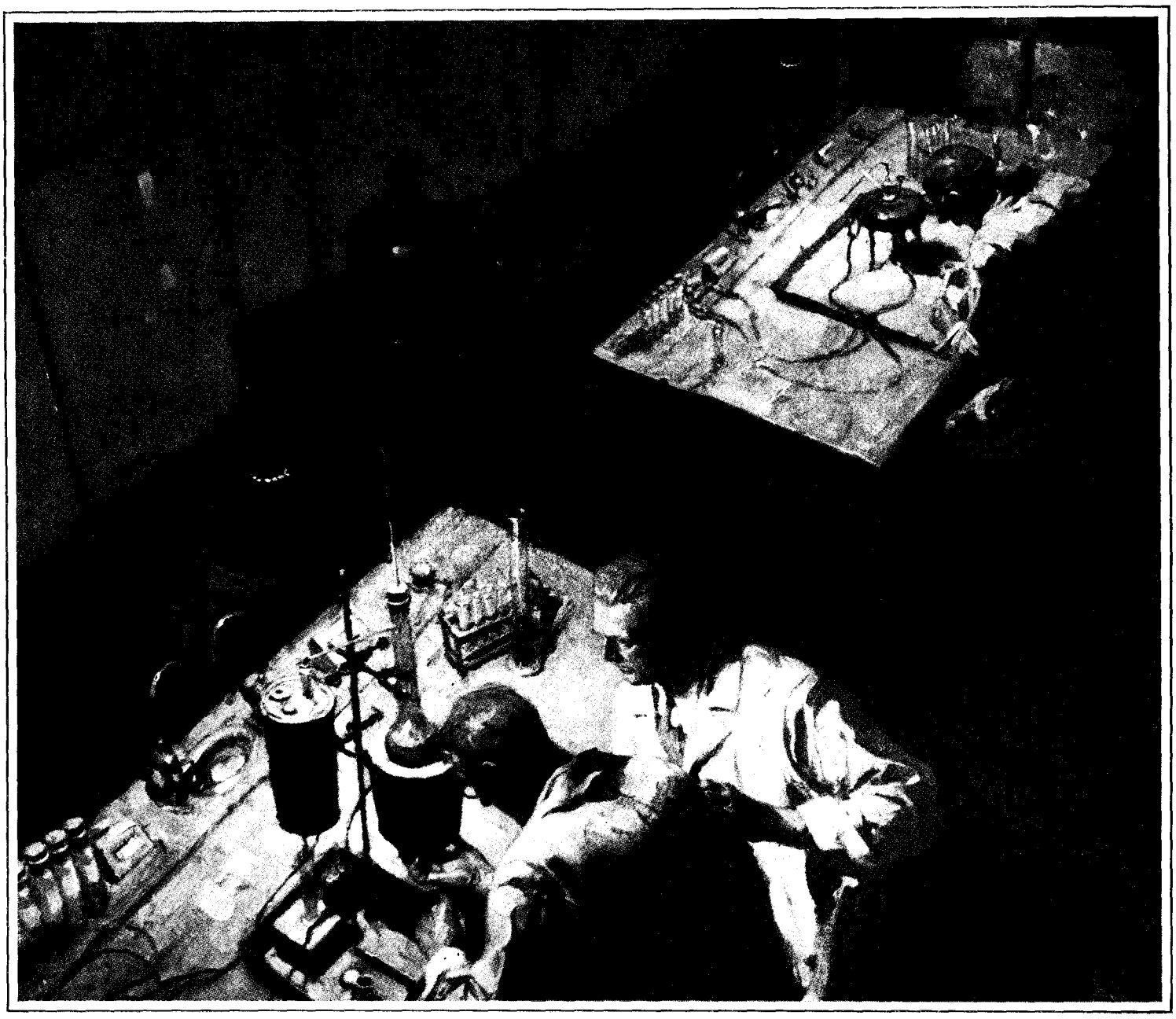

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DOES the crude oil source make your lubricating oil *good?*

The Bureau of Business Research of a prominent Eastern University asked scientists in leading universities for the answer.

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Keep Up with the World!

By Freling Foster

Scientists have discovered that radio waves of short-wave sending sets are capable of firing large guns on battleships, producing sparks in gasoline-filled hose and igniting wing-tip flares on airplanes.

Today 61% of all murders are committed by shooting.

In and around Berlin mixed nude bathing and gymnasium work between men and women members of "nature clubs" have reached the status, through about 20,000 adherents, of being an accepted custom of German life.

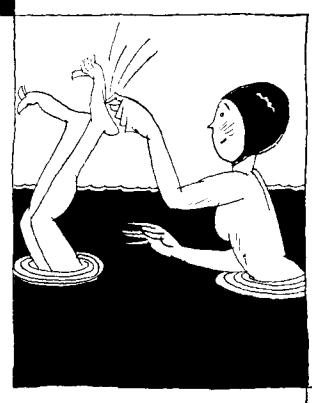
A piano which influences the tones after the keys are struck and a parachute which can be steered have been invented.

England pays King George and the royal family an annual income of £576,000, or about $2,800,000.

The average person has about 1 square yard of skin surface and 90 square yards of lung surface—exposed to the air.

The Tuaregs, a tribe of nomads roaming the Sahara Desert, are known still as the "People of the Veil" because both their men and women continue to wear veils or face cloths which they rarely remove—even on trips to Paris.

The world's smallest daily newspaper is the Tryon (North Carolina) Daily Bulletin, which has a page size of about five by eight inches, a circulation of 700 and an advertising rate of $4.50 a page.



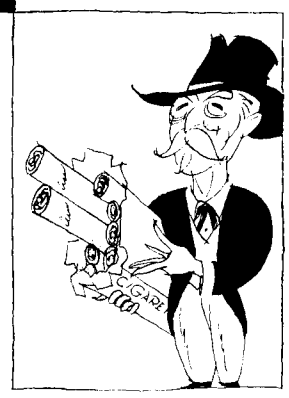
New York pays 61% of the amusement tax of the entire United States—the Federal tax on admissions to theaters, concerts, operas, prize fights, boxing matches and on bills in night clubs and other restaurants having music and dancing.

Hollywood has stopped the development of the new wide movie film and screen, which was planned to be the next big innovation after the talkies, because of mechanical difficulties in making the change and the indifference of the public toward the experimental pictures.

The total assessed valuation of six New York buildings—Equitable Office, Stock Exchange, New York Life, American Telephone, New York Central and Paramount—is considerably larger than the assessed valuation of *all* the real estate in such cities as Wichita, El Paso, Asheville, Harrisburg, Knoxville or Stamford, or in the entire state of Arizona.

Recently a hen was transformed into a rooster by a gland operation.

Speakeasies will be interested in a new electrically - operated door which can be opened only by those who knock in a certain manner on its metal plate; for example, if its code is "63," you knock six times, pause, then knock three times more, and it swings open.

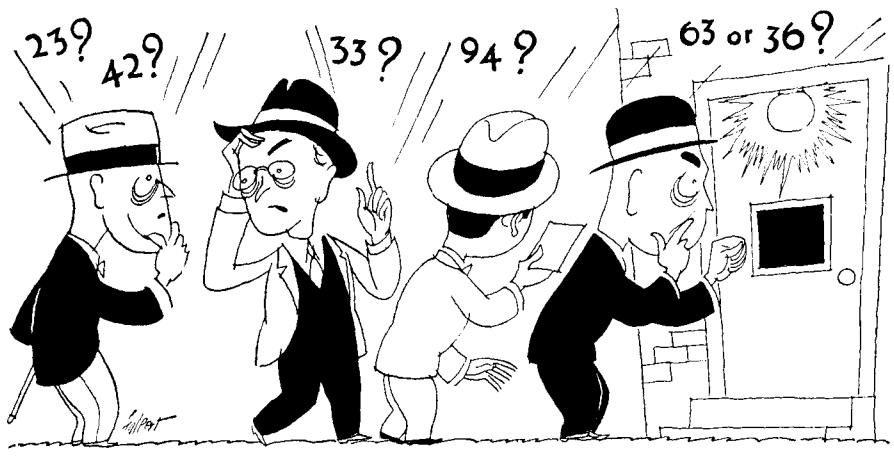


There is not a single stock or bond quotation ticker in North Dakota, Arizona, Idaho, Montana, New Mexico or Wyoming—for which they should give praise to Allah!

Glycerin, the chameleon of chemicals, has innumerable uses, one of the oddest being to discover the presence of tuberculosis germs through its saturation of a potato in which the suspected bacilli have been implanted.

North Carolina and Virginia manufacture 81% of all the cigarettes made in America.

Collier's will pay one dollar each for unusual, briefly stated facts submitted and used in this column. Address, Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York.



Max and Min

Continued from page 26

probably not be transmitted to children, if any. Minerva was very happy and Maxwell at once sent for Joe Cook and said he would require the Landers' home no longer, as he was about to marry and go home.

Placing Minerva in the Midget, he tooled downtown to the license bureau and made the usual request, a permit for two. The man asked him cursory questions, which he answered briefly, questions referring to his color and sex, which you would think even a license clerk might know. With the precious document in his pocket, Maxwell turned back to the Creel homestead, where Mr. Creel greeted the two with a smile.

"I suppose you will soon be going back to your work?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," answered Max.

"And what do you do for a living, Mr. Shover?"

Maxwell looked pained for a moment and seemed to pull himself together.

"I am a carver," he said.

"Oh," replied Mr. Creel, getting into his limousine and driving rapidly down the street.

MAXWELL looked at Minerva, who was silent. He drove slowly onward.

"I suppose you heard your father ask me what I did?" he asked morosely.

"Yes," answered Minerva, with a tender look, "and you said you were a carver. But even that means very little to me. What is it you carve?"

"Stone," he said.

"Oh, stone?"

"Yes, stone," he added savagely. They rode along Division Street for a time in silence. Maxwell grew moodier and moodier and seemed buried in unhappy thought.

"You will have to know sooner or later," he remarked.

"Yes, dear," she faltered, a note of alarm creeping into her voice. "You may as well tell me."

"No doubt you have sometimes noticed that I seem to like—well, things like this dinky car?"

"Yes, dear."

"Well, there is a reason. I may as well tell you now. Did you ever hear of the George Washington Society?"

"No, Maxwell."

"There exists such a body and I am employed by the members. Did you ever hear of Mt. Lookout, Colorado?"

"No, darling," replied Minerva, who was never any good at geography.

"It is twelve thousand feet high and nine miles long. I work on it."

"What doing, Maxwell?"

"I am carving on the side of Mt. Lookout the deathless scene of George Washington crossing the Delaware, which, when done, will be visible to patriots for seventy miles on a clear day. Right now, I am working on the south end of the rowboat. For two years I have chiseled on the mountain and all that is done is George's right arm and part of an oar."

The girl looked up at him in blissful admiration.

"Maxwell," she said in a relieved tone, "that is simply wonderful."

He said nothing, but leaned out of the car and tried to look happy, and Minerva sat back, holding her lover's hand, a warm expression of sympathy and understanding on her small but sensitive countenance. Mr. Shover stepped on the gas and turned into Petty Street when he could just as well have gone up Grand Boulevard.

Dolorosa, Here I Come

Continued from page 11

and rescue him from a sinking saddle. There was no time now to go back after Bill. The street was filling with citizens bent on having their grim holiday. Dust rose in ribbon-like strips as the plunging bullets fell short. Wood splintered.

"Hang low and hit it!" yelled Danny Dale. Thigh and thigh the men of the crew fled from Dolorosa. The shelter of the deep shadows lay ahead. Danny Dale turned to get sight of Bill, but instead saw the puncher's horse stampeding through the fire and away to the other end of town. Danny Dale cursed and straightened; and as he faced the front again his eyes passed across the window of a restaurant and he saw a woman's face, soft and sad, looking at him. Directly at him with a queer, tense expression. Then the outfit was beyond town and in the darkness.

They halted, ponies trembling and restless, men breathing hard. Firing ceased in the street and an exultant, ironic yell came after them. One of the crew let out a short, bitter oath.

"Where's Bill?"

"They'll bury him tomorrow," said the weary-voiced puncher. "That poker-faced marshal stood by the saloon door and knocked him flat. Let's surround this joint and let the air out of it!"

"We can't do it," said another. "They'd get us."

Talk died to a murmur of discouragement and discontent. Running W waited for a decision from Danny Dale, and presently it came: "You boys hit back to camp. I'm returnin' to town."

"Hell, that's foolish! You can't get the marshal on even ground."

"Not sure I want to," said Danny Dale. "Bill asked for it and he got it. But I'll have to see him decently buried. Abilene, take charge and move the cattle out in the mornin'. I'll catch up somewhere along the line."

"It ain't right," objected one of the hands. "Good or bad, Bill's got to have justice."

A definite edge crept into Danny Dale's words: "Ride on back."

There was a pause, broken by the creak of leather and moving of horses. The group got under way. Danny Dale called out casually: "In case I stub my toe, my personal belongin's go to you, Abilene." Then he turned back into Dolorosa and entered the light.

HIS destination was not the saloon, but the restaurant. Riding abreast of it, he dismounted and passed through the door. The place was quite empty, but as he sat up to the counter a girl came through from the kitchen—the same girl whose face he had seen looking so sadly at him through the window. Danny Dale removed his hat.

"Coffee and a bearpaw," said he, striving to conceal a rising excitement in him.

She was a fair girl, her features softly appealing under the glow of the lamp. As Danny sat there, utterly absorbed in the picture she made, he was astonished at his own audacity.

(*Continued on page 33*)

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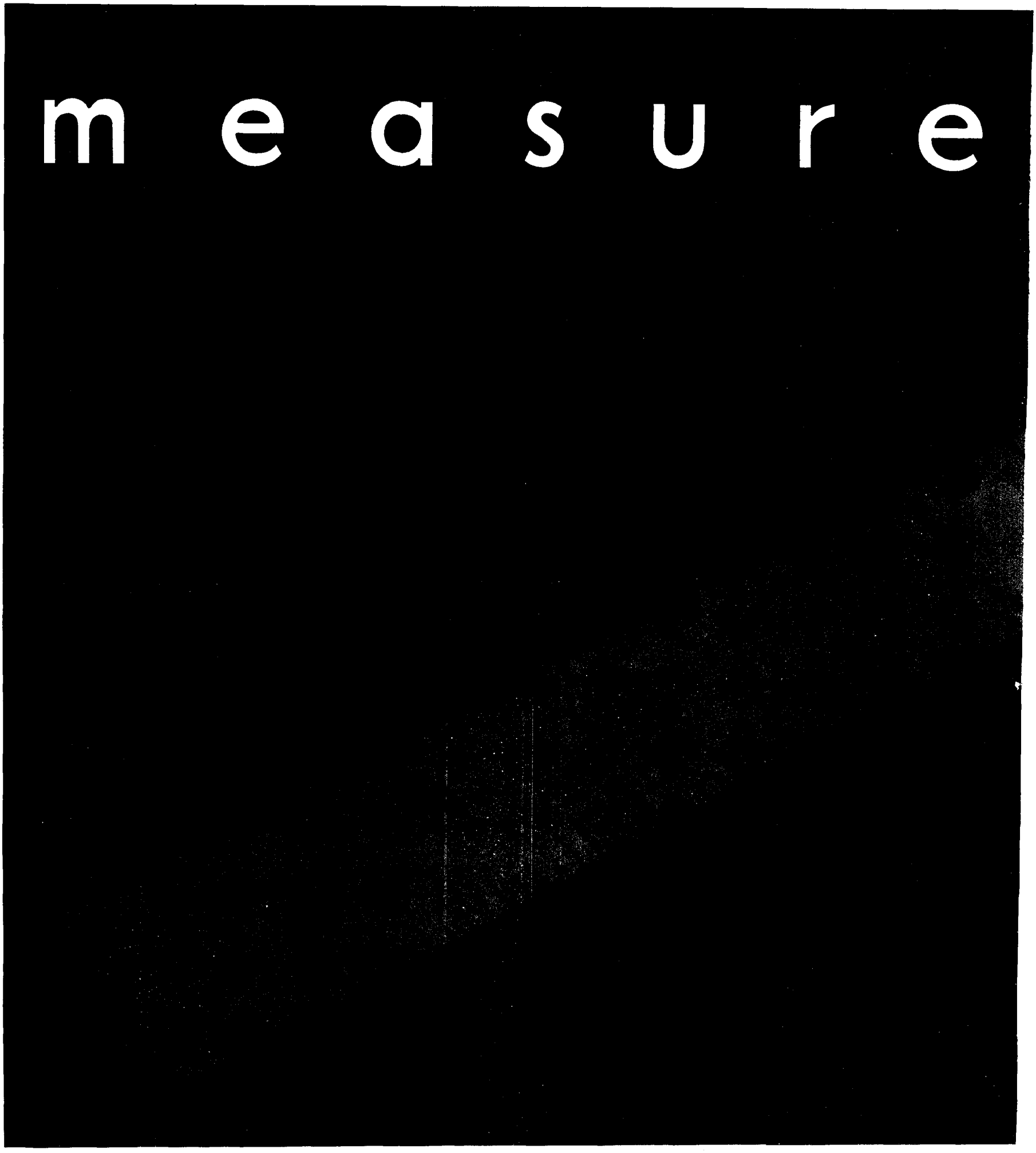

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For almost a quarter century General Motors cars have been owned and driven throughout the world under every conceivable road and traffic condition. This varied experience of millions of owners has directed and aided the divisions of the General Motors Corporation in the improvement of design and construction, and in the determination of styles, types, appointments and factors of safety, utility comfort. By interpreting the needs and w of this owner public, through constant ex ment and development, the divisions of eral Motors Corporation are able to build of well-rounded completeness. Thus a owner experience makes its contributio the outstanding values in General Motors

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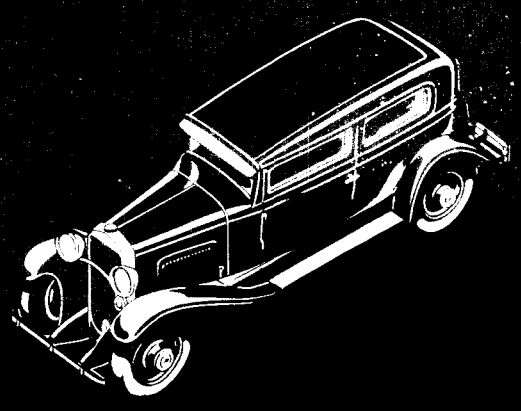
the value



GENERAL MOTORS CARS
HAVE OUTSTANDING VALUE

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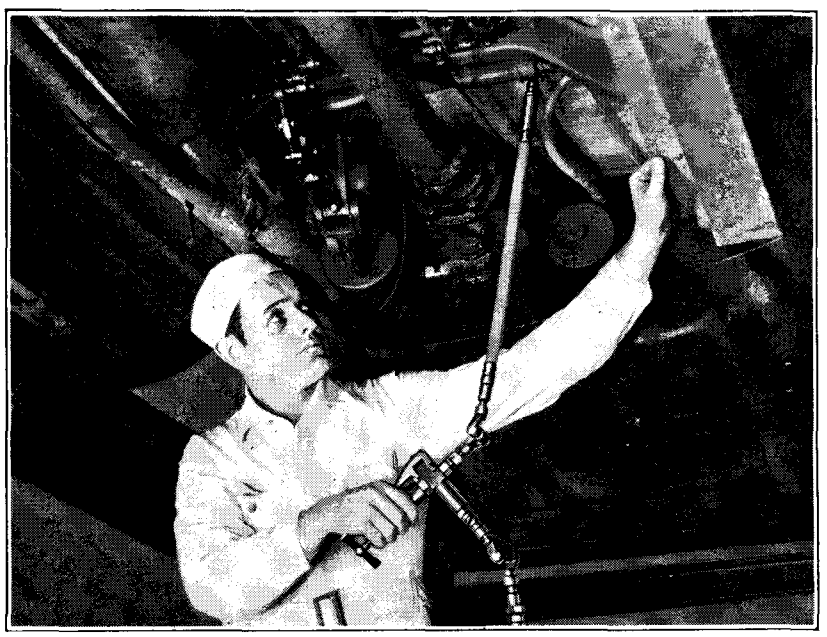
Should Automotive Engineers design Automobiles?

And Who But Lubrication Specialists Should Design the Lubrication for Your Car

Don't Forget—It is the Special Lubricant for each Special Lubrication NEED That is IMPORTANT—NOT just putting in some "grease"

When more than 95% of America's great automotive engineers adopt the same system of lubrication on their cars, the efficiency of that system is unquestionable. This is the position which Alemite High Pressure Lubrication Systems have held for years.

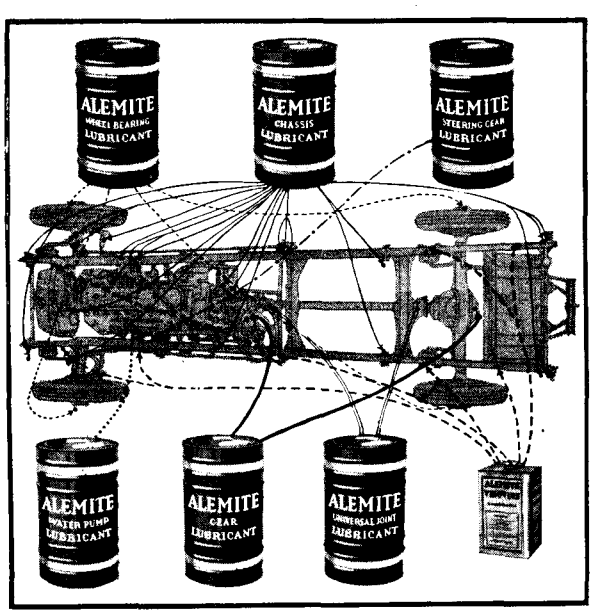


UNDER HUNDREDS OF POUNDS OF PRESSURE FRESH ALEMITE LUBRICANT IS FORCED INTO THE BEARINGS

WHEN YOU DRIVE IN and ask for an "Alemite-ing" job on your car you *may know what you want*, but are you *sure* that "Alemite-ing" is *what you get?*

For "Alemite-ing," you know, is far more than just "greasing." "Alemite-ing" is far more than just a "process" or "system" of lubrication.

The real meaning of "Alemite-ing" is:—The use of the correct, scientifically designed Alemite Lubricant for each individual lubrication *need*. This includes Alemite Lubricants for Water Pumps, Universal Joints, Wheel Bearings, Gears, Chassis Bearings, Steering Gears and Springs.



SPECIAL ALEMITE LUBRICANTS FOR EACH SPECIAL NEED RESULT IN ESPECIALLY FINE CAR PERFORMANCE AND LOW UPKEEP

Alemite Corporation originally entered the field of specialized lubrication in order to *insure* the complete efficiency of its High Pressure Lubrication Systems. After further research and long tests it then developed its present complete line of *special Alemite Lubricants for each special need on your car.*

How to Be Sure of Genuine "Alemite-ing"

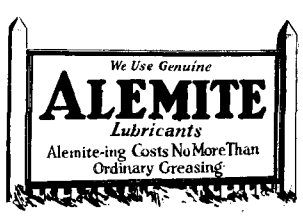
That you may be absolutely sure of Genuine "Alemite-ing" with Alemite Special Lubricants, Alemite Corporation issues to its 100% dealers the Yellow Alemite Sign here pictured. You will find this sign shown only by those dealers who have entered into a definite agreement to use none but Genuine Alemite Lubricants.

This Sign invariably identifies a dealer who is a specialist in Alemite lubrication—who will NEVER *substitute* a dangerous or inferior lubricant at any lubrication point!

The service attendants of these dealers will apply the *correct Alemite Lubricant* for each need. And you may be sure that *every* point of lubrication will be serviced *every* time, because each point is *checked with the factory lubrication chart recommended for your particular model by its manufacturers.*

Thus, when you drive into a 100% Alemite Dealer's, displaying the Alemite Sign, *you get Genuine "Alemite-ing."*

Thus you will always enjoy the finest sort of motoring—comfortable, quiet, dependable performance with a vast saving in upkeep!



Alemite Corporation (Division of Stewart-Warner), 2638C N. Crawford Ave., Chicago, Ill. Canadian address: Stewart-Warner-Alemite Corp. of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario.

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Dolorosa, Here I Come

Continued from page 28

The gravity of her face was broken by creased worry. "I saw you ride away," said she, the tone of her voice like strange music to him, "and I heard the trouble. You are not wise to come back alone."

"Ma'am," said he, "it passes the boundary of reason to find a lady like you in a town like this."

She turned into the kitchen and presently returned with his coffee and bear-paw. "You are with a trail herd?"

"Running W, four thousand cattle and twenty men, Texas to the Big Horn, Wyomin'."

"And you're the trail boss?" murmured the girl.

THERE was a small silence. He emptied his cup and she refilled it. Presently she asked in a small voice: "What's your name?"

"Dalrymple Dale; Danny, for common."

"Mine is Gracie."

"Your folks run this restaurant, I would judge."

"It is mine. I run it alone and have for two years. I have no folks."

Danny Dale set his cup carefully down and stared. "None—alone?" he questioned, appalled by the fact. It defied all his set ideas. Women were made to shelter and support; that is, her kind of women.

"It isn't hard, really," said she with a lift of her shoulders. "I manage well enough."

"Think of that," muttered Danny Dale. He slid from the stool, carefully laid his money on the counter and reached for his hat. Something in the girl's eyes struck him as being tremendously sad.

"You'll be riding now—and tomorrow be on the trail again," said she.

Danny Dale paused in the doorway. "We-ell," he drawled. "Not tonight. Business will keep me in Dolorosa tonight." Clapping on his hat he walked diagonally across the street and into the saloon where his men had suffered their defeat.

A bartender greeted him: "Yuh got nerve, brother."

"My outfit totes its bills," remarked Danny Dale. "What's the cost of the glassware busted?"

The barkeep lifted his chin in signal; and there came beside Danny Dale a man impeccably dressed in broadcloth, white shirt and string tie. He was thickset and dark, and one solid-black ringlet of hair escaped the brim of his hat to cover the upper half of a knife scar running down his temple. The barkeep grunted, almost derisively: "He wants to pay his bill, Lockhart."

Something near affability came over Lockhart's cheeks. "Pay? Forget it, brother. The little excitement was part of our profit and loss."

"Your roulette operator dead?" asked Danny Dale.

Lockhart shrugged his shoulders and spread his palms upward. "Regrettable, but what of it?"

"I'm losin' no tears," Danny Dale hastened to explain. "Just wanted to know. That bein' the case I reckon the score is even. My puncher got him and they got my puncher."

Lockhart's eyes sharpened with interest. "Cool number, ain't you? Listen, the marshal got your man. He'll get you, too, if you stay here tonight."

"Thank you kindly for the tip," said Danny Dale. His candid eyes flicked Lockhart with a hard and sharp appraisal. Turning deliberately, he went from the place, paused in the shadows of the sidewalk and made himself a cigarette, meanwhile making silent observations. "We wreck his place and still he seems concerned about my safety. When an injured party turns humble, what's the answer?"

Out of a saloon across the street pitched a pair of men, brawling like dogs, passionately cursing. A shadow moved swiftly toward them. Lingersen's narrow and infinitely cold face appeared, his voice stopped the quarrel dead.

"I been watchin' you two till I'm sick of it. Get out of town in five minutes."

"So that's his manner of doin' business," reflected Danny Dale, and went along the street until he saw a sign which read, "Atlee Cargill, M. D., County Coroner, Undertaker." He entered here, made brief arrangements for the funeral of Bill on the morrow, and came to the street again. At that moment the lights of the restaurant died and Gracie stepped through the door, locking it. Danny Dale hurried over, lifting his hat and speaking with enormous formality:

"I would admire to have the pleasure of escortin' you home."

Her face tipped up to him, making a white oval in the shadows. Something like laughter broke through the slumbering gravity. "That," she murmured, "would be very nice." So, falling into step, they walked slowly on toward the end of town. Danny Dale spoke: "Dolorosa would be your home, ma'am?"

"My mother brought me here when I was ten. She opened the restaurant. I kept on with it when she died two years ago. Yes, I suppose it is home, though I was born somewhere in Texas."

"And your dad—"

"I never knew my father. He left my mother long ago. I don't know his name, for my mother never spoke it, and never took it for herself. She used her own, and that is the one I bear now."

Danny Dale clucked his tongue with an outraged compassion. "Think of that? Yeah, I know how it would seem. Me, I been an orphan since weanin'."

IT WAS the girl's turn to express pity: "And you have fought for yourself all your life? Traveling from pillar to post, going into wild countries, as you are doing now?"

"Shucks," said Danny Dale, embarrassed, "it's nothin' for a man. Natural course of events. But, look here, Dolorosa ain't no place for a girl like you."

"I hate it," said the girl with a sudden strengthening of emotion. "I hate it with all my heart."

"You," went on Danny Dale, "ought to have a home. A nice home on a ranch."

"I have never really known a home," said the girl. "Never. Here is where I live."

They had stopped in front of a frame building quite at the end of the street. A beam of light came through an open door and the girl's straight, sure body came within its range. When she lifted her eyes to him, Danny Dale was shaken to the very roots of his being at sight of tears glistening against the sad, wistful glance. "You are through with your business, I suppose," she murmured. "And you'll ride away now."

Danny Dale expelled a great sigh. "No-o. I'll be here until tomorrow sometime."

She turned up the porch and through the door. A soft and melodious "Good night" floated back to Danny Dale, and rang in his ears like a tune as he walked toward the brighter part of Dolorosa. He was still hearing it when the tall, stiff body of a man cut across his path and stopped him immediately. Lingersen stood there, guarded and grim.

"I have been watching you," he said, "every minute since you came back."

"Your privilege, I'd essay to guess. Nothin' secret about my intentions. I'm buryin' Bill in the mornin'."

"All right," said Lingersen. "Nine o'clock is our buryin' hour around here. Attend to it, an' get out by ten sharp or expect to answer to me without recourse, explanation or further warnin'."

"Does the warnin' mean you'll reach for the hardware at ten sharp without added talk?"

Lingersen said: "I never warn twice and I never go back on my word."

"Just wanted to get it clear," mused Danny Dale. "I'm a great hand for havin' things straight."

DANNY DALE refrained from going to breakfast until near nine o'clock, knowing the place would be quiet then. In fact there was but a single man eating when he entered. Gracie gave him a smile, took his order and later brought it to him. The other occupant finished and went out. Gracie's smile faded before a frown.

"I have heard about Lingersen's challenge. You will have to go."

"Bad as that?" inquired Danny Dale.

"You could never stand against him. Never. The man is a remorseless killer. He has been here only a year but in that time he has been like the terror. He has bullied and beaten and destroyed. Everybody hates him; nobody dares cross him. There never has been a kind word said of him. The stories of his past life are horrible. Once he was marshal of Abilene, then Dodge. Before that, nobody knows what he did, but even then he had a black reputation. Dolorosa asked him to come as marshal to keep some sort of order here. Now the town wishes he had never come. He keeps order, but he is worse than the wildest outlaw. Whoever protests, he kills. Danny Dale, you'll have to go before ten o'clock."

Danny Dale, eating with a gusto common to the range, finished his meal and pushed the dishes aside. Then he changed the subject of conversation so abruptly that his purpose was betrayed before he had said a dozen words:

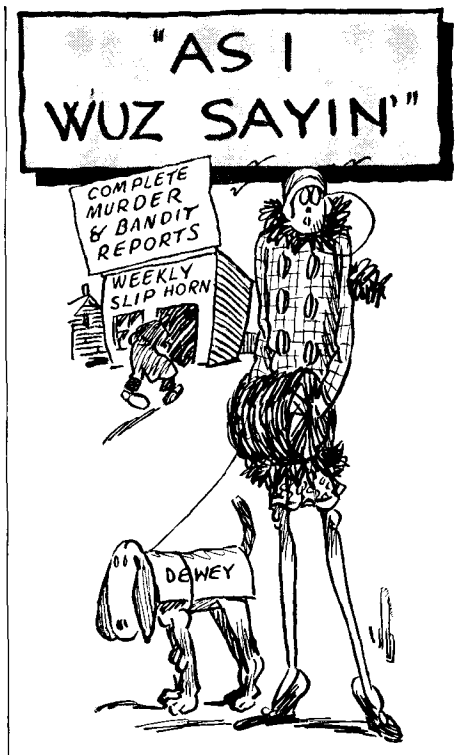
"I've traveled considerable but it ain't worth the trouble. Man never gets nowhere doin' that. I'd like to settle down. Up at the end of the trail in Wyomin' there's plenty of land. Good country for a fellow to begin in. In the Runnin' W herd right now there's fifty head of my own private cattle and some horse stock. Wearin' my own D Bar D brand. I had sort of thought of findin' a piece of land suitable for my purpose. A stretch of meadow of wild hay, a creek runnin' through and some high country behind for summer grazin'."

The girl's head was tipped back, eyes fastened on him. "The house would be small, and made of logs. You couldn't afford to put much work on it to start with."

"It'd be nice and comfortable," said Danny Dale, venturing a glance at her. "I'd chink it solid. I'd run some sort of a trolley and pail to the creek from the house so there wouldn't be so much labor packin' water."

"It would be home," said the girl. The words took on a strange resonance. "A

(Continued on page 31)



"I see where the old custom of passin' around cigars after dinner is gettin' popular again, writes Miss Fawn Lippincut in the current issue of *The Weekly Slip Horn*.

•

"It's a great idea, girls, an' I recommend it. Fer one thing, it keeps the men at home, an' out o' trouble.

•

"But remember, while a good cigar makes a man more sociable an' human, a bad one gits his goat and sticks in his memory.

•

"Even though they only cost a nickel, rocky fords are the safest bet. Ever' buddy likes 'em, includin' millionaires an' vice-presidents.

•

"An' then you kin still afford to lose at bridge."

•

ROCKY FORD is long-filler, Sumatra wrapped. Made in a sunlit factory, the pride and show-factory of Richmond, Virginia . . . a factory as clean as a modern bakery . . . a factory that is automatic machine-equipped throughout . . . If your dealer cannot supply you, send 25¢ for a trial package of 5 cigars to P. Lorillard Company, 119 West 40th St., New York. Cigars cannot be mailed to addresses outside U. S. A.

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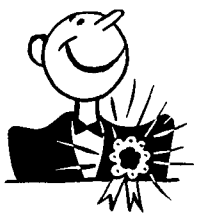
REVOLUTION THWARTED!

INSPIRED by some inner light, we have made a discovery that should get us at least a decoration from the government, viz.: that where there are whiskers you will have rebellion and where there is rebellion you will surely have whiskers.

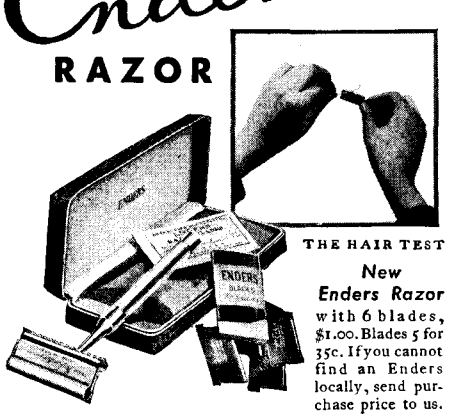


If you doubt this conclusion, we suggest that you regard portraits of revolting generals, bandit revolutionists and European Reds. One and all, you will find them peeping out ferociously amidst a jungle of whiskers. It has got so we are even looking with suspicious eyes on Santa Claus.

It is highly comforting, in view of this terrifying discovery, to realize that America is safe from revolution as long as it has the Enders razor. The little thing, held lightly in the finger tips, actually makes shaving a little fun. Using it, shavers who have seethed with unrest become contented, and where you have contentment you will have no revolutions.

We suggest, too, that the government reward the very sharp Enders blades. They are so super-keen that neither whiskers nor revolution can stand against them. If you feel rebellious, either against your present razor or the government, go and trade a dollar for an Enders razor and six very sharp blades. Enders Razor Co., 105 W. 40th Street, New York, N. Y.

Enders RAZOR



THE HAIR TEST

New Enders Razor with 6 blades, $1.00. Blades 5 for 35c. If you cannot find an Enders locally, send purchase price to us.

(Continued from page 33)

home of your own. No matter how small or remote, it would be your own."

"I'm no world beater," said Danny Dale with a touch of anxiety. "But I figure careful. I hold what I get."

"When I saw you last night," replied the girl, "I picked you out of the crowd for the leader. You'll always go ahead."

"It's kind of hard on women up there," persisted Danny Dale.

"Harder than running this restaurant?" asked the girl, and the next moment caught her lower lip between even, flashing teeth.

"Well, no," said Danny Dale, looking around him as if in critical appraisal. "And there'd be more shelter to it. Listen, you shouldn't be here."

"I have wanted to go away most of my life."

"A woman," mused Danny Dale, "takes an awful chance when she puts her trust in a man. All a man can do is try to be worth the chance."

There was no direct answer; only a returning glance that encompassed complete understanding. Danny Dale slid from his stool, emitting a gusty breath. "I'll be back in a little while," he said.

"Before ten?"

"I guess not. It would hurry me too much and put on me the suspicion of runnin' away."

"But, Danny—"

He could not shade his meanings or soften them. He didn't know how, never had learned. So he could only say in simplicity, "It wouldn't seem right," lift his hat and walk away. On the edge of town he turned as if to verify a fact he actually doubted; and when he saw her standing in the doorway of the restaurant watching him, one palm shading her eyes, he shook his head. "I never thought a thing like that could happen to a fellow like me."

The funeral party was standing in the cemetery. The coffin had been lowered, and the pastor was murmuring a few words as he tossed down a wisp of dirt to signify the union of dust and dust. It was soon over. A pair of men fell to with shovels and another picked up a fresh board headpiece and sought for a pencil.

"Name?"

"Bill," said Danny Dale. "Bill, of Runnin' W, Maverick County, Texas."

The man wrote it on the board. "Borned?"

"Don't know where or when," said Danny Dale. "That's a mighty flimsy way of fixin' a headpiece. The name will fade out in a month."

"It'll last just as long as the memory of him," observed the man. Soft sand rose over the coffin, a few desultory taps of the shovel affixed the headpiece, and Bill had been buried with neither pomp nor circumstance. Pastor and workmen walked casually back to Dolorosa, leaving Danny Dale alone and staring at the disturbed earth.

THE day brightened and grew hotter. Ten o'clock was not far removed.

"You was a great hand to get in jams, Bill," said Danny Dale at last, "but you never required proddin' to work. It takes twenty years to make a man and only one bullet to kill him. Sure a mortal world. So long, old man, I'll see you some time."

With that, he turned back to Dolorosa's street, conscious that he had discharged a hard chore to the best of his ability.

He entered the stable—and was confronted by Lockhart, the saloon man.

"Been waitin' for you," said Lockhart. He reached for his watch. "Twenty minutes to ten. Yore stayin' to brace Lingersen, then?"

Danny Dale considered the question thoughtfully and appeared to choose his words with care: "If he'd set the hour at eleven, I'd prob'ly have my business finished and be gone. But ten o'clock would push me considerable. I reckon I've got to see the gentleman's hand."

Lockhart returned the watch. "If it's to be a face-to-face matter," he said, "he's got you hipped. He moves like lightnin' greased to get somewhere."

"How else would I do it?"

"Spot him from behind."

"You don't like Lingersen, do you?"

Lockhart's eyes glowered. "A thousand dollars to you, my boy, if you turn the trick."

"I guess I'll have to play it out accordin' to my understandin', brother. But keep your thousand. I don't like blood money."

Lockhart ripped out a sudden question: "Where'll you be at ten?"

"Somewhere between here and the restaurant."

"He's in the jail office now. He'll walk out from there and turn this way. When you see him, keep over to the east side of the street. Pull him around a little to put the sun in his eyes. Wait for no words. Bust in."

"Thanks," said Danny Dale, trying to read behind the opaque pall of the man's eyes. But Lockhart turned and walked away.

The hostler ambled in from the street.

"I want a horse," said Danny Dale. "A horse for a lady to ride. And I want a saddle, a comfortable saddle for a lady to sit in. What've you got?"

SCARCELY had Danny Dale entered the stable when the girl, who had seen him pass by, came out of her restaurant and ran diagonally across to the jail office. Lingersen was there, sitting in a chair and smoking his morning cigar.

"You've got to let him alone," said the girl. "What has he done to you?"

"Ma'am," said Lingersen, "you have never liked me."

"No," retorted the girl, gathering courage. "I despise you."

Lingersen laid the cigar on his desk. The tone of his voice was soft and slurring, and on that mask of a face, where the hardness and everlasting watchfulness of his life had etched ineradicable lines, there was something approaching gentleness. "It has been an endeavor of mine to find in you kindliness. I have never molested you. If I know about your affairs, say it is due to watchfulness on my part that no harm should ever come to you. Ma'am, I do not always kill. Sometimes I protect."

It made no impression on her, and he saw it.

"You like the man, Gracie?"

"Why should you want to hurt him?" demanded the girl.

Lingersen cut in curtly: "Did he send you here?"

She shook her head. Lingersen's thin lips pressed together, released again. "I warned him," said he. "And I can't go back on it. I want him out of here by ten o'clock. Tell him that, Gracie. Be sure and tell him that."

She had nothing more to say. White and drawn, she walked from his office and crossed the street. She knew she could not shake Danny Dale, and so, turning into the restaurant, she halted by the window. It was five minutes of ten.

Time dragged. A lone man hurried from saloon to saloon, ducking out of sight with a curious twist of his shoulders. Except for him, the street was deserted.

Then Lingersen walked from his office, reached the dusty strip of street and wheeled deliberately, facing the stable. Gracie, frozen still, saw him repeat those preliminary gestures that had become a legend in Dolorosa. She looked at the stable. Danny Dale had appeared!

He came forward without pause. Lingersen spoke coolly:

"I said I never warned twice—"

Danny Dale's arm dropped. The slap of Lingersen's palm against his gun butt cracked like a whip. Another man—Lockhart it was—sprang from a saloon door behind Danny Dale with a raised rifle. A pair of shots exploded together. Lockhart tripped, turned sidewise and fell. Danny Dale lunged aside, flashed a glance at the struck saloon man, and returned his attention to Lingersen. But he never fired again and the girl, wondering, looked around to find Lingersen lying in the dust with one hand pressed against his chest. Danny Dale ran forward and stood over Lingersen. She heard him speaking, crisp and clear:

"Lingersen, I knew nothin' about Lockhart comin' into this play. It ain't my style of doin' business—"

Lingersen snapped: "Get out of here while your health is good! Take the girl and travel!"

"My apologies," said Danny Dale. "I had nothin' against you." And he turned and walked straight into the restaurant.

"I've got two horses waitin' at the stable, Gracie," he said. "It's a long trip north and a hard one, but I'll try to make it easy. If we hurry we'll reach the outfit in time for a noon snack."

She pointed to a satchel lying on a stool. "I have had it packed since breakfast, Danny, hoping every minute since then we'd get away before ten."

Danny Dale took up the satchel. Together they went down the street and into the stable. When they came riding out they saw a crowd standing by the jail office and two men carrying Lingersen inside. "I never thought," said she, "I'd ever see you alive after that hour."

Danny Dale's philosophy covered the situation simply enough. "Things," said he, "have a way of comin' out right. Dolorosa, good-by."

"Dolorosa, good-by!"

And they cleared the drab fringes of town, heading north into the bright, clear future.

THE mutter of the crowd came through the closed door of the jail. Inside was only Lingersen, lying on a cot, and the doctor who pressed his lips together and so pronounced the verdict. Lingersen's pallor deepened, his labored breathing increased. "I lived by the gun and I'm dyin' same. No regrets."

"You missed the kid entire," said the doctor.

"Never shot at him," muttered Lingersen. "There'd been no bullets at all if Lockhart hadn't forced the play. So I got him—and took Dale's lead without a reply. I was puttin' the boy under pressure. I wanted to see if he was like all the rest of the shif'less fools that tried to interest Gracie, or if he was real leather and would stand up. Well, he stood up. He came out to meet me. And I was meanin' to tell him so and wish him well with the girl. But he'd been warned and he wasted no time."

The doctor showed puzzlement. "Why bother so much about that girl? It ain't your style to show much feelin', Lingersen."

Lingersen's reply was drowsy and increasingly faint: "I have made my mistakes and there ain't any way of remedyin' 'em. I came to Dolorosa at the end of a long hunt after a girl like her. I tried to make her like me—and failed. She's better off away from here, hooked up to a good man. Pull up the blanket and go tell that pack of mongrel curs I'm dead!" In the gloom of the jail office Lingersen's eyes flared with one last burst of feeling and grew dull.

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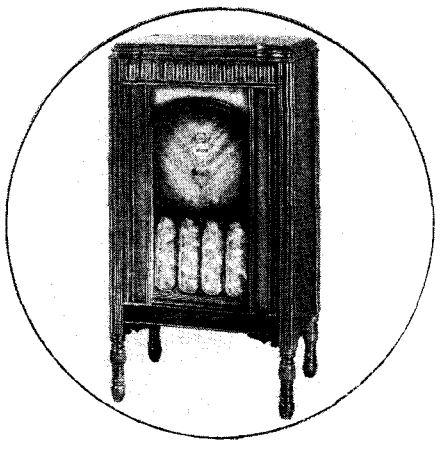
At the left is pictured the distorted tone from a radio whose units are but partially balanced. At the right is pictured the true, clear, undistorted tone produced by the exact balancing of every electrical unit in every Philco set.

AND NOW . . . A BALANCED-UNIT RADIO-PHONOGRAPH $99.50!

Here is the whole world of radio and phonograph entertainment brought within the reach of every home! Why not have both? It costs so little ➤➤➤ Think of the dance music waiting for you in the wonderful phonograph records of today — all the great names of Broadway ready to come to your home "personally" through this wonderful new Radio-Phonograph. They'll play and sing for you with a *realism* that only Philco balanced-unit sets can give ➤➤➤ Think of the great *classical* music in records, too—the big orchestras and artists, ready to step into *your* home and give you a "front row seat" for the finest music in the world ➤➤➤ The phonograph is 100% electric! Electrically driven motor, self-starting turntable, and electrical pickup!

And this is the *first*, full-fledged, big-toned radio ever combined with a fine phonograph at such a moderate price. It will out-perform, we honestly believe, sets which are offered at two and three times the money ➤➤➤ Here is great distance ability; remarkable selectivity and sensitivity. You can bring in the big radio programs with wonderful realism ➤➤➤ Let the nearest Philco dealer demonstrate this new Philco for you. He has, also, a complete Philco Line from Baby Grands at $49.50 to 11-tube Superheterodyne-Plus Radio at $129.50 and $155; Radio-Phonographs, $99.50 to $272, less tubes—Philco Balanced Tubes for balanced performance—Philco-Transitone Automobile Radio, $65, including tubes. Prices slightly higher in Canada, Denver and West.



ALL-ELECTRIC RADIO-PHONOGRAPH

$99.50 less tubes

7 tubes (3 Screen Grid); Genuine Electro-Dynamic Speaker built in; Illuminated Station-Recording Dial; Phonograph takes full-size 12-inch records; electrically driven motor, self-starting turntable, and electrical pickup; beautiful American walnut cabinet 39 inches high, 23 inches wide.

Similar cabinet, without phonograph

$69.50

PHILCO

BALANCED-UNIT RADIO

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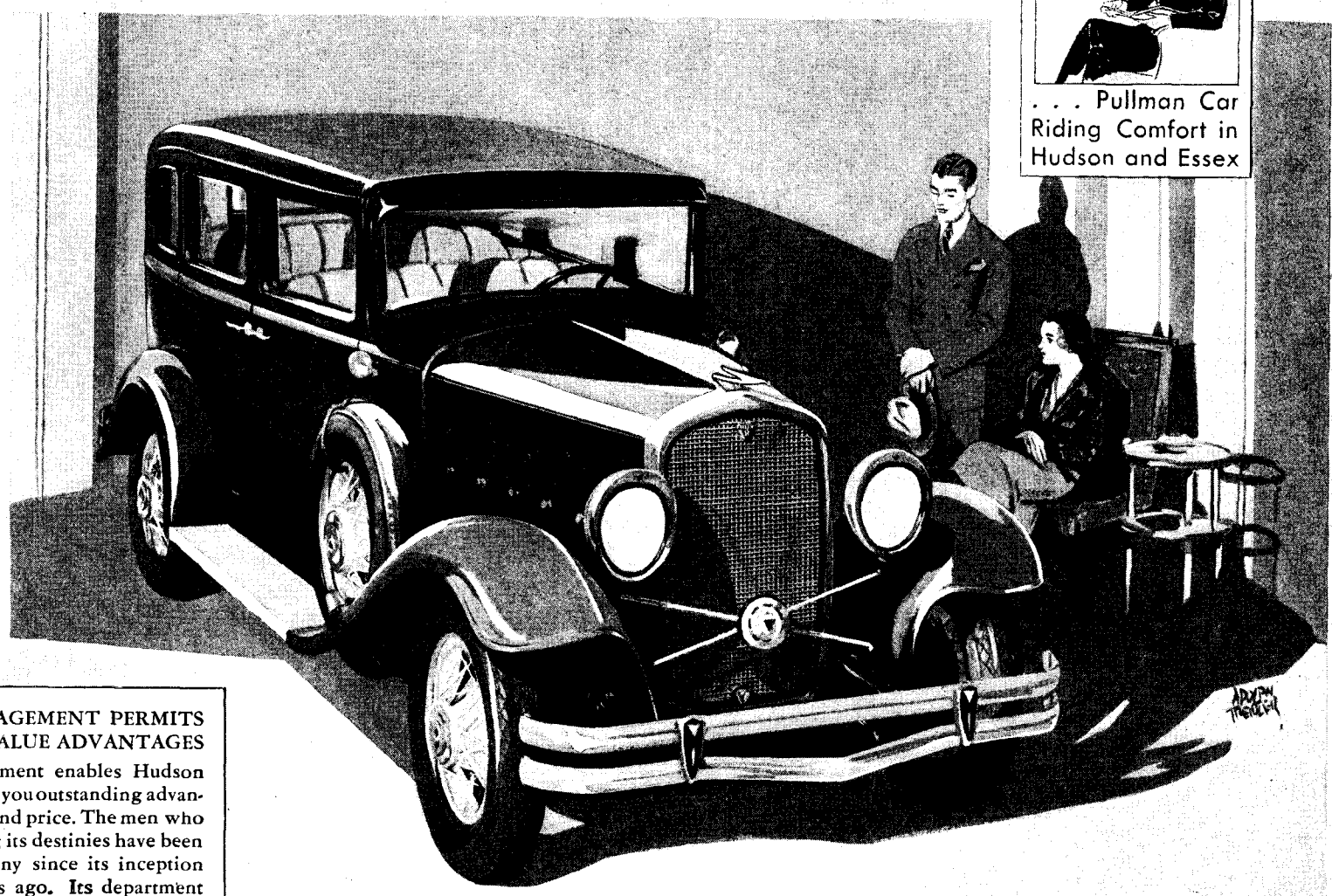
HUDSON AND ESSEX
invade new fields

. . . Pullman Car Riding Comfort in Hudson and Essex



The Greater Hudson Eight Family Sedan

OWNER-MANAGEMENT PERMITS EXCLUSIVE VALUE ADVANTAGES

Owner-management enables Hudson and Essex to give you outstanding advantages in quality and price. The men who are now guiding its destinies have been with the company since its inception twenty-two years ago. Its department heads and principal distributors are its controlling owners. Their independence is backed by unusually large resources in capital and plant facilities. It enables Hudson and Essex to lead in design and engineering. It permits economies in manufacture and distribution that bring exceptional quality direct to the public at distinct price advantages.

Riding Comfort at last— at prices all can afford

A long-cherished dream of every motorist is a reality at last! You no longer need pay thousands of dollars for riding ease. Now Hudson and Essex bring you *Rare Riding Comfort* at prices all can afford.

Comfort is built into every part that affects the riding qualities of both cars. Frames are stronger to prevent weaving. Bodies are insulated to eliminate distracting noises. Seats are deeper. Doors are wider. Head-room and leg-room are greater. Cushions are well-sprung. Every control is easy to reach and operate. All instruments can be read at a glance.

Both cars are smartly styled and distinctly individual. Their long graceful lines, tasteful colors and details such as chromium-plated radiator grids make them different from cars you usually see. Their interiors are smartly done.

They are faster, quicker in get-away, powerful on hills and more economical. Their larger motors will give long years of smooth, quiet and carefree service with only ordinary attention.

In every detail of performance, appearance, convenience and *matchless riding comfort* these two cars will far surpass your expectations. See them at your dealers. Drive them and test them yourself. You will be delighted at their amazing low prices.

$875
THE GREATER HUDSON 8
Business Coupe (Coach $895)

$595
THE NEW ESSEX SUPER SIX
Coach or Business Coupe

Other Body Models as Attractively Priced. Special Equipment Extra. All prices F. O. B. Detroit.

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A Lady of Resource

Continued from page 21

He rose, panic-stricken, and began kicking at the blazing logs. An ember flew through the air and burned the cheek of the Sailor. For a moment, as the Sailor cursed, Collette thought that the ember would serve to fan the blaze of enmity that N. Grannis had tried so hard to start. Indeed, she would have started it but for the inopportune noise of the plane's motor, Collette believed.

But beyond his profane rage the Sailor did not go. Nor did Donlin carry further his attempted quenching of the fire. He must have realized the logic of Kelley's argument. He joined the others in staring at the black sky above them. For now the motor's roar was more insistent, almost deafening, as the aviator circled low above them.

Then the motor died; dimly a vague shape was discernible above their heads; it grew more definite; something splashed in the little cove. A shrill voice cried a name:

"Mrs. Grannis. Mrs. Grannis."

TO THE dreadful tension of the scene was now added a note of mystery. That voice, crying from the little cove, calling the name of N. Grannis, might have come, Collette thought, from some malign spirit. . . .

"That you, Paddy?" called N. Grannis.

A voice whose brogue was most reassuring replied:

"And who else were you thinking it might be, Mrs. Grannis? Miami's on fire—and so's all Florida—the whole country for that matter—and I got to putting things together, and I didn't want any cruiser sticking its nose in here and finding you, Mrs. Grannis. Maybe you don't know anything about what happened last night, but a bunch of your friends stuck up the Bonita—"

"My friends?" gasped N. Grannis.

"Sure. The loose-mouth lads did plenty talking about what they were going to do, and the bulls have got the names of all of them. And I figured if you were in Cuby or some such place maybe the better off you'd be. Turn on some kind of a light, and I'll nose in—"

"Keep out," cried N. Grannis. "Keep out. Start your motor. They're here—"

Her voice died in a gasp as Kelley's arm went chokingly about her neck. And the mêlée, postponed so long, began then and there. Collette, eye-witness though he was—and participant, too—could never have told, sequentially, the events of the next five minutes. He knew that as he leaped to the aid of N. Grannis the lean figure of Slim Donlin interposed itself; he saw Donlin leap upon the Sailor; he saw N. Grannis reel away from the shock of the two men's impact; he heard guns roar; he himself dived at a gangster's knees and came up brandishing a revolver; he saw Jenkel engaged in a struggle with another man; he saw a gangster rush at Anne; he heard the meaningless click as the hammer of his revolver fell upon an empty cylinder; he saw Anne's attacker crumple before a blow from the muzzle of his revolver; then something struck him from behind and he went to his knees; his face burrowed in the sand; he turned over, gasping for breath; he heard the staccato roar of a machine gun; and then he lost consciousness.

He regained it—he soon realized it—within a few minutes. He found his head reposing in Anne's lap and in the fitful light of the fire his opened eyes saw that she was weeping, that her features were contorted with something close to hysteria.

"I'm all right," he said feebly. "Anne, I'm all right," he repeated.

She nodded, as one might have nodded to a child, assuring it that one understood but intimating that graver matters occupied one's attention. He sat up, and though his head ached incredibly, and his eyes would not seem fully to focus, he saw enough to know why Anne had accepted assurance of his well-being.

So near that his feet almost touched the man's head lay Jenkel. His hands were still clasped to a machine gun. Collette needed no second glance to know that the man was dead. Nor did he need to examine the bodies of the gangsters. Their grotesquely sprawled positions were proof enough that life had departed from them.

He counted them automatically. Donlin, Sailor Kelley—eleven in all. Who had killed them—whether Jenkel had done it, or whether the Sailor's attack on N. Grannis and her defense by Donlin had precipitated internecine strife—Collette could not tell. He remembered that he had heard the machine gun—had Jenkel wiped out the whole gang?

Voices twenty yards away drew his attention. Two shadowy figures stood by the tiny wharf. He called inarticulately; words were difficult to find.

"Okay, Collette?" N. Grannis' voice, crisp, assured, came to him. He walked toward her, straining his eyes in the darkness at the man who stood beside her.

"Paddy," said N. Grannis, as Collette reached her side, "this is Collette."

He eyed dully the stocky figure of the aviator.

"Feeling all right, Collette?" asked N. Grannis.

"I'm all right," he finally managed to say.

"You certainly put up a swell scrap," she said.

He felt himself color.

"I must have; went down with the first blow—"

"Who told you that one?" asked N. Grannis. "You put Snyder out with one crack, and you laid out another baby before you tackled him. I think you did pretty well, Collette, my lad."

"WHAT happened?" He shuddered as he put the question.

"Jenkel got hold of a machine gun; Slim had put the Sailor out of business before that, and one of the Sailor's pals had put a bullet in Slim. But Jenkel just sprayed them all. He went nuts. He had a couple of slugs in him, and he was sort of paying everyone off. Men on the ground, men that tried to run—he got them all."

"I'll say he did," said Paddy. "Well, they'd wound up in the chair or wherever the British put lads like them—so it's just as well."

"Morgan." Anne's voice was not querulous, but it was pitiful. Collette ran to her side.

"I'm here, dear," he said. "And there's nothing to be afraid of now."

"I know, but—I want to get away from—"

She couldn't finish, but he knew she meant the shambles at her feet. He helped her to arise and half carried her to the dock. By the time she reached there she was stronger, braver.

N. Grannis greeted them matter-of-factly.

"Paddy's ready to start this minute," she stated. "He says there's no sea running and he can feel his way out of

(*Continued on page 38*)

DR. HENRI VIGNES, *Professor and Clinic Head, Faculty of Medicine of Paris*

"When Intestines are *sluggish* I prescribe Fresh Yeast"

. . . reports this noted French medical teacher

YOU know you can't cure constipation with violent cathartics and pills. You know they are temporary expedients at best . . . that ultimately they actually aggravate your trouble.

Then why not adopt a simple, *natural* method . . . a method that brings really lasting relief from internal sluggishness . . . the regular eating of fresh yeast!

Here is what the famous Dr. Henri Vignes of France says about this method. Dr. Vignes has one of the most distinguished medical practices in Paris.

"Fresh yeast," he explains, "is a food. It excels as a means of reëstablishing normal, regular bowel action . . . I prescribe fresh yeast for constipation . . . because of its gentle laxative action. I have also used it in cases of skin disorders."

Eaten regularly, Fleischmann's Yeast gradually "tones up" the sluggish intestinal tract . . . helps your body rid itself of accumulated wastes in a natural way.

And when normal elimination is restored, your whole health responds! Color returns, digestion improves, headaches are less frequent.

Try it—today! You can get *Fleischmann's* Yeast at grocers', restaurants, soda fountains. Each cake is rich in health-giving vitamins B, G and D. Send for booklet. Standard Brands Inc., 691 Washington St., New York City.

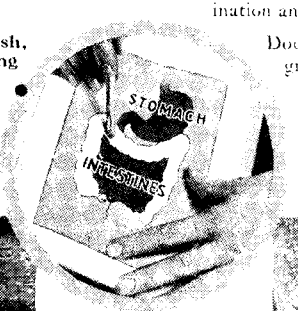
What Noted Scientists say:—

PROFESSOR DR. CHERUBINI, of the University of Rome, explains: "Yeast brings about better elimination and assimilation of food."

DOCTOR BERCZELLER, Austria's great nutrition scientist, says: "Science recognizes the value of yeast as a food for correcting constipation, digestive disturbances, skin affections, etc."

(*Right*) When intestines are sluggish, poisons seep into the system. Eating yeast keeps intestines *clean*.

(*Below*) "My doctor advised Fleischmann's Yeast," writes Miss Ann L. Merritt, *New Haven, Conn.*, "It corrected my constipation."



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(*Right*) Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals, or between meals and at bedtime, plain or in a third of a glass of water (hot or cold), or any way you like.

To benefit fully, be sure you get fresh yeast . . . Fleischmann's

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A $6,000,000 CASH RESERVE FUND

—your second line of defense

THE 28 great companies included in Corporate Trust Shares have surpluses totaling over six billions of dollars. This makes for stability of return for holders of Corporate Trust Shares in respect to that part of their distributions which comes from regular cash dividends on the underlying stocks.

But Corporate Trust Share distributions also include the proceeds from sale of such rights, stock dividends and extra shares from split-ups as may be declared from time to time by the 28 companies. And while the history of these companies, taken as a group, reveals a surprising regularity of such extras, the curtailment of business which takes place from time to time brings a temporary reduction in the extras.

Against this temporary decline in distributions, holders of Corporate Trust Shares have a second line of defense—a cash reserve fund maintained with the independent trustee. From this fund withdrawals are made to make up the difference between total distributions paid on the stocks and the base distribution rate of 70c per share per year, just as a bank account is drawn on by an individual to supplement income in times of stress. As of December 31, 1930, this fund amounted to $6,483,000—an amount calculated to be sufficient to protect, but not so large as to be a burden.

Thus the investor is protected against reduction of his return at a time when he is likely to need it most.

The reserve fund is always at work. In prosperous times it is earning interest for the shareholder; in the rare periods of adversity it is protecting his return. It is one of many features inherently fair to the investor, that have created wide-spread popularity for Corporate Trust Shares.

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CORPORATE TRUST SHARES ARE INTERNATIONALLY ADVERTISED, INTERNATIONALLY SOLD, AND ENJOY AN INTERNATIONAL MARKET.

CORPORATE TRUST SHARES represent an ownership interest in these 28 companies, the shares of which are deposited with an independent trustee.

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American Tobacco
du Pont
Eastman Kodak
Ingersoll Rand
International Harvester
National Biscuit
Otis Elevator
United Fruit
United States Steel
Woolworth

Railroads

Atchison, Top. & Santa Fe
Illinois Central
Louisville & Nashville
New York Central
Pennsylvania Railroad
Southern Pacific
Union Pacific

Oils

Standard Oil of California
Standard Oil of Indiana
Standard Oil (New Jersey)
Standard Oil of New York
Texas Corporation

Utilities and Quasi-Utilities

American Tel. & Tel.
Consolidated Gas of N. Y.
General Electric
Westinghouse Electric
Western Union Telegraph

MOODY'S COMPOSITE PORTFOLIO RATING "A"

Ask your investment house or bank about

CORPORATE TRUST SHARES

Price at the market

This is one of a group of investment trusts sponsored by

ADMINISTRATIVE AND RESEARCH CORPORATION
120 WALL STREET · NEW YORK

(Continued from page 37)

the cove all right, and get up into the air outside."

"Where are we going?" asked Collette.

N. Grannis laughed.

"Well, any place is better than this," she said. "Don't be afraid of Paddy's flying. No better aviator ever flew a cargo of hooch from Bimini to Florida."

"I'm not," said Collette. "But, N. Grannis—if Paddy says the police—"

"We've got it all doped out, Paddy and I," interrupted N. Grannis. "I engaged him the night before last. I wanted to fly over to Nassau. We had engine trouble and Paddy tried to make it back to Florida. He had to descend. We could only get one cylinder to fire; we taxied slowly back to the mainland; we found you two hanging onto some driftwood. We picked you up. That's all. We'll still be taxi-ing when someone picks us up tomorrow, and there'll be something wrong with the engine, be sure of that. Can we count on you and Miss Draycon?"

"Count on us?" asked Collette, bewildered.

"THAT'S what I said," snapped N. Grannis. "Here's the situation: Paddy, after landing me here, dropped in on some friends of his. But they'll never peep he spent the day there. Our story will stand if you and the girl here stick with us. If you don't—well, I'll be facing plenty, Collette."

"Of course we'll stick," cried Anne.

N. Grannis ignored her.

"It's this way, Collette," she said. "I own this key, but I bought it through a dummy corporation. My name won't ever figure in the ownership of this place. Anybody who could squeal—well, they're all dead, even poor old Jenkel. The bodies will be found sooner or later, and it'll be known that they were the pirates. But I won't be mixed up in it. It all depends on you, Collette; you and Miss Draycon."

"And if we won't do it—if we won't help you with—your alibi, Mrs. Grannis—?" Collette asked.

"Why, in that case," said N. Grannis, "we'll fly you and Miss Draycon right over to Florida. We'll land you on the coast and Paddy and I will try to make Cuba or some other joint where we can hang out for a while."

"You mean that, even if I tell everything, you're still going to take us to Florida?" asked Collette.

"I've threshed that all out with Paddy here," said N. Grannis. "He's against it, but he does what I say, eh, Paddy?"

"The more fool me, and the more fool you, Mrs. Grannis," acquiesced Paddy.

"A grand-stand play, that's what it sounds like, and maybe it is," said N. Grannis. "But—the kid here," she patted Anne's shoulder, "has been through plenty. I'm not going to put her through any more. Only, Collette, if you can manage to tell a few lies—"

"Of course he can," said Anne. "Can't you, Morgan?"

"I certainly can," he said slowly.

"All right then," said N. Grannis. "Now, Miss Draycon, come with me."

Collette stared at her. Violence had reacted upon him now, making him suspicious. He half interposed himself between Anne and the elder woman.

"We can't be picked up in these clothes," she explained. "Miss Draycon must be wearing what she had on when you were picked up. And you can throw away that jacket, Collette. We got a swell story, but there's always someone checking up on everyone in this world—" Ten minutes later the cabin plane had taxied out of the cove and was soaring above the sea.

Dawn was hinted at by a lightening of the clouds when Paddy first spoke.

"I'd say we was thirty miles off Palm Beach," he said. "Looks like a flat enough sea. I guess I'll take her down, Mrs. Grannis, and we'll start limping into port."

It was two hours later that Paddy announced a boat in the distance. Twenty minutes later it had run alongside, and its crew was asking excited questions. The girls and Collette were transferred; whisky was offered to them, and coffee from vacuum bottles, and sweaters and blankets were wrapped about the women.

A fisherman from West Palm Beach, away out in the Gulf Stream in pursuit of the rarely captured big tuna, had the excitement of rescuing them. He and his colored assistant were filled with tales of the piratical attack on the Bonita.

The explosion had attracted attention, and fifty small craft had set out to aid the big yacht. The guests had been taken ashore and a tug had pulled the crippled yacht into port. The fisherman was amazed that government or private planes or boats had not come across the castaways.

"I guess we drifted out a long distance," said Collette.

"You must have," was the reply. "Why, there's been cruisers, and torpedo boats, and planes—darned lucky for you, I'd say, that this plane crashed."

"It was certainly that," agreed Collette.

"You must be Miss Draycon," said the fisherman, looking at Anne. "And you must be Morgan Collette," he added.

Collette nodded assent.

"The papers yesterday afternoon said you two must have been knocked overboard or something," went on the man. "Well, you had a better break than some of the people on the boat."

"Were there—many killed?" asked Collette.

"Four, I think," was the reply. "Why, those gangsters musta been nuts," he said. "No need of killing people—well, they'll be caught all right. And God help them if they're brought back to Florida. I'm telling you, they'll be lynched. Sure as sure, they'll throw necktie parties for them."

THEY were approaching the inlet now. They swept through it into the sparkling waters of Lake Worth. South, along the palmetto-bordered shore, the fishermen sped, to land at length at the Poinciana dock. The idling loungers gaped at sight of them. In a moment the dock buzzed with gossip. Here were two survivors given up for dead.

Anne spoke to N. Grannis.

"You'd better come with me—to the Burmans'," she said.

N. Grannis shook her head.

"You must," insisted Anne. "I mean—you rescued us—it would look funny if we didn't look after you—clothes—things like that—"

Collette took the hint.

"Paddy, I think the Curtins can put you up. It's better—gossip will be stilled—"

He deposited the two girls at the Burman villa, and a little later entered, with Paddy, the patio of the Curtin home. There, haggard, nervous, was his host. He stared unbelievingly at Collette.

"Good God, Morgan, where did you come from? Why—we gave you up—"

"The bad penny," laughed Collette.

"Penny? *Penny?*" said Curtin, wringing his hand. "You mean ten million, don't you? Didn't Cliff ever tell you?"

"Tell me what?" asked the surprised Collette.

"About his will? He left everything to you, Morgan."

(To be concluded next week)

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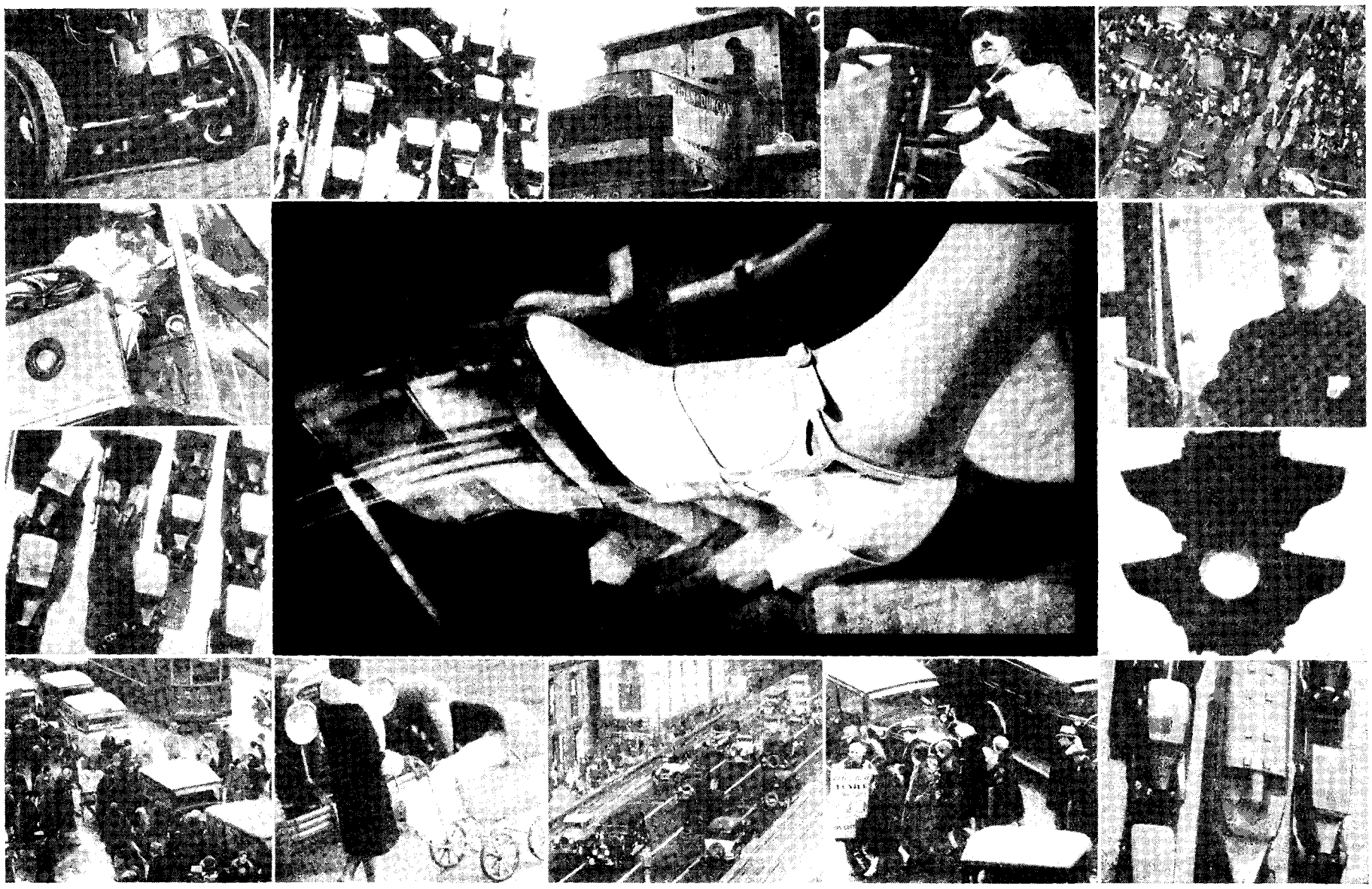
DON'T LET *Clutch Foot* SPOIL THE FUN OF DRIVING



HOW HUPMOBILE'S NEW FREE-WHEELING EMANCIPATES YOU FROM THE CLUTCH . . . PUTS NEW PLEASURE IN MOTORING

Up and down! Brake and de-clutch. Shift and re-clutch! Up and down!

That's what Hupmobile has banished with its New Free-Wheeling transmission.

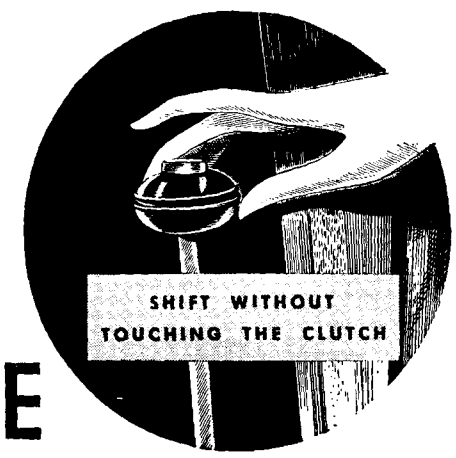
You are no longer a slave to the clutch when you Free-Wheel in the New Hupmobiles. You have to use it only to start or back up. Shifting (second to high or high to second) . . . is accomplished by a flick of the finger.

Just move the gear-shift lever in the usual way . . . and let the clutch alone!

Yet that is but a beginning of Free-Wheeling. Motor drag and vibration are gone. Tenseness has disappeared. You breeze down straightaways, motor idling, foot off the accelerator, traveling on momentum unchecked by the drag of the motor's compression.

You save on gas, oil, tires and motor wear. You arrive at the journey's end fresh and relaxed. You slip through heaviest traffic with open road ease . . . glide over hills and dales with the smoothness of flying.

Yet you pay less . . . not more, as might be expected . . . for Hupmobile's Free-Wheeling. It is standard on all models . . . *and all models are reduced in price!*



Experience Hupmobile's New Free-Wheeling. Ask your Hupmobile dealer for a trial spin to sample for yourself the delights of this new driving thrill.

NEW LOW PRICES

Century Six 70 H. P. Free-Wheeling Sedan $995 . . . Century Eight 90 H. P. Free-Wheeling Sedan $1295 . . . 100 H. P. Eight Free-Wheeling Sedan $1595 . . . 133 H. P. Eight Free-Wheeling Sedan $1895 . . . 133 H. P. Eight Free-Wheeling Custom Sedan $2295. Non-Shatterable glass at slight extra cost. These prices are F. O. B. Factory for standard equipment.

Free-Wheeling HUPMOBILE *Sixes and Eights*

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TOWELS *Fluffed* to airy sweetness!

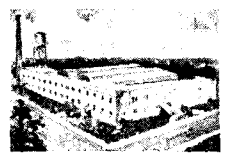
Baby's tender skin rebels at harsh, matted towels. But bath-towels "fluffed dry" by the laundry absorb all moisture without chafing—this special method lifts the pile and gives a soft, caressing surface.

FANNED by currents of warm fresh air . . . as they roll over and over and over in the slowly revolving "tumbler" . . . your bath-towels are fluffed to airy sweetness and softness by this present-day laundry method. This tumbling action loosens and lifts the pile, just as you fluff up a pillow to free the matted feathers. It gives your bath-towels a luxurious, caressing surface.

And every article you send to a present-day laundry receives the same sort of careful handling all the way through. From the moment your clothes arrive until they are returned to you, science is on guard to assure your satisfaction. Use of fresh, rainsoft water in all washing and rinsing—the *multiple-suds method* that gets clothes cleaner without scrubbing or risk to dainty fabrics—non-scorching ironers—these are but a few of the many new developments.

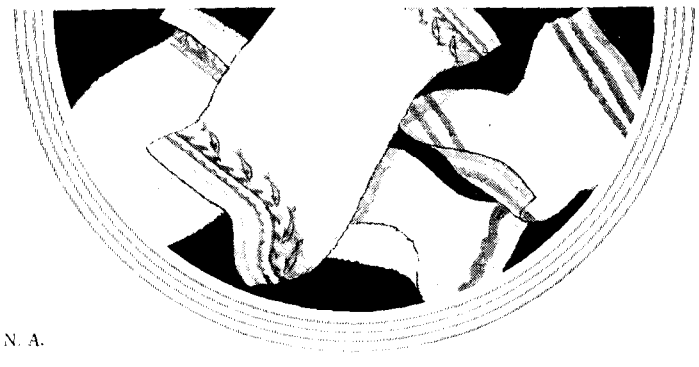
Saves Time and Clothes!

Today, 8 million women "let the Laundry do it." They know this easy way saves their time and protects their clothes. This industry maintains its own laboratories and "proving ground" for the purpose of studying new and improved washday methods. There's a present-day laundry near you, with a special service for every need and every budget. Telephone for washday freedom—today! *Sponsored by the Laundry-owners National Association of the United States and Canada.*



Let the LAUNDRY *do it!*

Above—the Million-Dollar "Proving Ground" of the Laundry Industry, Joliet, Ill.



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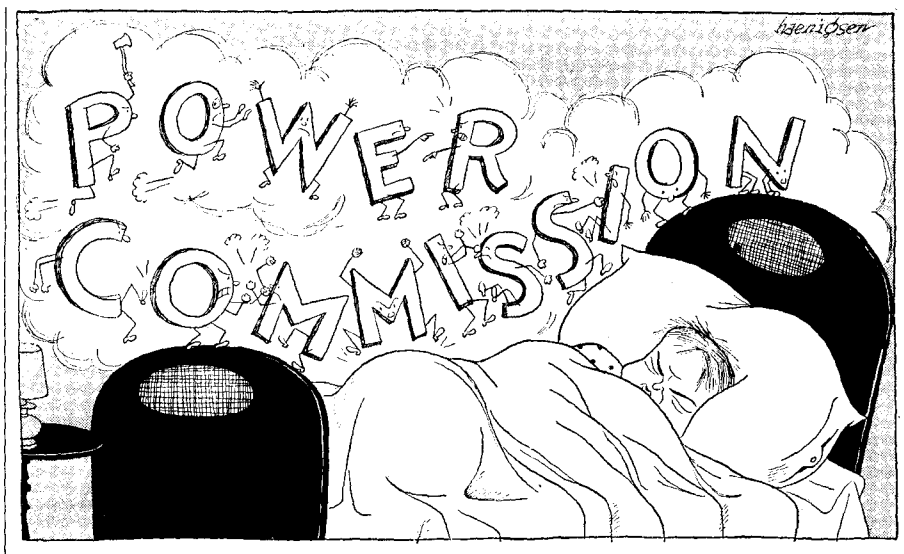

Sins of Commission

By The Gentleman at the Keyhole

THE discharge recently of two minor government employees, Charles Russell and William V. King, the one counsel and the other an accountant of the Federal Power Commission, is a spark in a whole armory of explosives that may strew the land with political wreckage.

The old power commission was composed of three Cabinet members, of whom the most important was Dr. Wilbur, Secretary of the Interior. This commission was attacked by the Progressive element in both parties and by the more liberal newspapers as too friendly to the power interests, as working to restrict the regulation of power companies. Congress legislated this commission out of office and created a new commission of five members.

The President sent the names of five appointees to the Senate, which confirmed three and delayed, briefly, confirming the other two. Within a few hours after their confirmation the three commissioners, without waiting to be joined by their two prospective colleagues, fired Russell and King.

Russell and King had furnished the data for most of the anti-power agitation in Washington. King seems to have been an honest accountant who persisted in bringing out exactly what the accounts of power companies showed, without regard to consequences. Russell was a more irritating person, the kind of man who always carries on a campaign. He had associations with the Progressive senators and with the correspondents of liberal newspapers. Most of the criticism of Dr. Wilbur as head of the old commission, in the press and on the floor of the Senate, originated in the work of these two men.

By Whose Order?

Their discharge, in the hasty way it was effected, provoked wrath in the Senate. It was pointed to as evidence that the Administration was a servant of the power interests. The Senate, evidently without any legal justification, insisted that it had a right to reconsider its vote confirming the three power commissioners and demanded that the President send their names back to it. The President refused to do so.

The purpose of the Progressives and the Democrats who made up the majority demanding reconsideration was to put the President on the defensive regarding power and to make the country conscious of power as a political issue.

There are reasons for thinking that the discharge of Russell and King was the result of an order from above. In the first place, Dr. George Otis Smith, chairman of the new commission, had promised various persons to take no important action until all five commissioners were in office. In the next place, Russell went to Senator Wheeler and the other Progressives, soliciting their support of Dr. Smith while his confirmation was pending, saying that he was asked to do so by Dr. Smith. It is hardly likely that Dr. Smith knew at this time that he was going, as his first act, to fire his emissary. The extraordinary character of the act, the extreme discourtesy shown to the two unconfirmed commissioners, suggests imperative pressure.

Who gave the orders? Circumstances point to Dr. Wilbur. He had the greatest reason for being displeased with Russell and King. Dr. Smith, as head of the Geological Survey, had been, up to the time of his appointment, a subordinate of Dr. Wilbur. It was Dr. Smith who prevailed on the other two commissioners to agree to the discharge. The Progressive senators insist that the order came from the President. But evidence is lacking.

Incredible Stupidity

Probably Russell should have been discharged if the commission and not he was to form the Federal policy. He had become a hero in his own eyes. But the commission should have taken time to inform itself before acting. Its precipitancy was incredibly stupid.

The results have been disastrous. The new commission has been discredited from its inception. And not only discredited but hopelessly divided. The two commissioners who were ignored are naturally resentful.

The commission, frightened by the outcry in the Senate, subsequently restored King to his job. This was only a confession that failed to be an avoidance.

The power companies lose by what was done. In one dramatic act power was made such an issue as it never has been before. It is incredible that they could have wished the suspicion of the country raised against them. There is no reason to believe that President Hoover is unduly friendly to the power interests. He is at most conservative, and opposes government operation.

But the Senate has directed suspicion at him. The Hearst press, formerly supporting him, denounces him as a tool of the power trust. The Scripps press, once his advocate, is equally vehement in making the same accusation. He has ample reason to take off somebody's head for this egregious blunder. The Progressives have one plank for a platform if they wish to start a new party.

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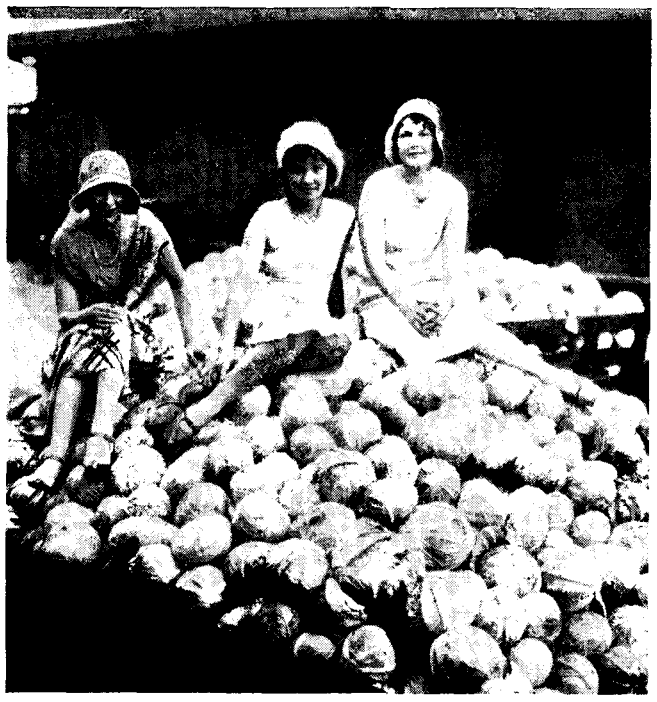

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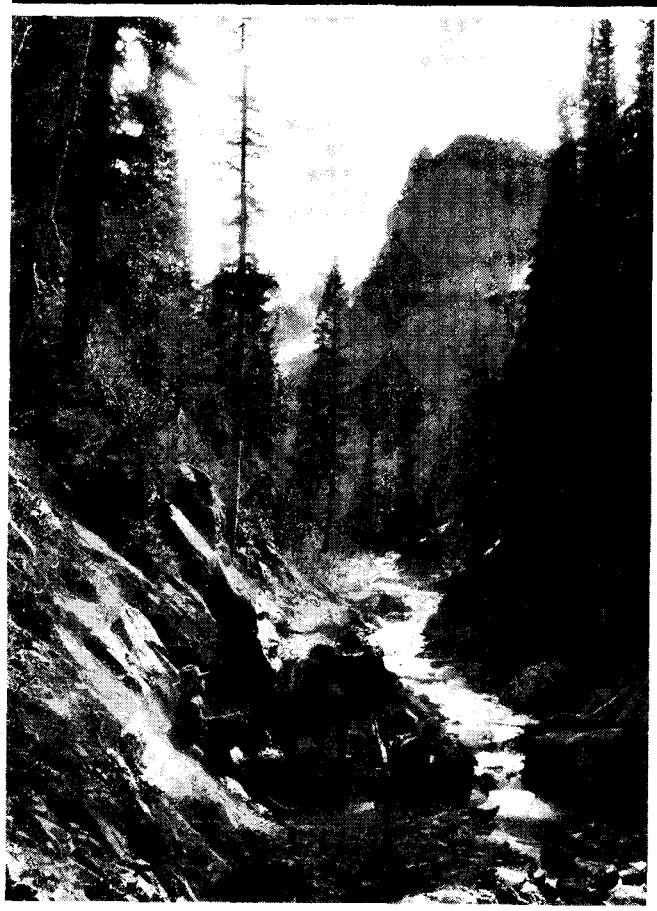

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United Drug Company products are sold only at Rexall Drug Stores. Liggett and Owl Stores are also Rexall Stores. There is one near you.

Yu'an Hee See Laughs

Continued from page 9

"Great Scott!" said Kearney. "That's pretty clever.'

"Saddled by our grandmotherly legislation, I did the next best thing. I advised a pal of mine—Freeman, of the Customs at Sydney—to do what we couldn't do. What happened?" He glanced about the bar again suspiciously. "The stuff was taken off at the last moment! I got news at the Yard two hours ago."

"But surely you can do something now?"

"I can!" Haig returned.

HE GRINNED again and emptied his tankard.

"Open the cases?"

"Oh, no! 'Mrs. Moggridge,' who makes our snappy laws, would never allow such a thing!"

"Then what?"

"This: if I can get evidence tonight—evidence I know to be there—I'll search the premises to which the 'pottery' has been moved. *Then*, I can open the cases!"

"Didn't you say the name was King?"

Haig nodded.

"Messrs. King's warehouse adjoins the establishment of Jo Lung, otherwise 'Shanghai Jo.' Jo Lung is the lad I'm after."

"*Who is Jo Lung?*"

"I thought," said Haig, sorrowfully regarding the speaker, "you were supposed to be an authority on Chinatown?"

Kearney smiled.

"I've written it up for my paper," he confessed. (He was London correspondent for the New York Universe.) "But I seem to have overlooked Jo Lung!"

"Don't wonder!" Haig admitted. "He's not an easy man to know. Apart from which, he isn't the prime mover. The big chief is the man who supervised the removal of those cases from the Wallaroo tonight."

"And who is the big chief?"

Dawson Haig seemed to hesitate; then:

"As I'm not sure, I won't answer," he replied. "Let's stick to facts."

The two firemen, supporting each other lovingly, at this moment reeled out of the bar, inclined to song sentimentally reminiscent of earlier days. As they disappeared, their quavering voices sounded from the foggy street:

"The roses round the doc-o-er
Make me love Mother mo-o-er. . . ."

Fog swallowed men and song, and the "doc-o-er" reopened to admit a customer who, judging from externals, appeared to belong to the same trade as the vocalists. A seafaring man evidently, but, in this case, sober. He walked up to the bar and called for a glass of bitter beer.

The barman served him and retired.

"O. K., Norwich?" said Haig, addressing the new arrival.

Kearney started and stared from face to face; then:

"The lorry's back in King's yard, Inspector," the man reported, "and being unloaded."

Dawson Haig nodded, and turning to the melancholy citizen who smoked his pipe silently beneath the picture gallery of famous fighters:

"Join us, Wickham," he directed sharply. "All clear."

The man sprang up promptly, and Haig grinned into the bewildered face of Kearney.

"My own methods," he said. "The only way to deal with an Oriental criminal." Then, to Wickham: "Got the card from Bernardson?"

"Got it at nine o'clock, Inspector, and came straight here. But I'm afraid I shall have to take your place on the Jo Lung job—"

"What d'you mean?" Haig asked sharply.

"The chief sent for me just as I was leaving. They've got the missing witness in the Bond Street case. You're to report back at once."

"Damn!" said Dawson Haig. "Also blast it! The Bond Street case is a fleabite to what I know underlies this! Ah, well!"

He emptied his tankard; then:

"Can you talk like a Chicago gunman, Wickham?" he asked.

"Afraid not, sir! Lancashire sees me out."

"What about you, Norwich?"

"I was counting on *you*, Inspector!"

"Hell!" said Dawson Haig; when:

"Obviously," Matt Kearney interrupted, "you're forgetting *me!* I don't claim to talk like a Chicago gunman, but I have, I'm told, a recognizable American accent."

Haig hesitated, staring; then:

"By heaven!" said he, "my bumping into you tonight has been a double blessing! Wickham"—he glanced at the latter—"*you'll come back in the car with* me. Norwich, carry on—but with Mr. Kearney here in my place. And now, Kearney, listen: here's priceless 'copy' for you—though I don't know how you're going to get back!"

"It doesn't matter, I'll find a way."

"You'll have to gamble on a stray taxi. But this is what I want you to do. . . ."

A HEAVY wooden gate set in a high, old brick wall, did not look very promising. Partially defaced by time and weather, the name "J. Lung" might still with difficulty be read thereupon. Just beside the inscription was an electric bell button, and to this Norwich applied his finger.

"Don't forget the American accent, sir," he whispered.

"I can't!" Kearney replied. "So they tell me here."

There was no reply to Detective-Sergeant Norwich's ringing.

"Are you sure?" Kearney whispered. "It seems a most unearthly hour to receive business visitors."

"It's the usual hour, here," Norwich assured him—and again pressed the bell.

Suddenly a small door, set in one wing of the greater one, opened quite silently inward. The light of a flashlight of that pattern carried by the police shone into their faces. Behind the lamp, indistinguishable in the darkness, appeared a stooping figure, shadowy.

"What you want, please?" asked a soft, monotonous voice.

Peering hard, Matt Kearney made out that the speaker wore a dark blue turban. He realized that the doorkeeper was not, as one might have anticipated, a Chinaman, but an Arab *bowwab*.

"Mr. Jo Lung," Norwich replied distinctly. "I have brought him a customer from the United States."

The *bowwab* turned light upon the speaker's face, and:

"I don't see you here before," he commented.

"Maybe not." Norwich returned. "But I come from Mr. Bernardson. Take a look at this."

He held out a card. Bony brown fingers grasped it and placed it in the light, then:

"All right," said the guardian of the gateway. "Please come in."

The two stepped over the wooden ledge into a little courtyard. This they crossed, mounted four stone steps and entered a little, dimly lighted passage having a window with an iron grating overlooking the courtyard.

"Please wait," said the *bowwab*, and extinguishing his lantern he put it on a ledge.

He went out, leaving them together in the dimly lighted room. Shuffling footsteps died away in some dark place beyond, and Kearney was about to speak when Norwich shook his head urgently, in warning.

And so they stood there in silence. It was a queer sort of silence, Kearney determined. He wondered why he had volunteered to come. It was the sort of silence which one would imagine to prevail in a remote jungle when a traveler passed through—quiet leopards lying along branches, waiting and wondering; cobras coiled high above—watching; monkeys, parrakeets, from their loftier hiding-places—stilled, but watching.

And so, standing there in this oppressive hush, a long way off in the building Kearney heard a sound.

Although at first he failed to identify it, *immediately he knew that it was horrible.* It was a very high sound, between a piping and a squeal, higher than the note of a rat. It was, paradoxically, so shrill as to be nearly inaudible.

Then, suddenly, he knew of what it reminded him . . . the amplified squeak of a bat! It was chilling; terrifying; in some way unclean.

He exchanged a rapid glance with Norwich.

And Norwich stood like a man petrified, his gaze set upon the doorway by which the Arab had gone out, and from beyond which this incredible sound seemed to proceed.

"For God's sake, what was it?" Kearney whispered.

"I can't imagine, sir. . . . Ssh! Someone coming!"

"It sounds like . . . laughter . . ."

THE emporium of Jo Lung was incredible as a fairy tale. It occupied all the rooms on two floors of a rambling old building—eight or nine rooms in all, and each one literally crammed with treasures.

Here were lacquer cabinets, chests and caskets, antique and modern, each one a choice piece; Damascened swords, Venetian goblets, whole services of Ming porcelain; prayer carpets of a quality seldom seen outside a museum; a collection of books in exquisite bindings.

A highly civilized and well-dressed Greek did the honors.

"Mr. Jo Lung is unfortunately away," he explained. "But if I can help, I am at your service."

He held the magic card of admission between finger and thumb.

"I am obliged to Mr. Bernardson and"—bowing to Norwich—"obliged to you, sir, for bringing your American friend. No doubt"—turning to Kearney, who was endeavoring to hide his bewilderment—"you have a definite idea of what you are seeking?"

Kearney conquered his astonishment. He endeavored to recall Dawson Haig's instructions. Jo Lung was the biggest "fence"—or dealer in stolen goods—in all London! Surprise visits had never yet caught him napping. This was a

(Continued on page 11)

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He wanted to do honor to LINCOLN

Interior of Lincoln Memorial at Washington, D. C.

FOR an hour before the train reached Washington, the boy's eyes were shining with eagerness. Even the thrill of Harpers Ferry was forgotten. He was going to Washington; going to do honor to Lincoln. His grandfather had shaken hands with Lincoln.

His visit to the Lincoln Memorial was the visit of a pilgrim to a shrine.

It is a pity for any youngster to grow up in America without having been to Washington. In fact, every adult would be a better citizen for an occasional visit to the many beautiful and historical points of interest to be seen in the nation's capital.

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The B&O

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Yu'an Hee See Laughs

Continued from page 42

new move. Detective-Sergeant Norwich had memorized a long list of stolen jewelry—principally foreign; and their job was to try to identify even one item in Jo's emporium. On this Haig could act . . . and the cases of opium lay in an adjoining yard!

"My friend, Mr. Bronsen, has several commissions," said Norwich. (Matt Kearney was "Mr. Bronsen.") "But mostly colored gems."

"Yes," Kearney broke in. "I'm commissioned by a New York client to complete a collection of sapphires."

"Sapphires!" The Greek raised heavy eyebrows. "I fear I am unfortunate. If Mr. Jo Lung were here he might be able to help you. But to the best of my knowledge we have few sapphires in stock at present. They are not," he smiled slightly, "very profitable just now."

"None at all, eh?" said Norwich. "That's disappointing."

"I did not say none. There may be three or four odd ones. Not, I gather," smiling at Kearney, "of the quality you seek. However, you shall see."

They passed along a corridor lighted by unshaded bulbs, on the walls of which were draped exquisite specimens from the looms of the Persian carpet weavers. They went down three naked wooden steps and picked a way through what seemed to be a collection of lamps—lamps of perforated brass, of silver and of gold; round lamps, square lamps, pyramidal lamps; lamps from Arabia, from China and from Japan. Some were encrusted with semiprecious stones, some paned with colored glass; some, principally those of silver, unembellished but exquisitely wrought.

Detective-Sergeant Norwich was all eyes.

THEY entered a room resembling a small shop. And the Greek, stepping behind a narrow counter, pulled out a tray from beneath and opened it for the visitors' inspection.

It was as he did so that the almost insupportable *silence* began to bear down again upon Kearney. The treasure-house of Jo Lung was the most *silent* place he had ever known in the heart of a city. Its silence was uncanny.

"Unless Mr. Lung has others in the safe"—the Greek was speaking—"these are the only colored gems in stock at present. We have diamonds, of course, but I gather you are not interested in diamonds?"

Norwich pinched Kearney's arm, and:

"No," he replied; "mostly sapphires at the moment."

He bent over the tray, listening to the silence. Later, he was to realize what he really listened for. It was for a repetition of that ghastly laughter.

Now, resting his eyes upon the jewels, he suppressed an exclamation in the nick of time.

The tray was arranged with some artistic care, and in its center, under the harsh, unshaded lamp which the Greek had switched on blazed a group of amazingly matched fire opals. Kearney clenched his teeth and bent lower, peering down.

Here lay evidence to justify a search of Jo Lung's premises! Beyond any possibility of mistake, this was the "Dakenham necklace"—the famous rope of opals which his Aunt Hilda—Lady Dakenham—had taken with her upon the ill-fated voyage of the American yacht, Miss Minnesota, lost with all hands in the Persian Gulf, less than a year before!

Yet—a query leapt to his brain—*was* it evidence?

"You are admiring the opals?"

The Greek's voice seemed to come from a great distance. Kearney pulled himself together, and:

"Yes," he said, and met the unblinking gaze of the man's dark eyes. "If I were buying opals, I should buy these."

"You would be wise. But you know Mr. Lung's methods of business?"

"Yes. Even if I wanted to buy, I haven't the cash!" He was cool enough now. He added, "These sapphires are indifferent. I'm sorry."

The Greek replaced the tray, and:

"Perhaps you will honor us with a visit, Mr. Bronsen, next time you visit England," he suggested. "Special requirements such as yours cannot always be met at short notice."

He smiled unconcernedly, switched off the light and led them back along the carpet-lined corridor to an unlighted room filled with cases which appeared to contain gold and silver plate.

Beyond were more descending stairs, and their guide had already touched a switch controlling a lamp above them, when:

"What have you here?" Norwich asked curiously—"in these cases?"

Kearney was slightly ahead when the Greek paused and looked back. As a result Kearney, but neither of his companions, observed a little memo-book bound in green leather lying upon the first step.

Without attracting their attention, he stooped quickly, picked it up, and slipped it in his pocket. Here, perhaps, was evidence!

In the act of turning to rejoin Norwich, who was examining a massive salver which the Greek had taken from a case, something—a slight sound—prompted Kearney to glance across the shadow-haunted expanse of the big room below.

It opened directly out of the lobby of the *bowwab* and contained miscellaneous bulky exhibits; a vast place in which only that one light was burning. Its dim reflection touched a distant landing.

And on this landing a woman stood!

She was encased, mummy-like, in a long, clinging fur coat, of what Kearney took to be brown ermine. Her blue-black hair was brushed straight back from her brow; her small, chiseled features resembled a pale cameo but her lips were poppy red. Unfathomable eyes were represented only by straight, nearly horizontal shadows; and one singularly long, white, ghostly hand rested on her hip.

He stared—stared again . . . and the apparition had gone!

Had she been watching him? Had she seen him pick up the book? Or, had she any real existence at all?—was she a product of his excited imagination?

IN a soundproof room, well but simply furnished as an office, a man sat before a large desk. The room was in darkness except for a shaded lamp upon this desk. Beside it stood the woman Kearney had seen. Near the woman was a mechanism which at first glance one would have taken for a radio set. The seated man, his bowed back to the room, was engaged in manipulating this apparatus; and suddenly, as a result of manipulation, a voice broke the silence:

"I hope to see you again on your next visit, Mr. Bronsen," said the voice.

It was that of the Greek.

"Sure thing. I'll be here."

That was Kearney.

There came a creaking sound of footsteps and the slam of a closing door. The visitors had gone. Indeed, at this moment, were crossing the little courtyard and being ushered out into the street by the sinister Arab *bowwab*.

The door opened. A man slipped in—a stalwart Chinaman, moderately well dressed in European clothes, who might, at some time, have been a sailor. He had the masklike, immobile features of his race and calling.

The man at the table disconnected the apparatus, and swung about in his revolving chair. A soft black hat lay upon the carpet with a fur-lined overcoat having a deep astrakhan collar. This man's skin resembled the peel of a dried lemon; his jet-black hair was stretched back from a receding forehead. Half-closed eyes were like slits in the yellow face, and his lips were red and beautifully formed, their redness accentuated by a small, black, bow-shaped mustache which arched above them.

IT WAS a smiling face, but something in it inspired terror in the new arrival, upon whom those half-closed eyes were now turned.

Fully opened, those eyes were terrifying.

Some might have found it hard to define wherein their terror lay. Except that they seemed to be super-normally bright, they were, in an animal fashion, fine eyes. Their dreadful quality consisted in one simple difference: their whites were *really white*—whereas that part of the normal human eye is invariably tinted. The result, being phenomenal, was horrifying.

The man in the revolving chair spoke slowly, and his voice, like his eyes, was super-normal. He was a big man for a Chinese, and fleshy . . . but spoke in a key in which Caruso sang!

"What did I tell you, my friend? Your mean soul said, 'It is business.' I said, 'It is a plot.'"

"I was considering Excellency's interests."

"And this," continued the flutelike voice, "is how you consider them. You admit a disguised police officer and a stranger tonight—tonight, above all other nights!"

"I believed—"

"I never accept excuses. Ah!"

A muffled bell rang.

"Open the door. Here is Polodos."

The Chinaman opened a baize-covered door, admitting the immaculate Greek. As he entered:

"You were wrong, Jo Lung," he said to the one who had opened for him. He turned to the man at the desk. "Excellency was right. The card was certainly obtained by fraud. Of one man I can say nothing, but the other was a detective."

"Ah!" came the reed voice. And the speaker stood up, his eyes half closing again. "I am sure of it . . . I was listening to every word!"

He pointed to the apparatus on the table.

"No harm has been done, my lord," the Greek continued. "I was cautious. It is regrettable, but it was remedied."

The baleful glance of those half-shut eyes was directed again upon Jo Lung, and:

"Tonight, it is *more* than regrettable," the reed voice declared. "This is the second mistake of a disastrous day. The first was the shipment of valuable goods in the Wallaroo. My plans, my careful plans—to be destroyed by fools!"

(To be continued next week)

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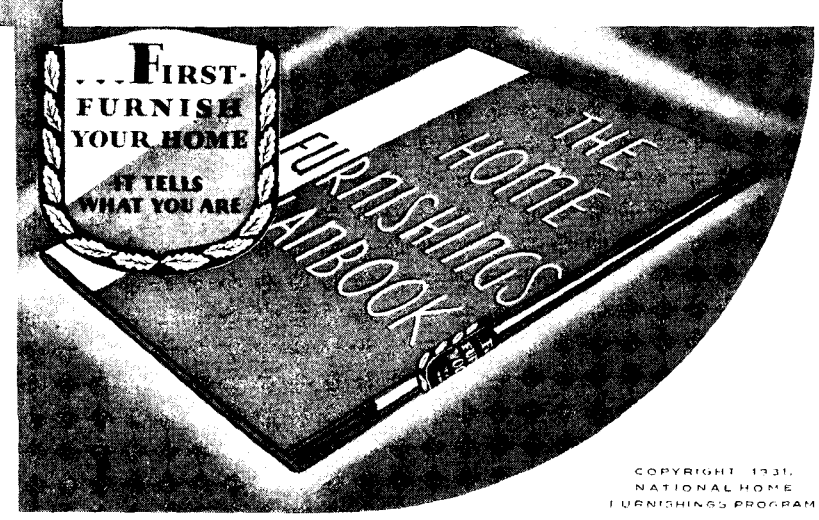

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HER TRAINING TABLE IS AT THE "RITZ" . . . YET SHE HAS 'ATHLETE'S FOOT'

SHE does a daily marathon of calls and social duties in a motor car. She is active in charities and the plans of the Younger Set. Naturally, this takes a good deal of running around—but seldom with her feet.

Yet this charming member of the *haut-monde* has an unmistakable case of "Athlete's Foot." Not that she knows what it is. She only realizes that her nicety is offended by a strange, moist whiteness between her little toes. And, like a breath of scandal on the dainty feet, there is even *itching*. If she only knew it, millions of other immaculate people have been afflicted with this same infection.

Are YOU guarding against this stealthy infection, so easily tracked into homes?

"Athlete's Foot" may attack any of us because, unlike most diseases, it persists in the cleanest places. A tiny vegetable parasite, *tinea trichophyton*, generally causes this ringworm infection and it thrives on *the edges of showers and swimming pools*; on locker- and dressing-room floors; in gymnasiums. And from all these places it is continually tracked into countless homes. It may live and thrive for months in your own spick-and-span bathroom; and it causes infection and re-infection with great persistence. In fact the U. S. Public Health Service has reported that "*probably half of all adults suffer from ringworm at some time.*"

It has been found that Absorbine Jr. KILLS this ringworm germ

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways. Sometimes by redness between the toes; sometimes tiny, itching blisters. Again, the skin may turn white, thick and moist; or it may develop dryness, with little scales or skin-cracks. All of these conditions, it is agreed, are generally caused by the ringworm germ. And exhaustive laboratory tests have shown that Absorbine Jr. *penetrates* fleshlike tissues deeply, and wherever it penetrates it *kills* the ringworm germ. Results in actual cases confirm these laboratory tests.

Examine *your* feet tonight for symptoms of "Athlete's Foot." At the first sign of any *one* symptom, begin the free use of Absorbine Jr.—douse it on morning and night and *after every exposure of your bare feet on damp floors*. If the infection does not yield quickly, see your doctor.

SPECIAL WINTER TREATMENT

"Athlete's Foot" doesn't spread so easily in winter. But the germ can hibernate in your home. Now's a good time to rid yourself of sources of re-infection. Do these things now:

(1) Sprinkle Absorbine Jr. on your toes every morning and evening.

(2) If *you wear socks or stockings that can* be boiled, boil them 15 minutes to kill this hardy germ.

(3) Sprinkle Absorbine Jr. generously *inside* your shoes at night.

Absorbine Jr. has been so effective that substitutes are sometimes offered. Don't expect relief from a "just as good." There is nothing else like Absorbine Jr. You can get it at all drug stores—$1.25 a bottle. For a free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 357 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

Absorbine Jr.

FOR YEARS HAS RELIEVED SORE MUSCLES, MUSCULAR ACHES, BRUISES, BURNS, CUTS, SPRAINS, ABRASIONS

The Tiger on the Mountains

Continued from page 24

"When's the next move?" he asked cheerfully.

"See those three men?" Peter Hames inquired, without even glancing in their direction.

"Those three monkeys chattering themselves into a fever over a glass of syrup? I see them. It don't seem to me they're going to spit any blood."

"That's your ignorance of these parts," Peter Hames confided. "They're natives of the principality, and there isn't one of them who hasn't a knife in his pocket—maybe a gun, too, for anything I know, but they're handier with the knife. We're going to follow them."

"Where?"

"Into a room upstairs—or rather we're going into the next room. Now, hold your breath. You're in this business, and you may as well know what there is to be known. Ever hear of Lotarde?"

"Tiger Lotarde, the anarchist?"

"That's the fellow."

"Hear of him! God help us, what a question!" Paddy Collins exclaimed. "I was detailed to get his story the day after that explosion in Wall Street. I saw him in Sing Sing before he escaped. I knew him before that. I went across to Chicago to try and run his gang to earth. They were protected there. If I had written the story I got from Lotarde himself, it would have been back to the old country for me, or a knife in my back. What about him?"

"You may see him tonight, that's all," Peter Hames replied. "If he's a pal of yours, you'd better quit."

"A pal of mine—the dirty fox! Vile little skunk!" the Irishman declared, spitting with abject disgust into a sawdust-filled receptacle. "He went against me. Told me in Sing Sing that he'd given orders to have me knifed before I left Chicago—told me that while he was sitting in his cell!"

"You're in luck. You may get your own back on him before we're through. It is his show we're up against."

A DOOR leading into the back premises of the café, at right angles to the bar, was slowly opened. The men who were talking so eagerly together stopped and looked up expectantly. A woman stood on the threshold—gray-haired, with a fat, evil face and bent shoulders. She held a shawl around her neck, extended a forefinger and pointed upward. With that she disappeared, and, one by one, the three men passed through the door which the old woman had left open.

"So that's that!" Peter Hames muttered. "Lotarde has arrived."

"Never did I imagine," Paddy Collins reflected, "that Lotarde and I could ever be sheltered by the same roof."

"He's upstairs, and there's mischief brewing," Peter Hames assured him, "and listen, my friend, I met you only an hour or so ago, at a bar, and you talked impulsively for a few minutes. Just remember this. It's not too late to walk away and wash out those few sentences. If you go through with this—and why you should I don't know, for it's not your affair—it will be life or death for us, perhaps, within half an hour; certainly within a week."

The Irishman laughed until the corners of his eyes crinkled.

"I see myself quitting!" he scoffed. "I'm for fighting any man or any men, with their own weapons at any moment. My blood's gone stagnant with these civilized ways."

Once more the door opened—more slowly this time. More slowly still, the old woman pushed out her head. Her face was like the face of a gnome, but in her pendulous, sagging lip and bleared eyes there was a new expression. She was afraid. Her stubby forefinger, however, pointed upward. Peter Hames drained his glass.

"Here's luck to us," he murmured. "Come on, Collins."

The Irishman followed cheerfully. The woman had left them—muttering to herself and apparently ill at ease after that one fierce word of warning whispered into her ear by Peter Hames. The latter led the way up a narrow staircase, turned the handle of a door, and entered a small, filthy bedroom. He closed the door behind him, and opened a cupboard. Inside the boxlike aperture was a dangling wire from what seemed to be a telephone instrument.

"Home-made microphone, Collins," he confided. "Only one of us can listen. I've started this business, so I'll be that one. Close the door. I shall hear when they leave off talking, and I'll hold out my hand. Be prepared then, in case they've tumbled to it that there's anyone about. Remember, we're expecting Mademoiselle Anna and Mademoiselle Fifine to come up."

THERE was a silence in that shabby little room which seemed to have qualities of its own. Peter Hames listened with fierce and riveted attention. Paddy Collins, seated on the edge of the bed, watched the door. Time went by uncounted. Suddenly, Peter Hames stepped backward quickly, closed the door of the cupboard and came out into the room.

"All serene, Paddy," he reported. "They've tumbled to nothing. Don't breathe. Don't make a sound. Let them get down to the café."

The two men stood tense and alert. They heard the footsteps pass on the crazy landing. Suddenly, without a moment's warning, the rearmost of the Monégasques kicked open the door of the bedroom, stood upon the threshold, glanced suspiciously at Collins, and burst into a storm of excited questions. The Irishman listened in puzzled silence for a few seconds. Then he stooped, lifted the man in his arms, and threw him down the staircase.

"I couldn't tell what else to do with him," he remarked apologetically to Hames—"talking a lot of gibberish like that to a decent man. He was too small to hit anyway."

"Get behind, you fool!" Peter Hames muttered. "Lotarde may recognize you. I'll see to this."

He stepped on to the landing. All of the conspirators now were creeping up the stairs, and there was a very evil look in the face of the nearest. Peter Hames gave them no time to ask questions. He addressed them in fluent French.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I apologize for my friend, but what would you? We have a rendezvous here with two young ladies from the bar. Already we have waited nearly half an hour. My friend does not speak French. He thought that the man who forced his way in had been keeping the girls away."

Almost as Hames finished speaking, there was the sound of soft footsteps along the crazy passage, and the red light of a cigarette through the gloom behind. Mademoiselle Anna made her appearance. She stopped short.

"But you call this a rendezvous!" she demanded angrily. "Have you brought the whole of Beausoleil to see me?"

Peter caught her wrist.

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"Mademoiselle, do not go," he begged. "One of the gentlemen made a mistake. The affair, I trust, is explained," he added, turning to them. "Be so good as to enter, mademoiselle."

He pointed to the bedroom. The little party of men were full of apologies. Peace suddenly reigned. They descended. Peter Hames followed Mademoiselle Anna, stepped swiftly past her to the cupboard, tore down the wire and the little instrument, and flung both under the bed.

"We are well out of this," he exclaimed. "As usual, mademoiselle, you turned up exactly at the right time. Now, will you show us the way out through the kitchens? The rest I leave to you."

She laughed.

"Follow me," she enjoined. "Afterward I shall go to the bar and make my complaints. Madame will be furious to have this, my first little affair, interfered with."

They passed down some rickety back stairs on tiptoe. Mademoiselle Anna opened a door, and they went out into the night.

"We are over the first hurdle," Peter Hames whispered, as he grasped his companion's arm, "but, after what I've heard through that amazing little instrument, you'll have to pray to all the saints in your calendar, Paddy, to bring us safely over the next one."

FLAT on their stomachs in the shadow of a tumbled mass of rock, a few yards above one of the narrow, winding roads, the most dangerous in Europe, which zigzag from Monte Carlo to Eze and beyond, Peter Hames and the Irishman, having disposed of their car, lay cheek by cheek. The whole panorama of the place lay stretched beneath them—the black rock, the harbor lights, the glittering casino, the electric standards in the avenues. Below, on the coast road, they could trace for miles, the lights of moving vehicles. They could hear, even, in the still, clear atmosphere, the night murmur of insects hundreds of feet below.

"Now your time has come, Paddy," Peter Hames whispered. "There's no eavesdropping here, and you shall know exactly what we're up against. Have you heard of the trouble between the Monégasques and the reigning family here?"

"Why, sure I have," Paddy acknowledged. "I went up to the palace to get a story, and it wasn't any too polite I found them."

"Which is in the right," Peter Hames went on, "I don't know. Everything here is done by means of petitions, and just as the Monégasques are preparing another petition, along comes Lotarde. In less than two days he's got them all worked up. They were excited enough in their small way before, but they lapped up his poison as though it were mother's milk. There's no more talk of petitions or deputations. They're out for murder, and they've chosen tonight to bring it off, and within fifty yards of this place for the scene."

Paddy Collins rubbed his hands softly together. The joy of battle was creeping into his veins.

"The dirty skunk of an anarchist!" he muttered. "Begad, Peter Hames, if you'd told me as much last night I'd have had the life out of him on those stairs."

"He'd have shot you before you got near," his companion rejoined quietly. "Besides, there was no proof—just our word against theirs. These royalties have been warned to keep within their own walls for a time, but, whatever their faults may be, they don't lack courage. You see the château above us. They are dining there tonight—the two young people and His Royal Highness. I watched their car go up at half past eight—unguarded, if you please, but driven at a great pace. In less than half an hour they will be returning. We shall see the light flash out from the château when they start. You notice that corner—I could chuck a pine cone into it—exactly below us?"

"Well?"

"The idea is to put some sort of an obstacle just round the bend. The car is to smash into it, and then they start the shooting. There'll be seven of them."

The Irishman grinned.

"There won't be seven on their legs a few seconds after we show ourselves," he bragged.

A SLIGHT hiss of indrawn breath—otherwise silence. Both men watched the dark shapes of two motor cars without lights which had climbed the hill and were now drawn up close below them. They counted the descending figures—eight men altogether. One by one they disappeared into a little growth of scrub, carrying something which seemed to be like a coil of rope. When they emerged, they had evidently attached it to some hidden obstacle. Straining and groaning, they dragged it across the road, until it reached from the overhanging bank halfway across—an iron railway chain, which must have weighed at least half a ton. Peter Hames was uneasy. He had expected something less formidable.

"We can't move that," he muttered.

"Better have a go at them right away," Collins urged. "I've marked Lotarde. He's there, all in black, with a black béret. I want him."

Peter Hames' grip was almost unnecessarily hard.

"This is my show, Collins," he insisted. "Listen! We are going to crawl through the scrub here another forty yards higher. We can stop the car on the bend above them. We'll let them know what the trouble is, and then we can tackle this crowd below. We can't afford to risk being done in before they come. Follow me."

They made their way slowly some thirty yards. Once Collins dislodged a pebble, which clattered into the road. The little party below were startled, but only momentarily. Their task was completed. They all crawled back into the scrub. Another ten yards of painful progress, and a little belt of scrubby pines concealed Peter Hames and his companion from the upper road.

"Now we're safe," the former whispered, "and we're only just in time."

WITH a blaze of lights from the château above, and the sound of a motor horn, twin lamps appeared, curving down the long drive, and remained visible, threading their tortuous way to right and left, but always descending. Peter Hames groaned as he noticed the pace at which the car was being driven.

"Unless they'll stop for us," he said, "they'll smash right into that thing. There's no one on God's earth can help them then. Follow me, Paddy."

They slipped from the scrub and the rough ground on to the road. Both had electric torches, and both kept their fingers upon the switches. As the oncoming car swung round the last corner, they both turned on their lights. Almost instantly they heard the grinding of brakes. Peter Hames glanced anxiously over his shoulder and downward.

"Those fellows will know there's something up," he muttered. "It can't be helped."

The car came skidding down the hill, slackening its speed more and more as the brakes began to hold. It was almost at a standstill when the two men dis-

(Continued on page 48)

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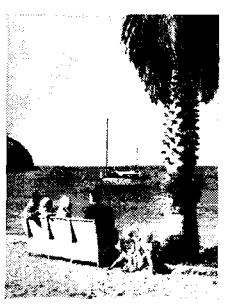

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(Continued from page 47)

closed themselves. Peter Hames at once addressed the chauffeur and his companion upon the box. He spoke in rapid French:

"There is an ambush of men just below, who mean mischief. They have an iron chain across the right-hand side of the road. When you turn the next corner, keep absolutely to the left, and then you can pass. Wait whilst I speak to your passengers."

"*Mais c'est Monsieur le Prince et la Princesse,*" the man expostulated.

"I know," Hames replied impatiently. "Go on directly I've spoken to them, only instead of keeping to the proper side of the road, keep to the left, and you'll just clear it. They'll be so surprised they'll let you pass."

The window of the car had been lowered. Peter Hames stepped back.

"Sorry, sir," he explained. "There's an ambush of some of your dissatisfied citizens just below, and I'm afraid they mean mischief. They've blocked the road, but I've told your man how to pass. If there's any trouble, we shall be there. If you've any arms in the carriage, get them ready; if not, make a dash for it."

"Who are you?" the man who was leaning out of the window asked.

Peter Hames waved the chauffeur on.

"My friend and I don't matter," he answered. "You'll know all about us later if there's trouble."

THE two men hurried down the scrub, and arrived at the obstacle before the car had turned the corner. Lotarde and his friends, startled by the sound of their approaching footsteps, leaped into sight, but the glare of the headlights of the big car, as it swept round, dazzled everyone for a moment. A shot was fired at random, of which nobody took any notice. Both men were eagerly watching the progress of the automobile. Magnificently driven, it passed the obstacle with barely an inch to spare, shot by, recovered after a violent skid—for a second or two one wheel had been over the precipice—and rocked and swayed down the road. There was a howl from the opposite side of the way, and simultaneously Paddy Collins threw off all restraint, for the lights had shown the two men the nature of the terrible obstruction left untouched in the road, and had given the Irishman, too, a glimpse of the beautiful woman in the car.

"The bloody murderers!" he shouted. "Come on at them, Hames!"

Somehow or other they all seemed to be in the road together. The Monégasques were armed, apparently, only with knives, and, bent double, they were spreading out in a curve to surround the two men. Paddy Collins, who was perhaps more used to mob fighting than his companion, suddenly caught sight of Lotarde crawling round to the open end of the semicircle.

"Look out, Peter!" he cried. "Duck!"

Peter ducked, and Paddy Collins sprang sideways. A stab of flame spent itself in vain, and the whistling bullet sped on, burying itself in a tree. There was a great joy in the heart of the Irishman, for, quick though Lotarde's draw had been, his own gun barked out a second later.

"This," he grunted, "was worth coming to Europe for!"

Lotarde spun round on his feet, gave a long, terrible cry, reeled and fell in a heap upon the road. One of the Monégasques, who had a fancy for a quick stab at close quarters, felt Peter Hames' fist crash into his face, and remembered nothing more till he awoke in a hospital. Paddy Collins disposed of another in almost the same fashion, and a third, whose knife was dangerously near, Peter Hames shot through the leg. The others seemed about to make a concerted rush, but were suddenly stricken with a new panic. The car had stopped at the bend, and the younger man of the party came panting up the hill, with a revolver in each hand. The Monégasques never hesitated for a second. Bloodshed on this scale they had never contemplated. They turned and ran like rabbits. Peter Hames and Collins lowered their revolvers, and the young man, who had just joined them, followed suit reluctantly.

"Our own people!" he cried bitterly.

"They were only puppets," Peter Hames assured him. "Come here."

They all three went to where Lotarde was lying in the road. Paddy Collins pointed downward, and there was a merciless fury in his eyes.

"That's the man who is responsible for tonight," he declared, "and for more tragedies in Europe during the last ten years than any other human being. If I were a Latin, I would spit on him. Being an Irishman, I say God help his soul if he has one, for if ever there was a rascal well off the face of the earth, it is Tiger Lotarde."

"Lotarde the anarchist?" the young man exclaimed.

"Dead, and I shot him, thank God!" the Irishman avowed.

They drew away. The young man laid a hand upon the shoulder of each of them.

"Gentlemen," he said earnestly, "you are both of you strangers to me, but my people as well as I, myself, will be anxious to know to whom we may express our gratitude."

Peter Hames hesitated.

"Not out of discourtesy, sir, but for many reasons, please let us go our own way."

"But who are you? I must know that," the young man insisted.

"We are just two human beings," Peter Hames told him, "who love adventure, and seek it whenever we have the opportunity. We interfere sometimes in other people's business, but it is generally when we think we can do some good by it. My friend here had an old grudge against Lotarde. His life is forfeit in half a dozen countries, so his death is no one's crime. If you want to do us a service, and if you will forgive my suggesting it—perform a gracious gesture to your people—wipe out the memory of tonight. It was Lotarde's responsibility, and Lotarde is dead."

"Your view shall be mine," the young man promised, "but I cannot possibly leave you like this upon the mountain. Will you permit me to present you to my relations?"

"WE WILL pay our respects, if you will allow us, at the palace another time," Peter Hames begged.

"We are not looking for thanks," Paddy Collins chipped in. "It was a mighty smart little breeze while it lasted. I noticed you didn't hesitate long about coming into it yourself, sir," he added, with a twinkle in his eyes.

The motor horn from below sounded, and the three men separated. As they fetched out the car from its hiding place, Paddy Collins made queer little sounds with his tongue.

"I'm for asking you one question, my friend," he said. "How far might it be to the most adjacent bar?"

"I have whisky enough at my own villa," Peter Hames assured him, "to fill a bathtub."

"At the present moment," the Irishman declared, "I'm feeling that I could empty it."

Another romantic adventure of Peter Hames, gentleman detective, will appear in an early issue

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The Road Back

Continued from page 15

speak of Bruno, nine heads, what do you say to that now?"

He beams at me. "In two hours! It was comical. I don't know, perhaps it was that I caught them under the chin and blew them out; anyhow they shot up one after the other, like so many billy goats, breast high out of the trench. But see here now—29th June, 9:02 P. M., head shot, no joking, mind you, Ernst. I had witnesses; there they are: 'Confirmed. Company Sergeant Major Schlie'! Nine o'clock at night, almost in the dark—that's shooting for you, what? Man, but those were the times!"

"Well, you know, Bruno," I say, "there's no question about it, the shooting was marvelous, but still—what I mean to say is, don't you feel a bit sorry for the poor fellows sometimes?"

"What?" he answers in amazement.

I repeat what I have said. "Of course, Bruno, then we were right in the thick of it—but today it all looks rather different."

He pushes back his chair. "Man! Why, you're a Bolshevik, I declare! It was our duty! Orders! What—" Disgruntled he wraps up his scoring book again in its oiled-silk cover and pushes it back into the drawer.

I soothe him down with a good cigar. He takes a couple of draws, feels reconciled, and tells me about his rifle club that meets every Saturday. "We had a ball just a while back. Classy, I can tell you. And next time there's skittles, with prizes. You must come along sometime, Ernst, you can get a beer at the bar, such as I've rarely tasted the like of, so smooth. And a penny a pint cheaper than elsewhere. That mounts up, every night, you know. It's stylish and yet it's cozy like, if you understand. Here—" he points to a gilt collar-chain. "Champion shot. Bruno, I. Pretty good, what?"

The child comes in. One of the little boats has come unfolded. Bruno puts it right again carefully and strokes the girl's hair. The blue ribbon crackles.

Then he takes me over to a sideboard laden with every conceivable kind of object. He won them at the shooting-gallery at the annual fair. Three shots cost a penny, and whoever shot a certain number of rings could select his own prize. Bruno was not to be dragged away from the gallery the whole day. He shot down a whole heap of teddy bears, cut-glass dishes, cups, beer jugs, coffee pots, ash trays, balls and even two wicker armchairs.

"At the finish they wouldn't let me in anywhere," he laughs happily. "I would have made the whole works bankrupt."

I WALKED down the dark street. Light and spilled water flood out from the doorways. Bruno will play again with his little girl. His wife will bring in the evening meal. Afterward he will go for his beer. On Sunday he will take the family for an outing. He is an affectionate husband, a good father, a respected citizen. There is nothing to be said against him. Nothing to be said against him.

And Albert? And us?

A swill of water shoots out in front of my feet. In the windows shows the light of lamps. It is the time of the evening meal and of rest. And Albert?

Albert sits evening by evening in these weeks when the spring comes between the bare walls of his cell. The sunset grows ever more brilliant, it comes later and later and paints the rectangle of the little window on the opposite wall—a red oblong with the shadows of bars in it—and outside, ever louder and happier, the shrill cries of swallows.

Albert sits and stands up and walks back and forth. And sometimes he stretches himself and tries to lay his hand in the rectangle of the sunset on the wall. He would like to find a place where the red floods over his hand, but not the shadows of the iron grid. But he does not succeed, the spaces between are too small, a dark cross always falls on the back of his hand.

The air is soft as the convicts take their walk one behind the other in the yard. In one corner of the yard is a small, green patch of grass. Once a child's colored ball was lying on it. Albert carried the memory of it with him into his cell.

The window is his solace and his despair. Often he cannot endure to see it any longer; he shuts his eyes when the sunset is there. He grows ever more stupefied. Sometimes, indeed, he still braces himself and starts counting the days—but he soon gives it up again hopelessly. He thinks how it must be summer, winter and spring again and again. He goes in terror of the void, of the days, of the nights. Horror grips him closer and closer; he is ever more and more listless during the meager few minutes that I am permitted to see him and I go evermore in terrible fear lest the day will soon come when he will summon up his strength and tear up his sheet or his blanket and tie strip to strip; when he will climb up calmly to the bars of the window and they will be strong and trustworthy to bear the weight of a body of scarcely a hundred pounds.

A PROCESSION of men is moving slowly through the streets. It is formed up into sections marching in fours. In front go soldiers in faded uniforms carrying big, white placards: "Where is the gratitude of the Fatherland?" "The war cripples are starving."

It is the men with one arm who carry the placards. The other sleeve is tucked loosely into the pocket. They look round continually to see if the procession is still coming along properly behind them, for they are the quickest.

They are followed by fellows with sheep-dogs on short leather leads. The animals have the red cross of the blind suspended at their collars.

It is strange how a face without eyes changes; how in the upper half it becomes extinct and smooth and dead, and how odd the mouth is in comparison when it speaks. Only the lower half of the face lives. These men have all been shot blind; therefore, they move differently from those who are born blind. They are more violent and at the same time more cautious in their gestures, that have not yet the certainty of many years of darkness. The memory of colors, of sky, earth and the twilight, still lives in them.

Many of them are healthy, powerful fellows with strong limbs that would like to move and have play. The pale sunset of the March sky gleams beyond their bowed heads. In shop windows the first lamps are being lighted. But they hardly feel the mild, sweet air of evening on their foreheads; they do not see the first color of spring; in their heavy boots they go slowly through the everlasting darkness that extends around them like a cloud.

Hunger and penury stir lazily in the darkened rooms of their brains. Helpless and full of dull fear they feel their nearness; yet they cannot see them nor

(*Continued on page 59*)

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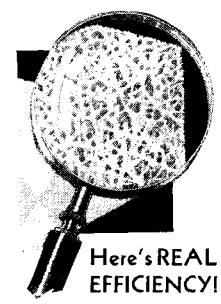

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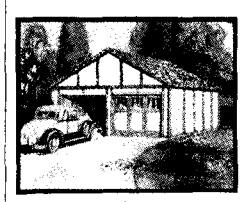

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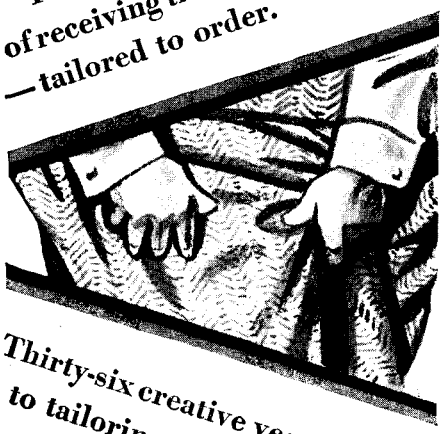

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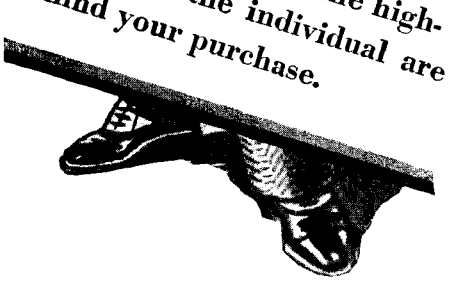

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LARGEST TAILORS IN THE WORLD OF GOOD MADE-TO-ORDER CLOTHES

(Continued from page 49)

do aught against them but walk much too slowly through the streets and lift up their dead faces from the darkness towards the light in dumb appeal to the others who can still see, to see.

Upon these follow the long lines of men with legs amputated. Many already have artificial limbs that spring obliquely forward as they walk and strike clanking on the pavement as though the whole man were artificial, made of iron and hinges. The others have their trouser-legs looped up and made fast with safety pins. They go on crutches and sticks with black rubber pads.

Then come the shakers. Their hands, their heads, their clothes, their bodies are quaking, as though they still trembled with terror. They no longer have any control over it, their will is extinguished, muscles and nerves have revolted against the brain, the eyes have become void and impotent.

One-eyed and one-armed are pushing in wicker carriages with oil-cloth covers men so severely wounded that now they can only live in bath chairs. Among them a few men are drawing along a flat hand-cart such as carpenters use to transport bedsteads and coffins. Upon it is seated a torso. Nothing is covered over. The legs are missing from the hips. It is the upper half of a powerful man, nothing more. He has broad, stalwart shoulders and a big, brave face with a strong mustache. On his head he wears a peaked cap. It may be that he was formerly a furniture mover. Beside him stands a placard with crooked lettering that he has probably painted himself: "I should like to walk too, mate."

A young, pale fellow without arms, and with legs amputated at the knees, follows after him. The knees stand in thick, leather wrappings like great hooves. It looks so queer that one looks involuntarily under the wagon as if the legs must surely be continued there beneath it. In his arm-stumps he carries a placard: "Many thousands of us are still lying in the hospitals."

The procession drags slowly through the streets. Wherever it passes all becomes still. At the corner of Hook Street it has to wait a long time. There a new dance palace is being erected and the street is blocked with heaps of sand, cement-mixers and girders. Between the girders of the entrance door in illuminated lettering is the name: Astoria Dance-Palace and Liqueur Restaurant. The trolley with the trunk of a man stands directly beneath it waiting until some iron supports have been moved away. The dull glow of the lighted sign floods over him, coloring the silent face to an awful red, as if it were swelling with some loathsome disease and must suddenly burst out into a hideous cry.

Then the column moves on farther and it is again just the face of the furniture mover, pallid from the hospital in the pale evening, and smiling gratefully as a comrade gives him a cigarette. Quietly the groups pass down the streets, without cries, without indignation, resigned, only a complaint, not an accusation—they know that those who can shoot no more need not expect overmuch help. They will go to the town hall and stand there a while, some secretary or other will say something to them, then they will break up and return singly to their rooms, their narrow dwellings, their pale children and their awful misery, without much hope, prisoners of the destiny that others made for them.

I WAS the whole day in the wood. Now, weary, I have turned in at a little country inn and have taken a room for the night. The bed is already open, but I do not want to sleep yet. I sit down in the window and listen to the stirring of the spring night.

Shadows flow about among the trees and from the woods come cries as though wounded were lying there. I look quietly and composedly out into the darkness, for I fear the past no more. I look into its quenched eyes without flinching. I even go out to meet it, I send my thoughts back into the dug-outs and shell holes—but when they return they bring fear and horror no more with them, but strength and will.

I AWAITED a storm to deliver me and tear me away—and now it has come softly without my feeling it. But it is there. While I was despairing and believed everything lost it was quietly growing. I had thought that parting was always an end. Now I know that growth also is parting. Growth also means relinquishing. And it has no end.

Part of my life was given over to the service of destruction; it belonged to hate, to enmity, to killing. But life remained in me. And that is near enough to being a calling and a way. I will work with myself and be ready; I will bestir my hands and my thoughts; I will not take myself too seriously, and will go on even when oftentimes I should like to be still. There are many things to be built and almost everything to repair; it is enough to work and dig out again what has been buried during the years of shells and machine guns. Not everyone is asked to be a pioneer—there is employment for feebler hands and smaller powers. There I mean to look for my place. Then the dead shall become silent and the past will not pursue me any more, but assist me.

How simple it all is—but how long it has taken to arrive at. And I might even now be lost out in No Man's Land, and have fallen victim to the wire snares and the detonators, had not the event of Ludwig's death risen before us like a rocket and shown us the way. We despaired when we saw how that great stream of feeling common to us all, the will to a new life, shorn of follies, life recaptured on the confines of death, did not sweep away all the half-truth and self-interest that still remained, to seek a new course for itself. Instead of that it trickled away in the marshes of forgetfulness, was lost in the bogs of fine phrases, and dribbled away through the ditches of social activities, of cares and occupations. But today I know that all life is perhaps only a getting ready, a ferment in the individual, in many cells, in many channels, each for himself—and if only the cells and channels of a tree take up and carry farther the onward-surging sap, there will emerge at last rustling and sunlit leaves, tops of trees and freedom. I will begin.

It will not be the consummation of which we dreamed in our youth or that we awaited after the years out there. It will be a way like other ways, with stones and good stretches, with places torn up, and villages and fields—a way of toil. I shall be alone. Perhaps I shall sometimes find someone for a stretch of the journey—but for all of it probably no one.

And it may be that I shall still often have to shoulder my pack when my shoulders are already weary; and often too, no doubt, I shall still hesitate at the crossways and boundaries, and have to leave something behind and stumble and fall. But I will get up again and not lie there. I will go on and not look back. Perhaps I shall never be able to be fully happy again, perhaps the war has destroyed that, and I shall always be a little inattentive and nowhere quite at home. But I shall probably never be wholly unhappy either, for something will always be there to sustain me, be it only my own hands or a tree or the breathing earth.

GEORG RAHE has become ever more estranged from life, ever less able to come to terms with it. It has become ever more difficult for him to accommodate himself to the requirements of everyday things. He recognizes ever more clearly that his belief in war was an heroic error. But he has buried himself ever deeper in his memories, he has isolated himself more and more, his repugnance has grown steadily stronger, and he lives ever more rigidly upon the narrow ledge of youth, romanticism and valor that once was all in all to him.

He was one of the few born soldiers. He had endured everything because he expected that the time after the war would justify the sacrifice of the war. But he broke down when he saw that afterward none of the leaders had the courage to shoulder the responsibility. He saw them fly; he saw them fight for compensations and pensions; he saw them write memoirs. Rahe was more a soldier than they; he could not but despise them. But all the more tena-

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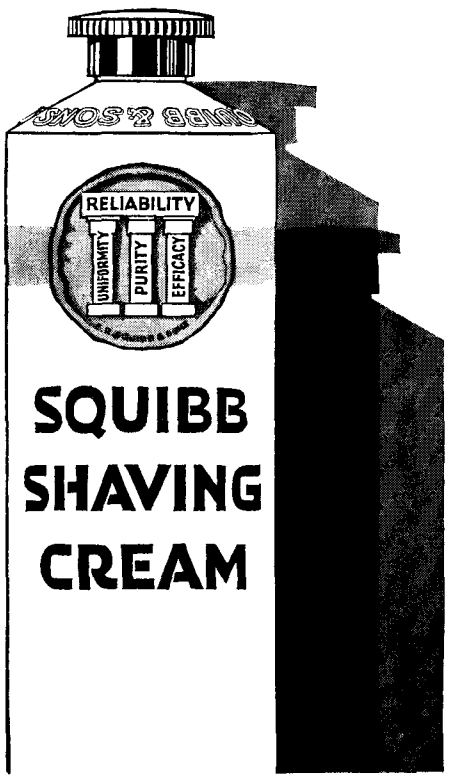

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ciously did he cling to what little was left him—the memory of the time when he was still able to believe. And ever stronger in him rose the desire to return thither once more where this belief had been kindled and was buried—on the battlefield.

He contrived to secure a foreigner's passport and so to cross over the frontier. He traveled through the towns and villages, he waited about at big and little railway stations and at last by nightfall he is there where he wishes to be.

Without delay he wanders down the street to the town and beyond toward the heights. Workmen returning home come toward him. Children play in the pools of light under the gas lamps. A couple of motor cars whirr past. Then it is still.

The twilight is sufficient still to be able to see. Besides, Rahe's eyes are used to the dark. He abandons the track and cuts across country. After a time he stumbles. Rusty barbed wire catches in his trousers and rips a hole in them. He stoops to release it. It is the barbed-wire entanglement that lines an old battered trench. Rahe straightens himself up. The barren fields of battle lie before him.

In the uncertain twilight they appear a tormented, frozen sea, a petrified storm. Rahe detects the sickening odor of blood, of powder and earth, the wild smell of Death, who is still in this landscape and has authority. Involuntarily he draws in his head, the shoulders are hunched, the arms hang loosely forward, the hands are ready for a fall—this is no more the gait of the cities—it is the crouching, stealthy slinking of the beast, the wary alertness of the soldier once more.

HE HALTS and studies the field. An hour ago it was still strange to him, but now he knows it again, every hill, every fold in the ground, every valley. He has never been away. The months shrivel up in the rekindling of memory like paper, they are consumed and fly away like smoke—here once again Lieutenant Georg Rahe is crawling through the night on patrol, and there has been nothing between. About him are only the silence of the evening and the faint wind in the grasses—but in his ears the battle is roaring again. He sees the explosions raging; parachute rockets hang in the sky like gigantic arc-lamps over the annihilation; the heavens cough, glowing-black, and the earth, thundering from horizon to horizon, is churned in fountains and sulphurous craters.

Rahe clenches his teeth. He is no dreamer but he cannot oppose it—memory, like a whirlwind, overwhelms him. Here is not peace, not the make-believe peace of the rest of the world; here are still struggle and war; here destruction mysteriously rages on and its eddies lose themselves in the sky.

The earth clutches, it reaches after him as with hands; the yellow, thick clay sticks to his shoes and makes his steps heavy, as though the dead with hollow, grudging voices would pull down the survivor to them.

He runs over the black fields of craters. The wind grows stronger, the clouds are driving fast and occasionally the moon pours its pale light over the landscape. Then each time Rahe stops dead his heart stands still, he throws himself down and lies motionless, glued to the earth. He knows it is nothing, but again the next time, startled, he springs into a shell hole. With eyes open and aware he yet submits to the law of this ground over which a man cannot walk upright.

The moon has become a gigantic parachute rocket. The tree-stumps in the coppice stand out black in the moonlight. Behind the ruins of the farm slopes the gully through which no attack ever came. Rahe squats in a trench. Bits of a belt are lying there, a couple of mess tins, a spoon, hand grenades covered with mud, ammunition pouches and beside them gray-green, wet cloth, threadbare, already half turned to clay, the remains of a soldier.

He lies long on the ground, his face on the earth—and the silence begins to speak. In the earth is an immense hollow, rumbling, gasping breath, roaring, and again rumbling, clapping and clinking. He clutches his fingers into the earth and presses his head against it, he believes he hears voices and cries; he would like to ask, to speak, to cry out, he listens and is awaiting an answer, an answer to his life. . . .

BUT only the wind rises, the clouds drive more swiftly and lower and shadow chases shadow over the field. Rahe straightens himself up and goes on, without direction a long time, till at last he stands before the crosses erected one behind another in long rows, like a company, a battalion, a brigade, an army.

And suddenly he knows all. Before these crosses the whole fabric of bright ideas and fine phrases crashes in. Here alone the war still exists, no longer as in the minds and distorted memories of those who have come away from it. Here stand the lost years that have not been fulfilled, like a will-o'-the-wisp above the graves; here the unlived life that finds no rest cries out in roaring silence to the sky; here the strength and the will of a generation of youth that died before it could begin to live pours out like one enormous lament through the night.

Shudders creep over him. At one shrill burst he recognizes the empty abyss of revenge in which the truth, the valor and the life of a generation have gone down. It throttles and shatters him.

"Comrades!" he cries in the wind and the night. "Comrades! We have been betrayed. We must march once again! Against them! Against them! Comrades!"

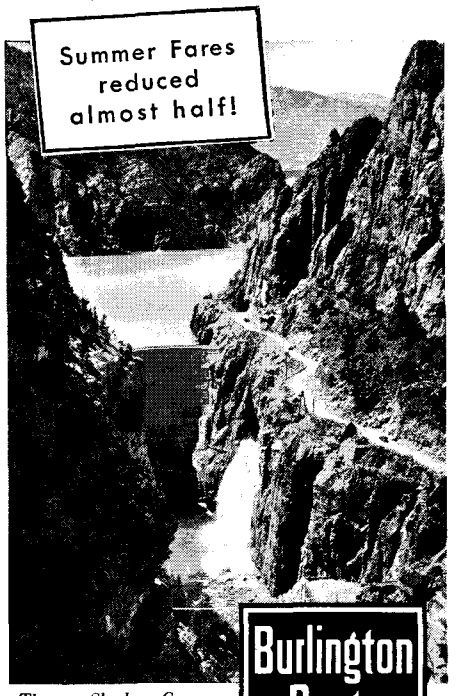
He stands in front of the crosses, and the moon breaks through. He sees them gleaming, they rise out of the earth with widespread arms, already their tread comes on menacingly; he stands before them and suddenly he is marching. He stretches his hand onward: "Comrades—march!"

AND his hand goes to his pocket and again the arm is lifted. A tired, lonely shot that is caught up by the wind and swept away—he staggers, he is down on his knees, he props himself on his arms and with a last effort turns again to the crosses—he sees them marching. They stamp and are in motion, they are marching slowly and their way is far; it will take long, but it goes forward; they shall come there and fight their last battle, the battle for life. They march in silence, a dark army, the longest way, the way into the heart. It will take many years, but what is time to them? They have broken camp, they are marching, they come. . . .

His head sinks down. It grows dark about him, he falls forward, he is marching with the column. Like one late finding his way home he lies on the earth, his arms outspread, his eyes dull already and his knees drawn up. The body twitches once more, then all becomes sleep and now only the wind is still there over the desolate, dark waste, it blows and blows; above are the clouds and the sky, the fields and the endless wide plains with the trenches and shell holes and crosses. . . .

The End

The CODY ROAD



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See opposite page ➡

Tides of Gold

Continued from page 13

in the arts—chiefly in ornaments and jewelry.

Of this monetary gold about forty per cent is held by the government of the United States and twenty per cent by the government of France. In other words, these two countries hold sixty per cent of the money gold of the world. The United States has about four and a half billions. France has over two billions. Great Britain has only 782 millions, a little more than one third the holdings of France.

The average man is apt to ask what is the need of this gold. After all, he never sees any of it. Gold coins don't circulate any more. Gold is all locked up in vaults. Isn't our money good because of the wealth and strength of the government behind it and not because of the gold? As a matter of fact, the business of the nation is done with bank credit. What interest has he in all this gold?

Uncle Sam's Credit

Well, just take out a five-dollar bill and look at it. "The United States of America," it reads, "will pay to the bearer on demand five dollars." In other words, you can take that note to Uncle Sam any time and he will give you five dollars in gold for it. But, of course, you never think of doing that. Certainly not. And why? Because you know Uncle Sam has the gold. If he didn't have it or if you were afraid he might lose it, you would be around bright and early for your five dollars in gold.

In other words, as long as Uncle Sam's credit is good you don't worry about the gold. You'd rather have paper money. But suppose Uncle Sam's credit began to get a little wabbly? Americans haven't had to fret about that for many decades. But Europeans in many countries have. Here in America we have plenty of gold—more than we need. But suppose we began to lose it? Suppose it began to float away, millions every month, and this kept up for years until after a while those vaults in the Assay Office looked almost empty? Then we would begin to worry about the gold and the gold standard. And that is what our friends and neighbors in Europe are doing.

As a matter of fact, we do use this gold much more often than we think. Here at home we settle our balances between ourselves with bank credit—with checks. But when the business men of one nation owe the citizens of another nation, the debt must be paid in gold. If English traders buy a hundred million dollars' worth of goods from us and we buy ninety million dollars' worth from England, then obviously the ninety million dollars England owes us will cancel ninety millions of our debt. But she will still owe us ten million dollars. This she must pay to us in gold. It is these balances between countries which are always being settled by movements of gold back and forth across the ocean and across frontiers.

The present state of the critical discussion now going on began to be acute at the height of our famous bull market. Back in 1925 the various countries of the world decided to attempt to resume the gold standard, which had been suspended since the beginning of the war. American economists and financiers were anxious to see this accomplished. The Federal Reserve Board was convinced that the United States should assist. We had, as they believed, too much gold. And so the board then adopted its famous easy-money policy.

The Federal Reserve banks do not lend money to individuals. They lend money to banks. If a bank discounts your note for you and later needs money it can take your note to a Federal Reserve bank and rediscount it. The Federal Reserve banks fix all rediscount rates; that is to say, the rate of interest they will charge banks to which they lend money on notes thus rediscounted. In following its easy-money policy the Federal Reserve banks kept lowering the rediscount rate. That tended to make money cheap here, cheaper than it was abroad. It tended to check the flow of foreign funds into the American money market. It tended also to encourage American funds to go abroad in search of higher interest rates. Our huge excessive gold reserve reached its peak in May, 1927. But, after the easy-money policy of the Federal Reserve banks, gold began to flow away from this country. This was helped along, of course, by a series of foreign loans which tended further to cause this country to export gold.

From May, 1927, to June, 1928, thirteen months—$458,000,000 of gold was shipped away from America.

Here are the answers to the Word Hunt published in Collier's for February 21st

1. Mouth	6. Mourn
2. Mouls	7. Mouse
3. Mound	8. Moult
4. Mouch	9. Mount
5. Mousy	10. Mould

But the low interest rate set up to invite funds out of the country was offset by the high interest rate in the stock market, which invited funds there. We had a bull market booming along at a great rate. The promise of profits there was so great that money went there. The rate of interest which speculators in Wall Street were willing to pay for money was so high that investors with plenty of money put their funds there. The Federal Reserve System for a while lost control of rates. Foreigners began to send their money here for use in the call money market. It came by hundreds of millions from England, from France, from Germany, Belgium, Holland, Canada. The flow of gold out of this country was interrupted. It began to flow back to us. In the first ten months of 1929 we imported $220,000,000 of gold.

Panic on the Continent

At the beginning of January, 1929, England began to worry about this. The Bank of England began to be aware of the flight of its gold. What was happening in England was happening in other countries. And so, in January, the Bank of England raised the rediscount rate from 4½ to 5½ per cent. This would tend to check the outflow of funds by making home investment more profitable.

In March an alarm had spread all over the Continent. Wall Street began to hear of other measures of protection abroad. The Bank of England had advanced the rate again. Holland discussed an advance. There was talk in Europe of concerted measures by all its nations to prevent the Great American Bull from devouring all of its gold.

About this time the Federal Reserve Board got frightened at the wildness of our Wall Street Bull. It raised its rates to try to check speculation. Europe became more alarmed. The high Reserve Board rate, it said, would boost interest rates farther and invite more gold from Europe for the Bull to feed upon. As the year advanced the situation became worse in Europe, especially in England. Those twelve months from October, 1928, to October, 1929, were anxious ones for Lombard Street. Finally, in September, the Bank of England found its gold reduced to $650,000,000. The bank raised its rate to 6½ per cent.

At this moment the wild Wall Street market was bowling along at a furious pace. But that action of the Bank of England checked the flow of English gold here. It caused the tide to turn. It did not cause the market to collapse. It was perhaps the feather that broke its back. A month later the crash came. Immediately investors in every country began to recall their loans. Funds began to flow out of the country. In November and December gold was flowing abroad again. But even after that we had $200,000,000 more gold at the end of 1929 than we had at the beginning. However, the crash relieved the strain for the moment. But only for the moment, for soon again gold began to flow back to us. Now we have about $140,000,000 more than we had a year ago. In Europe it is the fashion to blame the United States for most of Europe's troubles just as here we blame the Soviet government for anything that goes wrong from the slump in wheat to the closing of a New York bank.

But a new culprit began to appear in the picture. Since 1927, almost all the time we were exporting gold, France was acquiring it. Even in the first ten months of 1929, while gold was pouring in to feed our rapacious Bull, we actually shipped gold to France.

Innocent Culprits

And when the tide turned and we began to ship gold abroad it was to France we sent most of it—poor France! All of a sudden she turned up as the richest country in gold next to the United States. Richer, perhaps; for while we have $33 per capita, France has $40, while England has less than $2. So now, in addition to worrying about the United States, European countries are looking with distrust upon their own sister, France.

These two nations, France and the United States, have about $6,600,000,000 out of about $11,000,000,000 of the world's gold money, or about sixty-two per cent. What is left to the other countries is said to be too little. French and American hoarding, it is called in a tone of criticism, as if there were some kind of plot by these countries to get hold of gold. So far as this country is concerned, the Federal Reserve Bank has deliberately endeavored to get rid of gold by its easy-money policy. More than that, we have loaned billions abroad in the last six years, without which the situation would be infinitely worse.

As for France, the explanation of Mr. George E. Roberts, vice president of the National City Bank and a member of the League of Nations Gold Committee, is probably correct. During the war French citizens, in spite of the efforts of the French government to stop it, sent large sums of money for investment

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abroad. These investments have been gradually liquidated and brought home. The French banks had large balances abroad which they have also brought home. Much of their gold was in the United States and this France has had sent home, and this she has had a perfect right to do. Then, too, for a number of years there has been a steady stream of tourists' expenditures flowing into France.

England was justly alarmed; so in November conferences between American and English and Continental bankers were being held. There is little doubt that Sir Montagu Norman was attempting to complete arrangements with Governor Harrison aboard the Bremen for some sort of coöperation between the United States and France to save the pound sterling.

Starving for Gold

However, altogether aside from the flow of gold to America and France, certain engineers give us alarming stories about the apparent exhaustion of the world's gold. Can it be that we have nearly rifled old Mother Earth of all her gold? Up to 1915 the world was producing plenty of gold. From 1911 to 1915 we averaged 22,296,000 fine ounces a year. From 1920 we averaged 17,466,000 fine ounces a year. 1929 was somewhat better but it was still about $40,000,000 less than in the pre-war years.

The present gold mines are being worked out. In the old days there was a lot of gold gotten cheaply from the soft alluvial soils. That's why in gold rushes newcomers would flock in with a pick and a shovel and find gold. All that gold is gone. It must be mined now out of the rocks. It means going down many hundreds of feet. In the Rand some mines have been driven down 7,000 feet.

Perhaps you think you would like to own a gold mine. But what good would it do you? The price of gold is fixed by law—$20.67 an ounce. It costs money to get gold out of rocks a thousand feet down—not gold nuggets, but traces of gold which can be gotten out only by crushing the rocks and treating them with chemicals. When you are all through and count up your costs and find you have spent $30 an ounce, you would be willing to swap your gold mine for a hot-dog wagon.

That is why out in Lovelock the only man who is likely to make any money is the fellow with the speakeasy in the tent. I know of one gold mine that has had a deficit every year for seventeen years.

To get more gold we will have to find new sources. But the committee of the League of Nations thinks the gold rushes are over. Moderate finds have developed in lands that have been up to now closed to prospecting, but known lands have been pretty well surveyed and prospected.

European economists have insisted that the gold shortage is the cause of the depression. Here is the old quantitative theory of money which Bryan preached: The more corn and wheat there is the cheaper corn and wheat will be. Similarly, the more money there is the cheaper money will be. If money gets scarce it will be expensive. Expensive money means low prices for the things you buy with money. Money is scarce now and prices low.

On the whole, there is not much to object to in this theory, provided the economist doesn't overlook a lot of other factors which enter into depressions. But it does not follow that money will become automatically cheaper or dearer with an expansion and shrinkage of gold reserves. We have learned how to use gold. We do not waste it in freely circulated coins. Besides, we have learned how to make basic money go farther by the use of a swiftly moving and elastic bank credit.

As a matter of fact, money is used for only a small percentage of our business. Our bank deposits are our real money now. If you pay a bill today you are likely to do it with a check. The man who gets the check puts it in his bank and his bank sends it to your bank. His bank will have hundreds of other checks against your bank, but your bank will not pay these checks with money. It will have a lot of similar checks against the other bank. The checks held by your bank will be totaled, the checks held by the other bank will be totaled and your bank will merely have to pay the difference in money.

This is a simple illustration of how the thing works between just two banks. When we understand that there are thousands of banks all having checks on each other every day and each bank settling the differences it owes other banks in money we will see how an immense amount of business can be carried on by means of checks with only a small amount of money actually changing hands. A bank may have a million dollars' worth of deposits, but only one hundred thousand dollars in actual money in the bank. As a matter of fact, for every twelve dollars of deposits in our banks there is only one dollar in actual money there. Since 1914 we increased our gold store $2,433,000,000 but we increased our bank deposits $37,685,000,000.

This is possible because of the manner in which the gold base of money is managed through the Federal Reserve System. There is little doubt that there is gold enough in the world for all its uses provided some means can be found to handle it economically. That is why many financiers are advocating the setting up of a central gold clearing house where the central banks of all nations will store their gold. It is possible that the new Bank for International Settlements may develop into something like that. That bank was formed ostensibly to receive, handle and disburse the reparations payments of Germany. But that function has, although the bank is less than a year old, become a mere routine operation of the bank. It has now become a depository for the central banks of Europe and already at least one country—Spain—has entrusted to it a large quantity of gold.

It is the hope of at least some of its directors that it will become the custodian and trustee of Europe's gold. There is violent opposition to that in this country and especially to our going into it. But there is little doubt that something like that will be effected in some way.

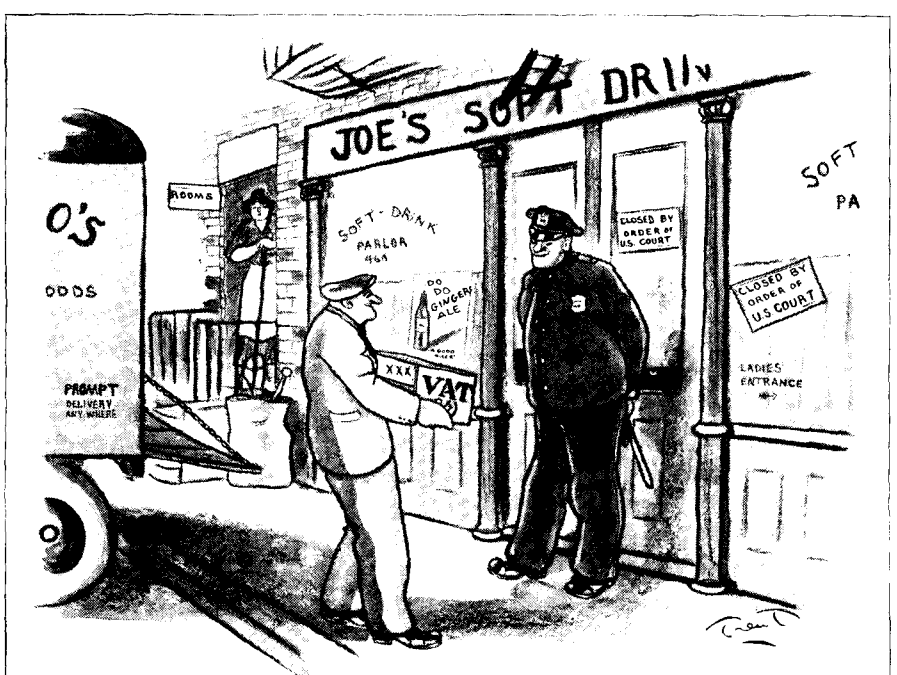
What the world is now suffering from is not too little gold but a bad distribution of it. And if America continues her present tariff policy there seems little doubt that one of two things will happen: Either she will lose her foreign trade or she will continue to get more gold.

A Permanent Solution

Of course, Englishmen and Germans and Italians can't keep shipping gold all the time. In the end they will lose their gold. That is what has been happening. And after a while they will have to stop buying from us. And that is just what they have been doing. We have got to make up our minds that we cannot run a one-sided market in which we do all the selling and no buying. It is because of our tariff policy which prevents Europeans from selling here and thus paying for what they buy that we are so severely censured in Europe.

As it is, Europe has been paying with gold. And where has she gotten the gold? Why, we have been lending it to her. And that is what we will have to keep on doing, lending her money to pay her bills to us. How long can we keep that up? That is what is proposed now—that France and the United States must engage in a series of loans to Europe to redistribute the gold these two countries have accumulated. There is no way out of it. If we do not do something like that it is hard to see how some of these European countries will climb out of their trouble. Of course, we could postpone all the trouble by discovering a few more Klondikes and Rands and Big Bonanzas.

But that would only postpone the problem for another twenty or thirty years. And besides, we are not likely to get any more Klondikes or Witwatersrands. Mr. Charlie Scossa out in Lovelock is not going to solve the problem for us. A better way is to deal with it by divesting ourselves of some of our old prejudices and narrownesses, attempting to understand the problems and difficulties of the other fellow and realizing that we live in a world so closely knit together that we cannot escape the consequences of an important economic fact anywhere.



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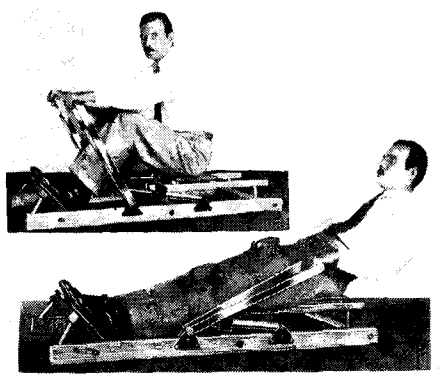

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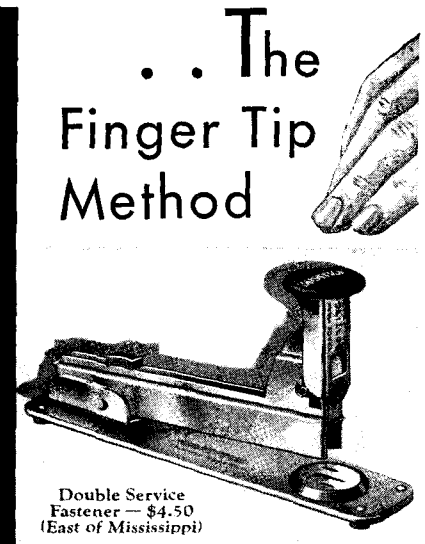

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Cont'd from preceding page

The Worst of Us

Continued from page 19

who had been found on a railroad near Kansas City, Kansas, several days before, his pockets turned inside out, his head bashed in with a coupling pin and a bullet in his brain.

Nobody knew why Dad had gone to Kansas City and who might have followed him there. That is, apparently no one. But after a time I noticed that wherever I went a weak-eyed, pale-haired, inoffensive-appearing fellow of about thirty-five happened to be somewhere in the background. Finally he drew me aside.

"You're a reporter, aren't you?" he asked. "Listen, I've got a good story for you. I think I was the last person who ever saw Dad McCoig alive."

A Large Evening

Then he told me how he had happened to go to Kansas City on the same train with Dad McCoig, and how, leaving the Union Station, he had seen the old fellow walk away in the company of two brutish-appearing men. I sent the story to my paper. Back came a telephone call to check the incidents more carefully. I did. There were discrepancies. Then the police of Kansas City rang me hurriedly over long distance.

"Get that guy and hang onto him until we can send a man there!" was the command. I got the guy and I hung onto him. Rather, he hung onto me, for was I not a strange young man in a strange community, seeking entertainment? He was a good host.

We went to a show together and kidded the actors. We played a little poker; then, quite late, we attended an all-night dance and beerfest at a German hall. We juggled fräuleins. We stuffed ourselves on midnight luncheon. We laughed and danced and cavorted and joked and wept together into our beer.

Finally, at five o'clock in the morning, my friend and I walked down through the cheerless, windswept streets to the railroad station, to meet a man who was coming in, a friend of mine, I'd said. He got there. He showed his star and suggested that we both go to Kansas City with him, so that the story of those two butcherous-appearing men could be told to the chief. We went.

The inoffensive, weak-eyed, sandy-complexioned man squirmed for a while, evaded and twisted for an hour or so more, then confessed.

Of course, I knew this man was a murderer; yet I had a wonderful time in his company. I felt at ease with him, much more at ease than I would have felt with a pickpocket, who might have reverted to type and stolen my expense money, or a confidence man, who might have been more intent upon fraud than fräuleins. The reason is that murder is almost wholly obsessive or incidental. It is one of the few crime conditions, for instance, where a person is prosecuted for the act, not the motive.

Murder occupies the same position to the objective as the window which a thief opens in order to pilfer, or the theft of an automobile by which a bank robber escapes after the holdup. Thieves unlawfully take property and pursue that course as a livelihood, incendiaries get an unholy joy out of the sight of flame, safecrackers have a certain pride in their profession, but it is difficult indeed to find a murderer who will confess to getting any pleasure out of it.

Both before and after a murder the perpetrator thereof is usually quite an ordinary human being, personable or commonplace as the case may be, a dullard, a genius, a scholar, a gentleman or even a hero. I remember rather keenly a man named Raymond.

I walked up the thirteen steps with Vaughn, Raymond and Ryan, and I saw this little thing in the rôle of a friend to men who had no friends. They were what is known in police parlance as "tough hombres"—men who refuse to stay in the penitentiary after the law had put them there. So one night they dynamited the wall of a Missouri prison, killed a guard, took his rifle, stole an engine from the railroad yards, and started forth to freedom, shooting as they went. They were recaptured and sentenced to be hanged.

I happened along when they had just twelve hours more to live. As the hours passed I noticed that Vaughn and Ryan were weakening terribly. Now and then Raymond, chained by the legs between the other two, would raise his free, white hands, and gently pat his companions on the shoulders.

From outside came sounds strangely medieval—shouts, catcalls, scrambling noises as thousands of persons gathered in a natural amphitheater to look down upon a raw wooden platform which supported a crossbar and three nooses.

"Brace up, fellows!" came Raymond's quiet voice. "Keep your nerve! Don't make them carry you!"

It was really through Raymond's efforts that the other two men were kept alive. He coached them, he braced them; three men who had lived by predatory impulses were about to die in as predatory a manner as ever the law devised. This execution had lost the solemnity that is supposed to accompany the power of justice. It had become a show, a spectacle.

Like a magnificent animal, fighting against odds, Raymond reared his head; he had asked no quarter in life, he was asking none now in death. Nor should his companions stand putty-kneed, weaving before those thousands of morbid spectators. His commands were low-voiced, but they were heard. Gradually the two men came out of the half-coma into which they had sunk.

The march to death began, and the steps of Vaughn, Raymond and Ryan were steady ones as they rounded the little brick jail and ascended the thirteen steps to the platform of death.

Black caps fell; nooses were knotted. As the suffocating headgear descended over the face of Raymond he was voicing a last command for bravery. Had this been a time of war and had Vaughn, Raymond and Ryan been upon a battlefield, this man who had forgotten self in the thought of his comrades, who had fought his own fears of death and those of two others besides—such a man might have been called a hero. It all depends on where and how a person meets his death, doesn't it? Even a coward dies gloriously on a battlefield.

Too Much Gratitude

One indeed encounters many strange things when one spends much time in familiarity with major crime. There was, for instance, an unholy week which I once endured dodging gratitude.

He was hungry when I met him, and ill clad. Tuberculosis was making its deep red marks upon his cheeks and sinking the flesh of his neck. The gang in New York had figured that Dannemora or Sing Sing was no place for him; they had chipped in and sent him out West; better to die there than in a cell block.

I fed him. I gave him some old clothing. Then, at odd times, I gave him money—and found that I had gained a volunteer shadow that I could not shake. He was always at my heels, begging me to let him do something for me.

One night we went to dinner together. After it was over we walked up the street.

"Wait a minute!" he said as he sighted a pay telephone in a deserted taxi-stand. "I'll show you something."

Instantly he brought forth a table knife he had lifted from the restaurant where we had eaten.

"See?" he asked. "You put the knife in here and twist it like this and that opens the—"

"Come on here!" I begged and, grasping him by the coat, pulled him on. But he stopped before a jewelry store.

"Listen, kid," he begged. "Wouldn't you like one of them diamond rings? I'll get it for you. Just wrap a brick in a piece of carpet and whang it against that window. It won't make no noise—"

"Come on!" I shouted, and in desperation looked about for some place where there would be no crime to commit. It was the lobby of a big hotel. But there he wanted to show me how to grab the necklace from the neck of a woman sitting near by, so we left the place. And when he asked me pitiably if there wasn't some cop that I hated, so he could bump him off for me, we parted company. Sometimes gratitude truly knows no bounds.

Of course, there is a reason for the fact that the taking of human life does not truly belong to the ordinary run of crimes. A thief has certain characteristics; he is stamped, catalogued. A safecracker sticks to his job meticulously, a forger is always practicing, a card-sharp runs over his pasteboards in hours of ceaseless practice.

The One Mistake

But the instinct to murder finds its way into the brains of the high, the low, the intermediate; it knows no boundaries of society, it has no limitations of breeding, wealth or environment; condemned men in adjacent cells may represent utter extremes of social position. That is because murder usually comes only once in a lifetime; a piece of luck or brooding ambition which is set aside from the man's normal existence, because it is a means unto an end. A wife doesn't poison her husband for the joy of seeing him die. She does it for his money, for a lover, to be free of cruelty. Beyond this slight defect in her social scheme, she may be a loving mother, a good housewife and an excellent cook, except upon the day that she puts in the arsenic.

It's all in how you look at a person. I remember one fellow whose conviction depended greatly upon evidence which I had unearthed as a reporter. The more I worked on the case, the more I convinced myself that he was an unholy demon. He knew I felt that way. Perhaps that's why he responded so beautifully. He was accused of murder by strychnine poisoning.

At last, we were waiting for the jury to come in—twelve men were

(*Continued on page 56*)

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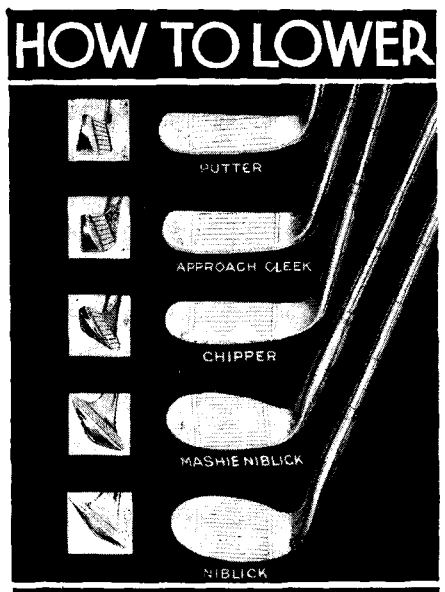

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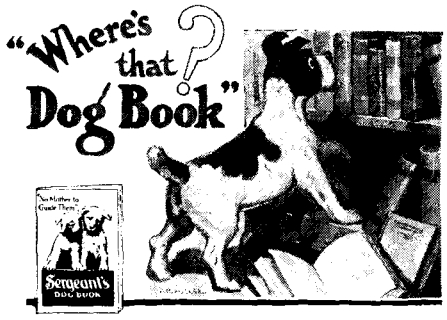

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By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

	North	
	S. A-5-2	
	H. 8-4-3	
	D. J-10-9	
	C. J-10-4-3	
West		East
S. Q-3		S. 10-9-8
H. 9-7		H. Q-10-6-2
D. K-6-5-4		D. A-Q-3
C. K-Q-8-6-2		C. 9-7-5
	South	
	S. K-J-7-6-4	
	H. A-K-J-5	
	D. 8-7-2	
	C. A	

THE above hand, which was published in last week's Collier's, presents interesting questions of both bidding and play. At Auction Bridge South would bid one Spade. West would bid two Clubs, North and East would pass, and South would bid two Hearts. North then would show a preference for Spades by bidding two of that suit.

The hand was played at Contract Bridge and the bidding at that game was very interesting. South (an experienced player) realized that the five-card Spade suit headed by King-Jack, with an Ace-King in Hearts on the side, was far more valuable than the four-card Ace-King Heart suit with the Spade suit on the side. South therefore bid two Spades, which shut out West.

North then had a problem presented to him: under his system two Spades was not a forcing bid, but he would need one and one-half raisers to jump South's bid of two to three if the one and one-half were all in high-card tricks; otherwise he would need two raisers. The Ace of Spades was one raiser, but could he count the Jack-Ten of Diamonds and the Jack-Ten of Clubs? It was a very doubtful case; the two Jack-Tens, even if they deserved to be rated together a half raiser, hardly could be called high-card tricks. But North hated to pass when holding the Ace of the suit of which South had bid two, so he bid two No Trumps, and East passed.

South then bid three Hearts, thinking that suit might better fit the North hand; but over it North called three Spades, putting the choice of the game-route up to South. Not having a No Trump type of hand, South decided that it was better to bid four Spades, and that ended the contracting.

In the play, West led the King of Clubs, which South took with the Ace. Looking the combined hands over, Declarer was not particularly pleased with North's bullish rating of his Jack-Ten suits. In depending upon them in this hand he had been leaning upon a broken reed. It was clear that three Diamond tricks must be lost, so it was necessary to win five Spades and four Hearts. In each of these suits a finesse was needed, but North could get it only once.

Should the finesse be in Hearts or in Spades? It was the same finesse in either suit; but in Spades the Declarer had eight cards—five and three, while in Hearts he had only seven—four and three. There was exactly the same fifty-fifty chance as to the location of the Queen of either suit, but there was a distinctly better chance of dropping the Queen of Spades than the Queen of Hearts, as the former was one of a total of five cards held by the enemy, while the latter was one of six.

Declarer, having sized up the probabilities, plunged in and led the King of Spades to trick 2. When it won, he followed with a small Spade and breathed a sigh of relief when West played the Queen; North won with the Ace and South was in position to drop the Ten, which now was marked alone in the East hand.

Of course North's being in the lead was utilized to lead a Heart and South finessed the Jack. When the finesse won, South did not draw East's Spade Ten immediately, but led a winning Heart; when it won he led the other high Heart (because East, the only adversary who could ruff, must have the Queen), and when West refused Hearts, it was easy for South to lead his fourth Heart and ruff it in dummy (knowing that East would be obliged to follow suit). Then North led a Club and South ruffed; and East's last trump was drawn. Declarer claimed a trick for his last trump and surrendered the three Diamonds quite cheerfully.

I do not know what the mathematical odds were against Declarer's winning a game with that hand, but I know that he cashed in on a very long shot.

Next week's hand is given below; determine how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

	North	
	S. K-10-8-5	
	H. 9	
	D. K-Q-7-6-2	
	C. 10-9-8	
West		East
S. 9-6-3		S. 7-4-2
H. Q-10-7-3-2		H. K-J-8-5
D. 10-9-5-4		D. 8-3
C. 3		C. K-6-4-2
	South	
	S. A-Q-J	
	H. A-6-4	
	D. A-J	
	C. A-Q-J-7-5	

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NO LATHER

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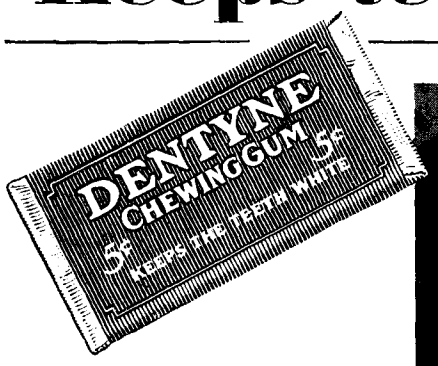
Keeps teeth white



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The Worst of Us

Continued from page 54

bandying his life about in a smoke-filled room. He sat upon a table in an anteroom of the court, with an open box of chocolate candy beside him.

"Hello, Cooper," he said jovially as I entered. "Have a piece of candy."

"Thanks," I said and accepted the offer.

"Have another piece?" he asked after a moment.

"Don't care if I do," and reached for a second piece.

"Have another?" he said for the third time and I complied. Then there was silence for a time.

A Change of Heart

"Cooper," he said at last, "you've been pretty busy trying to convict me, haven't you?"

"I've just told the facts."

"Maybe so. At any rate, you'll grant they haven't been very pleasant for me. Now, under the rules, I'd have every right to get back at you, wouldn't I?"

"You certainly would."

"By the way," he stared abstractedly at the ceiling, "have you noticed any constriction about your heart in the last few minutes?"

I blinked. Those three pieces of candy. And this man was a demon!

"Why—ah—"

"Any queer weakness in your knees?"

Immediately, I had difficulty in standing.

"I suppose strychnine poisoning is the most cruel of deaths," my companion went on. "The convulsions are so terrible. You say you don't notice anything wrong with your heart?"

I felt my back stiffening. I was panting now. My heart was thrumming like the exhaust of an airplane. A strange, gaunt weakness had come into my knees, as if they were being torn from my body—

But just then I heard the knock of the foreman on the jury-room door. An instant later I was at the telephone, ready to send the flash of the verdict into the city room. It had been only candy after all!

And the next time I saw that man he sagged in his cell, crushed, sobbing like a woman. I had brought him the news that his baby was dead.

Too Many Smiths

Continued from page 18

The doctor came in and took their names. When he left, Sybil shrugged and Carter lit a cigarette. Shane stood like a wooden image, staring at all of them. The butler came out of the library and asked her to join Jonathan there with Dan.

When they entered, Jonathan stood up. "Sir," he said, "I want an explanation for this unwarranted intrusion. You are an unwelcome guest. You are not considering my wishes in your pursuit of my daughter."

"I am here," Dan said, "because I am quarantined. I bow my head to the inevitable. A quarantine is sacred to me. If you try to put me out, I shall appeal to the authorities and you will get hell."

Jonathan roared, "Get out of here! Shane, I will take up your case tomorrow."

They looked at each other on the staircase. Dan said, "Shane darling, I love you. I adore you."

Shane only stared at him. "Your room's at the top of the stairs," she said. "The bath is the third door on the left. Good night."

"Shane!"

Shane went on, unheeding.

During the week that followed, Jonathan issued an edict dividing the supper hours. Dan found it increasingly difficult to see Shane alone. She had withdrawn into a shell of reserve which seemed impossible to break. Often she came downstairs with traces of recent tears on her cheeks. He cornered her one night in the drawing-room when Sybil and Carter had gone to their rooms. "Shane," he said, "you're really being unfair. You won't tell me *why* you won't marry me, you won't tell me it's because you don't love me, you won't tell me anything."

"I'll tell you this," Shane said. "I love you. I can't marry you. I won't marry you. I hate you for making it harder for me by staying here."

"Is it because I haven't money? Because if it is . . . I have the property, you know."

"Don't mention the property!" she cried, stamping her foot. "Don't mention marriage . . . d-don't mention anything. Let things go as they are. It's all a mess. Life's all a mess."

She started to leave the room. He caught her arm. "Is it Jonathan, Shane? Tell me that much."

"Yes," Shane said, "it's Jonathan."

"Thanks." He released her and she left.

Dan figured it all out. Shane was afraid that Jonathan would not agree to their marriage. The day the quarantine was lifted he went to Jonathan.

"I wish," he said, "to ask your permission to marry your daughter. I *intend* to marry her."

"My daughter," said Jonathan, "shall not marry a fortune hunter."

Dan laughed. "I am probably the first of the Carringtons," he said, "to be called a fortune hunter. I am probably the only Carrington who would not break your jaw for it. As it happens, I am the only Carrington who holds that the broken jaw of an inferior is no satisfaction."

JONATHAN turned slowly. "Carrington?" he said.

"Daniel Carrington. Familiarize yourself with the name. You'll be addressing your daughter's letters by it some day."

"You own . . . the Grove?"

"Yes."

"Why in the dickens," Jonathan said, shaken out of his usual composure, "didn't you tell me so? Has Shane promised to marry you?"

"Not yet."

"Well, she'll come around," Jonathan said. "Women are strange creatures." He led Dan across the room and pulled the curtain back. "Look, my boy," he said. "With that wall down and you and Shane installed in a house there, our lives will be completely set apart from the rest of the world. The name of Smith is a common one. I will make it uncommon. Shane must have children. Sybil refuses to bear them. Caroline may yet have a child. . . . James' children have remained unmarried."

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Dan drew away. "As Mr. Smith," he said, "you would have confined me as an ordinary nuisance. As Daniel Carrington, owner of the Grove . . ."

"Background means a great deal."

"I'm beginning to see that it does," said Dan. "Thank you, Mr. Smith."

"We're having a meeting—it's time for it now," said Jonathan. "May I announce your engagement tonight?"

"I think you may, safely," Dan said. "I'm going to find Shane now."

He encountered Shane in the hall. "Tell me," he said, "that you love me."

"I love you."

"I have just had an interview with your father," he said, "and I'm beginning to see your point. We're going to the meeting."

"It's only about redecorating the houses, Dan."

"No, it isn't," he said grimly.

JONATHAN entered the meeting and strode straight to his desk. He picked up the small gavel lying there and rapped the table gently for silence. "Now," he said, "if you will give me a list of the things to be done, I'll get the estimates tomorrow and the work can start next week."

There was an awful patch on Julia's living-room ceiling and the fireplace didn't draw. Jonathan put it down. One by one, they timidly enumerated the conditions of their houses. Jonathan put them all down. At the close of the business his face expanded in a smile. "I am happy to announce Shane's engagement to Mr. Daniel Carrington," he said. "Shane, my dear, come here." Shane crossed the room at a whispered word from Dan. Jonathan said:

"I'll have the plans for your house drawn up tomorrow."

"You needn't bother, sir," Dan said. "We're going to live abroad."

"Abroad? I'll have to consider that, my boy."

"You needn't worry about it, Mr. Smith. I'm going to sell my property, you see."

"Oh, you have property?"

"The Grove."

"You're not going to sell the Grove!" Jonathan cried.

"Yes, sir. You have the first chance at it. My price is fifty thousand."

"Ridiculous!"

"There is a company," Dan said gently, "who are desirous of getting the property for a glue factory. They're offering me a part interest in the business. I have always wanted to be in the glue business."

"This," Jonathan said, "is little better than highway robbery! Highway robbery! I will not stand for it! Shane, go to your room."

"No," Shane said, and crossed the room to stand by Dan.

Dan took out his watch. "The price is now fifty thousand," he said. "In three minutes it will be sixty thousand. In six, it will be seventy. Every three minutes, ten thousand dollars will be added to the price, and if, at the end of twelve minutes you have not taken advantage of my offer, Shane and I will leave to catch the nine-twenty train for New York. The atmosphere of Smithsovia has palled slightly."

Jonathan pounded his fist on the table and roared unintelligibly for a moment. Sybil laughed. Jonathan cried, "Shane, are you going to allow this?"

"The Grove belongs to Dan," Shane said. "He has a right to dispose of it as he sees fit."

"Sixty thousand," Dan said.

Jonathan paced the room like a caged lion. "Theodore," he roared, "you are slouching like a lounge lizard!"

"I am sitting as I want to sit," Theodore said, without moving.

Sybil stood up. Her eyes were alight. She said, "Father, you needn't bother about the renovations. Carter has just decided to continue his career in the theater. We will leave on the nine-twenty with Shane and Dan."

"Young man," Jonathan bellowed, "do you see what you have encouraged?"

"Dear me," Dan said, "seventy thousand."

CORNERED, Jonathan turned to Shane. "Do you realize what this means?" he demanded.

"Excommunication," Shane said. "I know."

"She is intrigued by the thought of being a glue-maker's wife," Dan said.

Jonathan resumed his pacing.

"Eight . . ." Dan said.

"Seventy!" Jonathan said, perspiring.

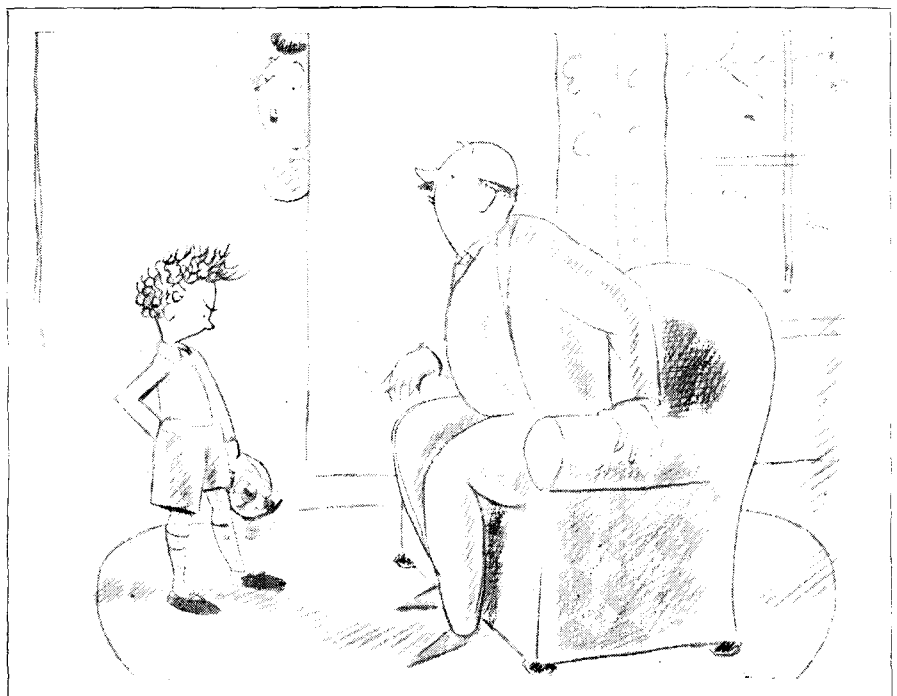
"Eighty," Dan said inexorably. "Two minutes to go, Mr. Smith."

"Eighty," Jonathan groaned.

"Sold," Dan said, putting his watch in his pocket. "Shane, my dear, there is just time to catch the nine-twenty."

"Without my things?"

"Without your things. We'll buy a wedding dress at Henri's tomorrow morning."



"Now, Dickie, after Papa told you about Santa Claus, was it nice for you to tell the neighbors that I also laid your Easter eggs?"

by Gad! men

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Why We Remember

WASHINGTON is one of the few of our national heroes who have really lasted. What he did and what he said continue to influence us. Of not many can so much be said.

The big thing about Washington was his ability to keep his head while others were wabbling. We have had generals his equal. Lee, Grant, Jackson, possibly Pershing, were as skillful in warfare. He was no great speaker. Nor was he a profound student. He was a successful business man, but so were many others now forgotten.

Yet more than any man of his generation George Washington captured and held the imagination of his countrymen.

He was able to make the best out of bad situations. His judgment was sound at a time when steadiness was the highest virtue. Because he kept on doggedly at his duties a new nation was born.

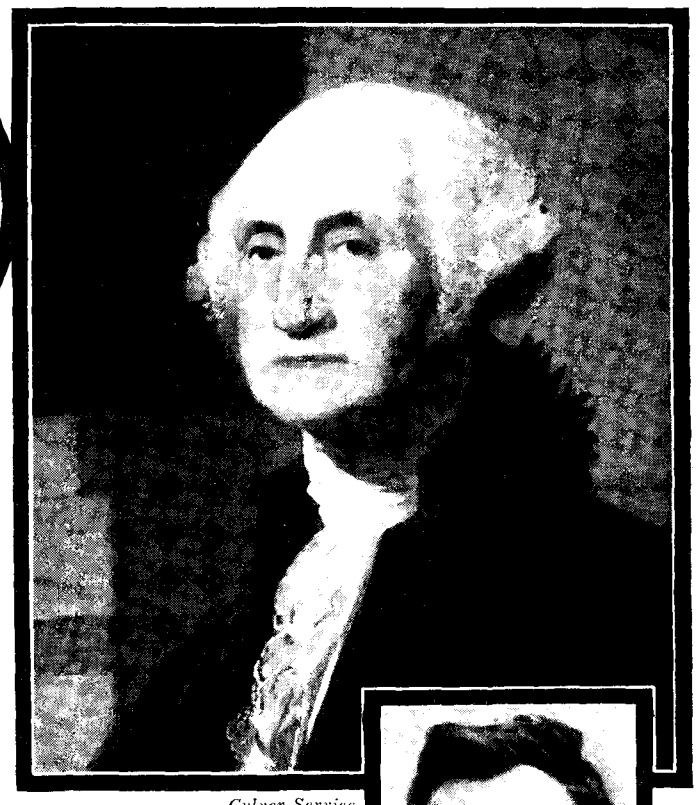
The success of our Republic made his name permanent. America was a new thing in the world. Even a Russian czar wrote to Washington for advice.

Before he passed from power he wrote out his opinions on many subjects. Some of his remarks are still quoted in arguments about problems which he never foresaw.

His Farewell Address has been used by those opposed to the World Court and the League of Nations. The extreme political partisans who adopt his phrases about keeping free from European matters have, however, very little faith in what he said about party politics.

Our first President thought that partisanship was an unmitigated evil. He was against the party system of government. No President since his day has agreed with him.

U. & U.
Woodrow Wilson



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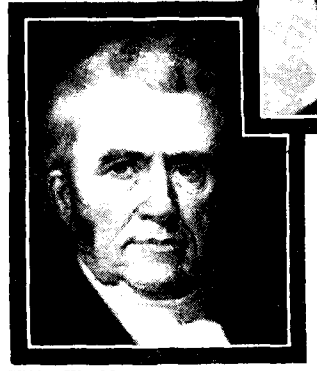
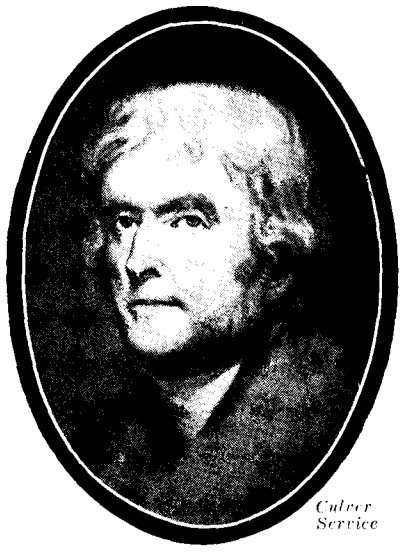
George Washington, from a portrait by Gilbert Stuart

Brown Bros.
Abraham Lincoln



Wide World
John Marshall, great Chief Justice of the Supreme Court



Culver Service
Thomas Jefferson

When the full story is told, George Washington is still an active influence in our lives today. But for him we should live and think differently.

No other American, except Lincoln, has affected us in quite the same way. Alexander Hamilton and Thomas Jefferson, young men to Washington, were a marvelously gifted pair. Each said, wrote and accomplished things of vast importance.

The Declaration of Independence is so eloquent an expression of human aspiration that Jefferson's fame lives with it. Hamilton, brilliant as he was, survives chiefly for scholars and bankers.

Almost all the rest of the Revolutionary figures except John Marshall, whose most important work was done later, have faded into mere names in history books. Marshall still influences our lives because he made the Supreme Court the final authority in our government.

Marshall was never a popular hero but he was a clear thinker and he understood the drift of the Republic. In countless ways the Supreme Court is able to touch our lives because John Marshall gave it the right to define what is constitutional. If Congress had the authority to decide on the constitutionality of the laws it passes, our problems would be very different. The prohibition riddle, for one thing, would be easier to answer. After these men and Benjamin Franklin, who lasts because he was witty and a picturesque dabbler in science, not many stood out until Lincoln came. Webster, Clay, Calhoun talked about issues now obsolete and their influence is ended.

Lincoln was different. His fate, too, was tied up with slavery and the Union, but the spirit of the man was so generous and there was so much lyric beauty in some of his speeches that he is cherished more as a saint than as a President or a statesman.

We don't know how history will treat the men who occupied high places in the World War. War itself makes no heroes even though it does search out the qualities of men.

When all the controversy has passed and the passion has been dissipated, Woodrow Wilson may stand out as the man who sensed, more wisely than his contemporaries, the tendency of the time.

If, finally, we are driven by need to cooperate in a league with other governments, Wilson will take his place among those who mightily have influenced successive generations. History will write that verdict.

When you do set down the names of those worth remembering because still important, it is interesting to observe that men live only for the public service they render.

Nor is this true only of statesmen. Poets, philosophers, scientists, artists, musicians, live only as long as their works are useful or amusing. Who serves only himself is quickly forgotten.

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